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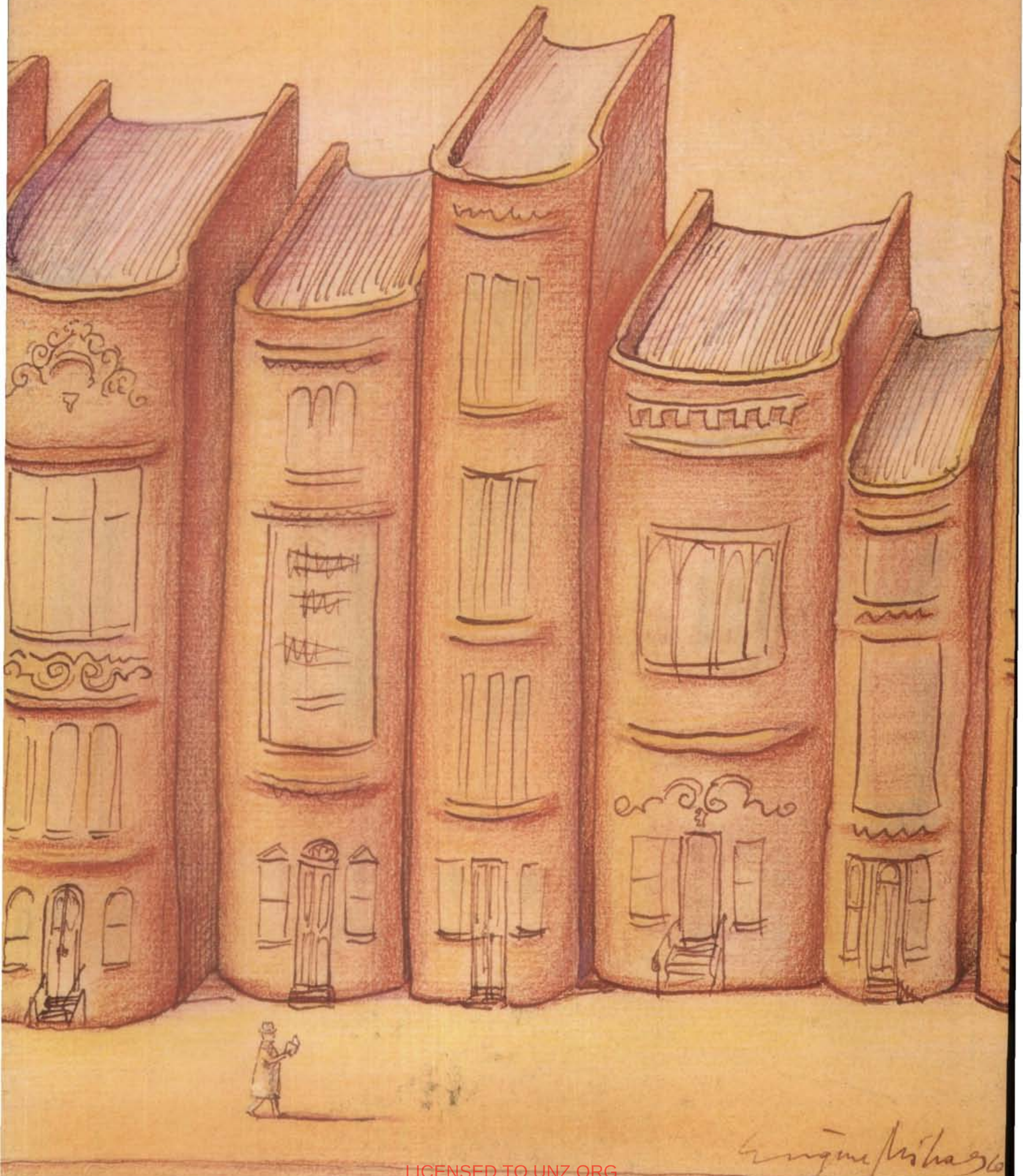

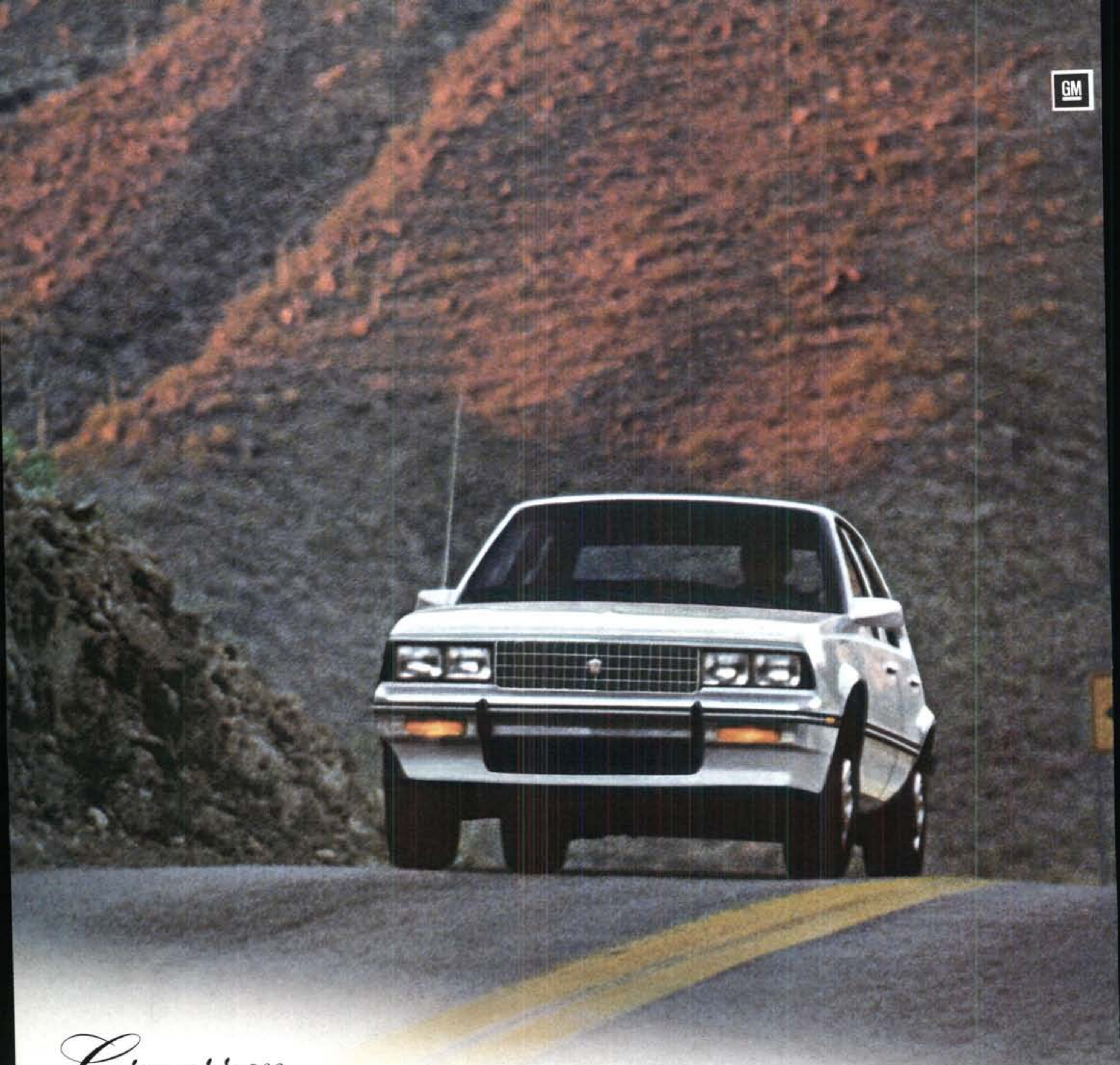

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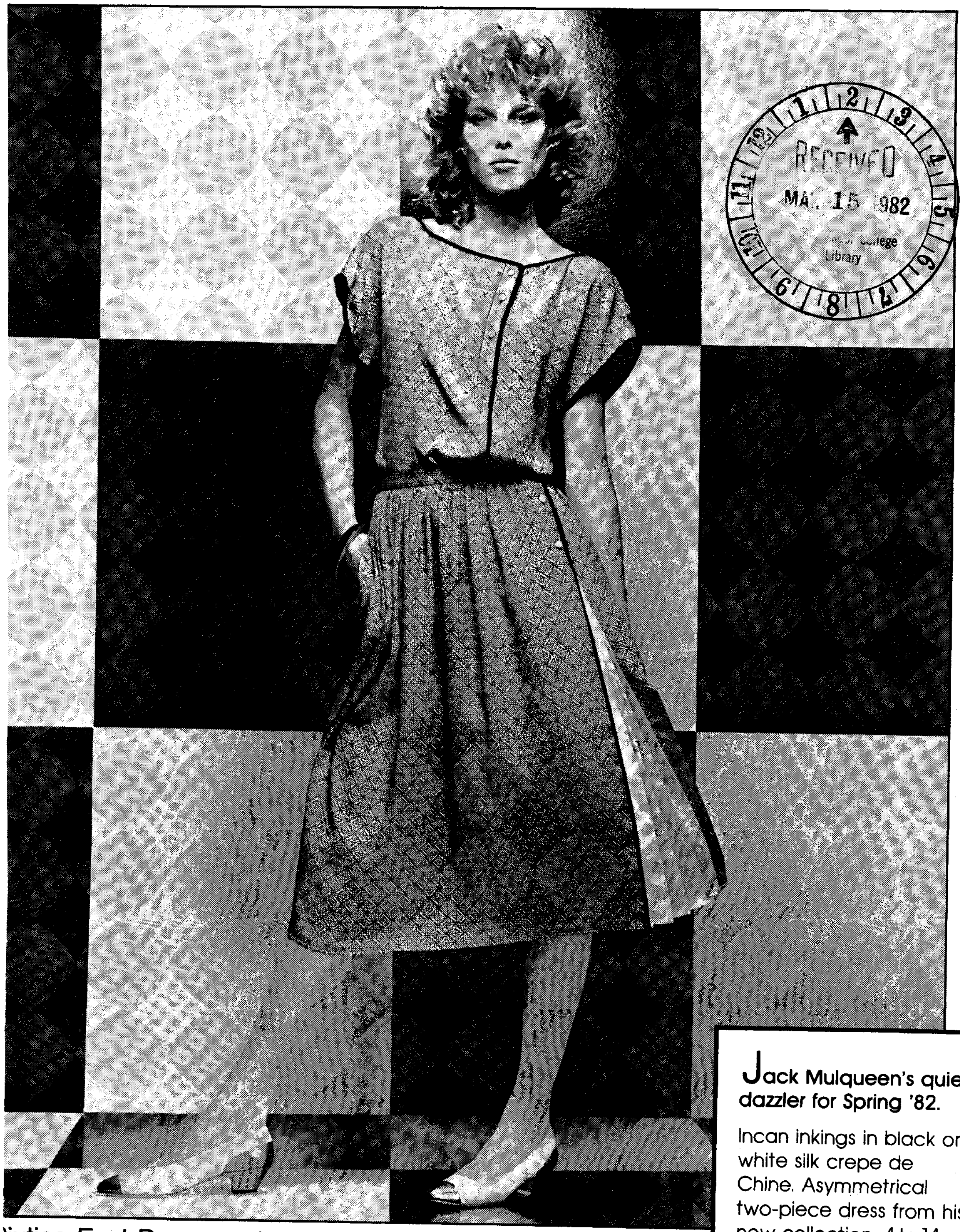

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

American Buffalo—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime. James Hayden and J. J. Johnston are his cronies. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/15/81.) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

The Caretaker—Daniel Gerroll, Anthony Heald, and F. Murray Abraham are the three good actors in this disappointing production of Harold Pinter's marvellous play. (3/8/82) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, March 21.)

Circle Repertory Company—A play by Joe Pintauro, **snow orchid**, will be the third in this season's series. The cast includes Peter Boyle, Olympia Dukakis, Robert Lupone, and Ben Siegler. Preview Wednesday, March 10. Opens officially on Thursday, March 11. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean—Sandy Dennis, Karen Black, and Cher are the stars of this miserable play, miserably directed by Robert Altman. Cher emerges from the debris with honor, and is sure to be seen again on Broadway. (3/1/82) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cotton Patch Gospel—A musical entertainment by Tom Key (who is also the star and is joined onstage by four musicians) and Russell Treyz, based on Clarence Jordan's book "The Cotton Patch Version of Matthew and John." The music is by the late Harry Chapin. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Crimes of the Heart—The events that befall an unhappy family in a small town in Mississippi give a brilliant young playwright, Beth Henley, a chance to write a succession of highly comic scenes. (11/16/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Dining Room—The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters over the past fifty years or so. All the characters are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors—John Shea, Pippa Pearthree, Lois de Banzie, Ann McDonough, W. H. Macy, and Remak Ramsay. David Trainer was the good director. (3/1/82) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dreamgirls—The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (1/4/82) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Dresser—An oddly Dickensian play, which might well have formed a part of "Nicholas Nickleby." Tom Courtenay and Paul Rogers take the leading roles, and what actors they are! The author is Ronald Harwood. (11/16/81) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—Cole Porter's 1933 London musical **nymph errant** will be the sixth in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, March 11, and will run through Sunday, April 4. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Harold Clurman Theatre—Three plays in repertory, all with Kevin O'Connor: A double bill—**birdbath**, by Leonard Melfi, and **crossing the crab nebula**, by Lewis Black. Wednesday, March 10, and Saturday, March 13, at 8; Sunday, March 14, at 3 and 7; and Thursday through Saturday, March 18-20, at 8. . . . **chucky's hunch**, by Rochelle Owens, is a monologue that becomes an anatomy of failure. A middle-aged man who has failed as a painter, a husband, a philanderer, and now as the live-in son of his ancient mother, speaks aloud imaginary letters to the second of his three wives as he gulps down gin. Miss Owens is a clever writer who should be writing dialogue; her Chucky, even in a strong, imaginative performance by Mr. O'Connor, is never entirely credible as a solo turn. Thursday and Friday, March 11-12, at 8; Saturday, March 13, at 2:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, March 16-17, at 8; and Saturday, March 20, at 2:30. (4/6/81) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Closes Sunday, March 21.)

How I Got That Story—Don Scardino plays an American reporter in Vietnam, and Bob Gunton plays everybody the reporter runs into in Amlin Gray's bitter and shrewdly written comedy. Both actors are excellent. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—Bill Hutton heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 5:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, March 21: **h.m.s. pinafore.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Lydie Breeze—This comedy by John Guare may be somewhat chaotic, but it is full of theat-

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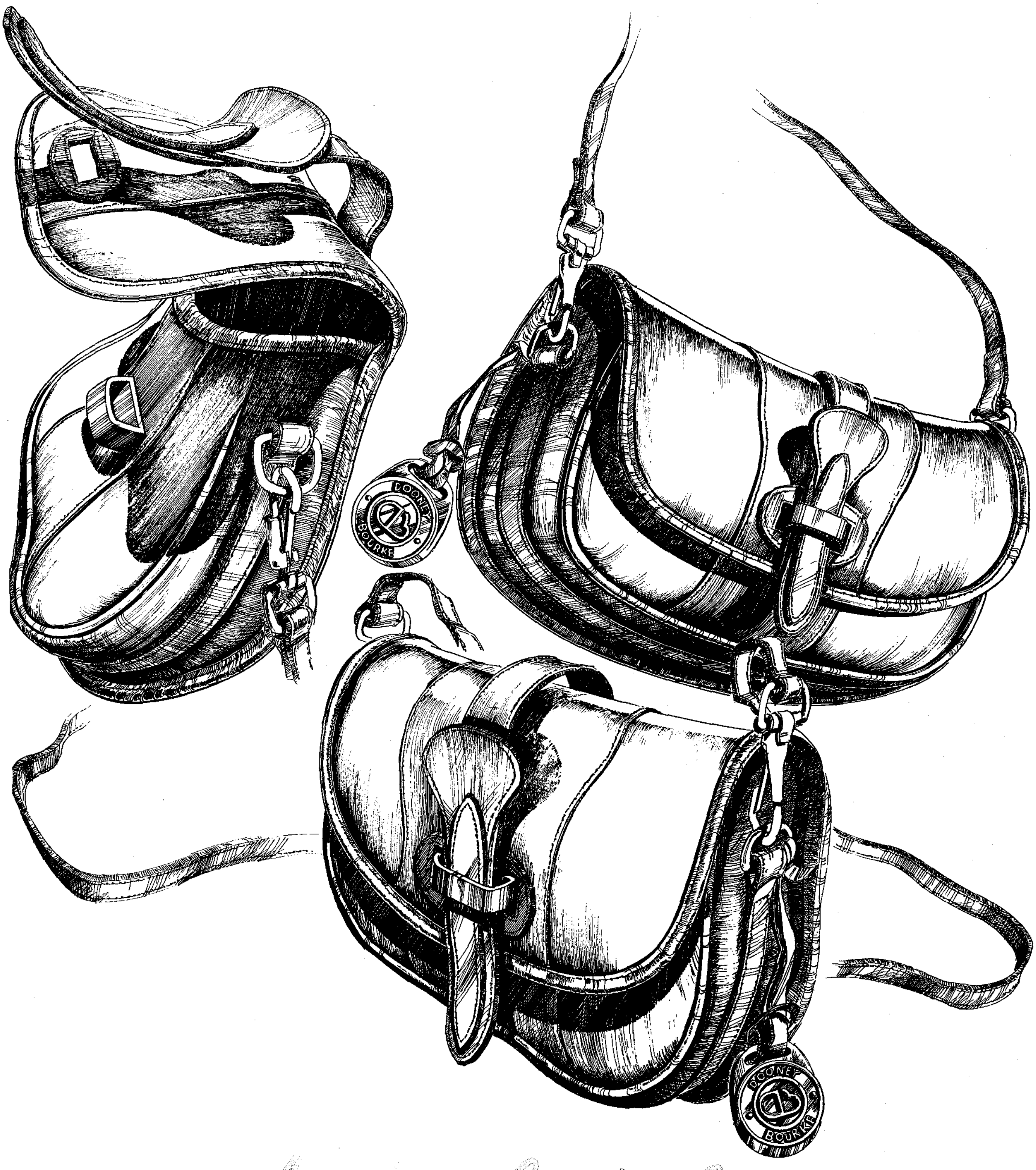

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rical surprises and never dull. With Josef Sommer and Roberta Maxwell, among others. Louis Malle directed. (3/8/82) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 869-9350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 21.)

Mass Appeal—A worldly, self-satisfied, middle-aged priest and an idealistic young seminarian seek to find common ground, not altogether in vain. Milo O'Shea and Michael O'Keefe make up the small cast, and they suffice. (11/23/81) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Miss Julie—The Strindberg play. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, March 14.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Charles Fuller's gripping drama **A SOLDIER'S PLAY** is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. Adolph Caesar is the sergeant, Charles Brown is the captain, and David Alan Grier is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. (12/7/81) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Othello—A well-acted and unusually handsome production of Shakespeare's sure-fire thriller, starring James Earl Jones and Christopher Plummer. (2/15/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Phoenix Theatre—A play by David Blomquist, **WEEKENDS LIKE OTHER PEOPLE,** will be the fourth in this season's series of productions. Kenneth McMillan and Rose Gregorio will head the cast. Preview Wednesday, March 10. Opens officially on Thursday, March 11, at 6:45, and will run through Sunday, March 28. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Pump Boys and Dinettes—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy) or by his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (11/16/81) (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sally and Marsha—Sybille Pearson's gentle, subtle comedy about the growing friendship of two housewives on the upper West Side has been directed with far too broad a hand, but Bernadette Peters gives a legitimate and charming performance as one of the two ladies concerned. (3/8/82) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 28.)

Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You and The Actor's Nightmare—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks's nimble direction; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor-in-spite-of-himself. (11/2/81) (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Tomfoolery—A musical entertainment adapted from the music and lyrics of Tom Lehrer by Cameron MacKintosh and Robin Ray. With MacIntyre Dixon, Joy Franz, Jonathan Hadary, and Donald Corren. Directed by Gary Pearle and Mary Kyte. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Torch Song Trilogy—Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. His performance is stylish and very good, and he is ably supported by, among others, Estelle Getty, as his mother on a visit from Miami, and Matthew Broderick, as a street kid he is trying to adopt. The four-and-a-half-hour running time goes by quickly. (2/1/82) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 7:30.)

Trespassing—A theatre work created and presented by members of The Winter Project. Joseph Chaikin is the director. (La Mama Annex, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, March 21.)

The Unseen Hand—A revival of Sam Shepard's astonishing, marvellous comedy. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Waltz of the Stork—A so-called "comedy with music," written, directed, and acted by Melvin Van Peebles, whose talent, energy, and attractiveness are everywhere apparent but who has plainly undertaken more than any one man should. (1/11/82) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The West Side Waltz—Katharine Hepburn, Dorothy Loudon, and Regina Baff fill this rather thin little comedy with a brisk and sometimes touching liveliness. The author is Ernest Thompson, who wrote "On Golden Pond." (11/30/81) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, March 13.)

Who Loves the Dancer—Giancarlo Esposito gives a fine performance as a high-school boy who wants to become a dancer, and whose manliness becomes suspect to his family and friends. Rob Penny wrote the attractive, if disjointed play, which was well directed by Shauneille Perry. With Rosanna Carter and Louise Stubbs, among other able actors. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Final performances Thursday through Saturday, March 11-13, at 7:30.)

Wonderland—A play by Margaret Keilstrup. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 21.)

Long Runs—**AMADEUS:** A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. John Wood plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri; Peter Firth plays the hapless Mozart; and Caris Corfman plays his pretty, perky wife. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Marcia Lewis as an alcoholic scold. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** David Mitchell's circus set is a knockout, but this little musical has nothing to do with Barnum. *Some other time, perhaps, the great* man will be allowed his due. Mike Burstyn has the role of the impresario. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An excellent play about a totally deaf young woman and a hearing young man who attempts to teach her the art of speech. With Phyllis Frelich and Peter Evans. Mark Medoff is the author. Starting Tuesday, March 16, James N. Stephens will replace Mr. Evans. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8 Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7 Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN':** Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Ambassador 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATH-TRAP:** A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is Farley Granger. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8 Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sentimenta musical about the life and death of Eva Perón An excellent cast and a stylish production but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway a 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays a 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,096 performances s far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesday through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays a 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there wa a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musica about a young hoofer who goes on in place o a disabled star and herself becomes a sta overnight. The legitimate musical that ha been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **KEY EXCHANGE:** A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Priscilla Lopez as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LENA HORNE: THE LADY AND HER MUSIC:** Singing better than she has ever sung before, Miss Horne gives one of the most sensational performances in recent years. (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** Treat Williams, Patrick Cassidy, Kaye Ballard, George S. Irving, David Garrison, and Maureen McGovern in a lively takeoff of the everlasting original. The director, Wilford Leach, has spruced up—some would say "roughed up"—Gilbert and Sullivan, making them more coarsely clownish than they would have wished to be. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** Maurice Hines and half a dozen fellow-dancers and singers make their way at breakneck speed through some thirty-five Duke Ellington numbers. A very slick production, though the great Duke himself seems oddly absent from his own party. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** A musical designed from start to finish to show off the multifarious talents of Lauren Bacall, who for energy and reliability is right up there with the tides in the Bay of Fundy. The music and lyrics are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

EW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting the first four of ten performances of "Ruddigore." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday, March 19, at 8; Saturday, March 20, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, March 21, at 2. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

OMIC BOOK THEATRE COMPANY—Two musical plays: "The Pied Piper," by Ralph Falco and George Linsenmann, and "Chicken Little," by Valerie Owen and Michael Earl. With Danny Jacobs. (Smith's Chapel Theatre, 656 Sixth Ave., at 20th St. 869-4645. Saturdays and Sundays at 11 A.M. and 12:30 P.M.)

DANCE

'ERCE CUNNINGHAM DANCE COMPANY—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, March 28—Tuesday, March 16, at 7:30, and Wednesday, March 17, at 8: "Trails" (première), "Inlets," and "Roadrunners." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 18, at 8: "Event #1." . . . ¶ Friday, March 19, at 8, and Saturday, March 20, at 2: "Fielding Sixes," "10's with Shoes," "Tango," and "Locale." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 20, at 8: "Fractions," "Channels/Inserts," and "Galopade" (New York première). (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

JOYCE TRISLER DANSCOMPANY—A one-week engagement (three programs). Program I: Tuesday, March 16, and Saturday, March 20, at 8, and Sunday, March 21, at 2. . . . ¶ Program II: Wednesday, March 17; Friday, March 19; and Sunday, March 21, all at 8. . . . ¶ Program III: Thursday, March 18, at 8, and Saturday, March 20, at 2. (The Space, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

JUILLIARD DANCE ENSEMBLE—Benefit performances of new and repertory works. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday through Saturday, March 18-20, at 8; and Sunday, March 21, at 3. For tickets, call 874-7515, Mondays through Fridays.)

KATHRYN POSIN DANCE COMPANY—Two premières —"The Glass Engine" and "The Nickel and Dime Lounge"—and "Galena Summit." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesday through Saturday, March 17-20, at 8, and Sunday, March 21, at 3 and 8.)

RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances by two companies. **CONTEMPORARY CHAMBER BALLET OF CARACAS:** Wednesday, March 10, and Friday, March 12, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, March 13-14, at 2. . . . **TOMOV YUGOSLAV FOLK DANCE ENSEMBLE:** Wednesday, March 17, and Friday, March 19, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, March 20-21, at 2. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

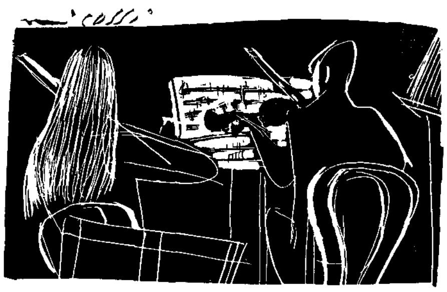
NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A convivial Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up as a nautical pub. The four-foot-high bandstand is more likely to induce acrophobia than seasickness. On Friday and Saturday, March 12-13, pianist **JAKI BYARD** will lead a trio, and on Friday and Saturday, March 19-20, **DAKOTA STATON** will sing ballads and up-tempo blues. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The School of New York Night-Club Décor, which favors industrial carpeting, stainless steel, and lots of mirrors, mirror tiles, and mirror panels, flourishes in this new room. The back wall is graced with a four-color neon sign depicting a bridge (perhaps the Brooklyn) in red, the downtown skyline in blue, two stars in white, and a crescent moon in yellow. Trumpeter **CLARK TERRY** and his foursome perform through Sunday, March 14; on Tuesday, March 16, singer **ERNESTINE ANDERSON,** a veteran of the big bands of Russell Jacquet, Johnny Otis, and Lionel Hampton, comes in. Mondays are reserved for guitarist Daniel Licht's quartet. There are usually three sets, beginning at ten. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Unchallenged in its sensible, efficient seating (there are tables and chairs for four hundred) and its liberal musical tastes, and, what's more, the shows usually begin on time. Wednesday, March 10, the Good Rats; Thursday, March 11, Peter Tork & the New Monks; Friday and Saturday, March 12-13, Sweet Honey in the Rock; Monday, March 15, the Flamin' Groovies; Thursday, March 18, singer Laura Branigan; and Friday and Saturday, March 19-20, four doo-wop bands—the Moonglows, Arlene Smith & the Chantels, Shep's Limelites, and Fourteen Karat Soul. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.



BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Still panelled with dark-stained pine, highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits, and inhabited by professional conversationalists, who often take a break and listen to the worthwhile live music, after all these years. Pianist **HILTON RUIZ** will work with bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** through Saturday, March 13. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Wednesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Thousands of miles from Corcovado, Sugarloaf Mountain, Guanabara Bay, Ipanema and Copacabana beaches, and the more than four million resident Cariocas is this second-floor Rio-inspired club. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven. Before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, the current resident is singer **SYLVIA SYMS.** In attendance are pianist **MIKE ABENE** and his trio. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL,** a singer and pianist who sometimes gets a look of wild delight on her face while she's at her nimble work, can be heard from nine-thirty every night but Sunday in the Bemelmans Bar.

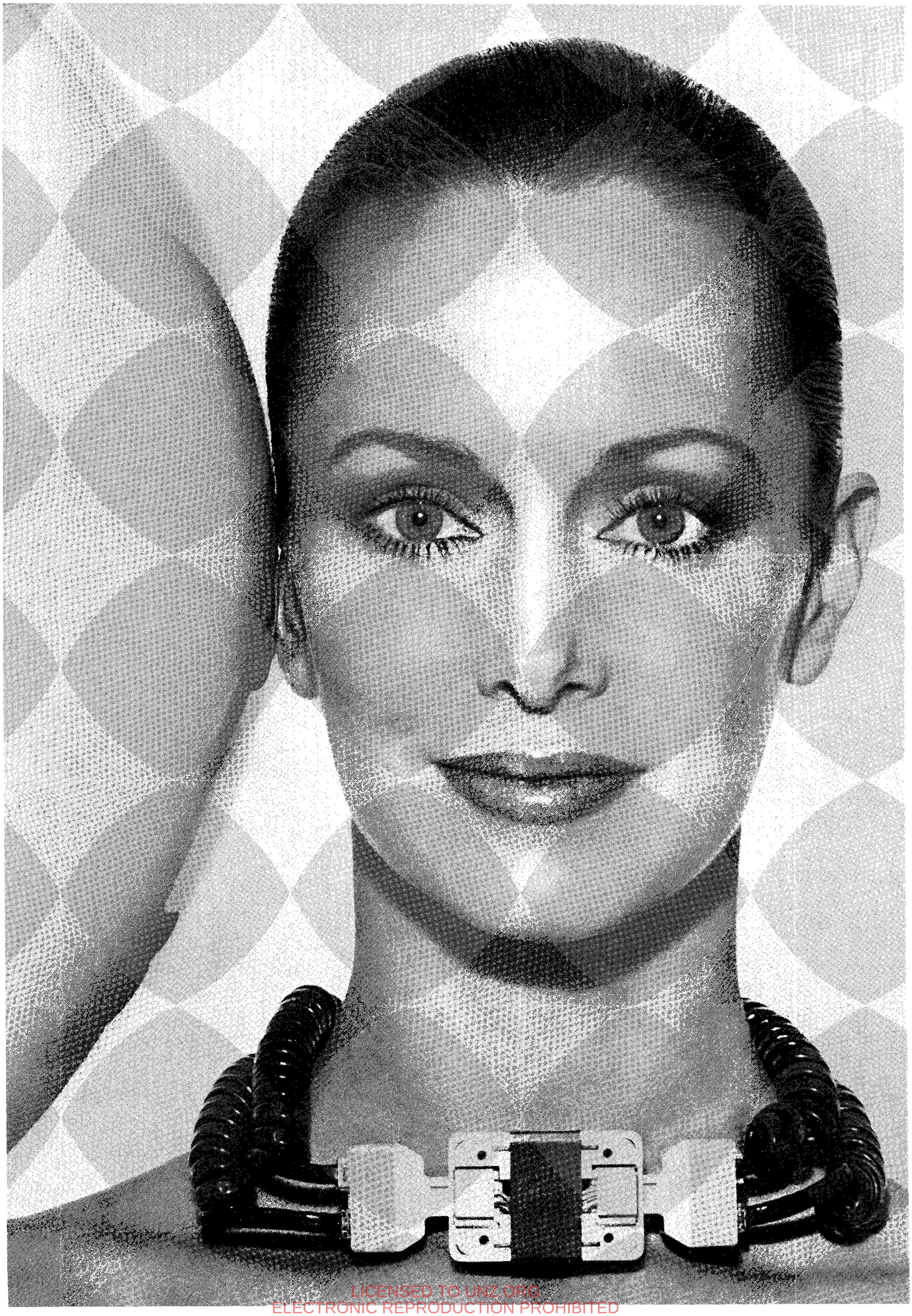
CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A restaurant situated in back of Carnegie Hall, with dark-brown walls and carpeting and a glassed-in sidewalk section. **ELLIS LARKINS,** a diffident performer and a delicate, elegant pianist, does a whole gang of abbreviated sets between eight and midnight nightly, except Sundays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. The current schedule of visiting performers: Wednesday, March 10, Last Licks, the Shakes, Groceries, and the Specimens; Thursday, March 11, the Junglefish, Ned Hayden, Robbie Watson & the Speedo Meters, and the Bagdads; Friday, March 12, Reverse, Single Strings, and Breakfast Club; and Saturday, March 13, Frank Maya. Music nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CITY LIMITS, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—When the stars at night are big and bright, you can wear your cowboy boots; when it's raining, you can wear your cowboy galoshes. Various lively, well-miked country-and-Western bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ARTHUR TRACY,** who is about to begin his eighth decade, was known in the thirties as radio's "Street Singer." A pioneer radio broadcaster in Philadelphia in the early twenties, he became one of the stars of the program "Music That Satisfies" in the early thirties and went on to popularize "Pennies from Heaven," "Save the Last Dance for Me," and "Marta," a Cuban song that became his theme. He's here nightly, except Sundays, which belong to composer, singer, and pianist **ARTHUR SIEGEL,** who presents show tunes, mostly in medleys, and introduces them with thorough, witty dossiers on their history. His performing style isn't self-indulgent or overbearing, and his arrangements are simple, unadorned, and straightforward—in short, perfect. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave.



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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. The schedule: Wednesday, March 10, the New York Packet; Thursday, March 11, Cathy Fink and Kevin Krajick; Saturday, March 13, Sons of the Underbrush; Sunday, March 14, guitarists Guy Davis, Jonathan Kalb, Nick Katzman, Bob Zaidman, Ari Eisinger, and others; Wednesday, March 17, the New Hibernian Wildcats; and Saturday, March 20, **ANDY STATMAN** & Friends. Music Wednesdays at eight-thirty, Thursdays and Saturdays at eight-fifteen, and Sundays at nine.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house band works out Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. Wednesdays and Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, March 14, after nine-thirty, trumpeter **GLENN ZOTTOLA** will join forces with pianist **JOHN BUNCH'S** trio, which features bassist **BOB CRANSHAW** and drummer **AL HAREWOOD.**

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A fancy, carpeted, often very crowded, low-ceilinged, belowstairs, *mostly* mainstream-jazz room. Pianist **MC COY TYNER** directs his quintet through Sunday, March 14; on Tuesday, March 16, singer **ESTHER PHILLIPS** will take over the bandstand. The first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—*Considerably more musical than Tie* City or Food City. Thursday, March 11, Guy Van Duser and Billy Novick; Friday, March 12, banjoist **PETER STAMPFEL;** Saturday, March 13, the **IRISH TRADITION;** Sunday, March 14, the Tribe; Tuesday, March 16, Sharp Children; Wednesday, March 17, Touchstone and Cobweb *(at eight and ten-thirty);* Thursday, March 18, folk and blues singer **TAJ MAHAL;** and Friday, March 19, folksinger David Blue. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins at eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A sort of indoor *piazza del popolo* for SoHo tourists and the *popolo* who can afford to live there. There are brick walls and archways, lots of vegetation (in pots), wicker furniture, and balcony vistas. The schedule: Wednesday, March 10, singer **ROSEANNA VITRO;** Thursday through Saturday, March 11-13, Wendel Stuart, a Bahamian pop singer and guitarist; Monday, March 15, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM,** pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** and saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN;** Tuesday through Thursday, March 16-18, singer-pianist **AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS;** and Friday and Saturday, March 19-20, singer Lorna Warden & Survival. On Sundays, pianist **HILTON RUIZ,** bassist **ALEX BLAKE,** tenor saxophonist **ARTHUR BARRON,** and percussionist **STEVE BERRIOS** jam together. Sets begin at eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays, and at ten-thirty on Sundays and Mondays. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** heads up a trio on Mondays and Tuesdays; Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. These groups play from ten. Pianist Don Golson works nightly from seven to ten, except Sundays, when **BROOKS KERR** sings at the piano from five until ten.

Griff's Plaza Café, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—The plaza is the open-air terrace that wraps around this second-story restaurant. The inside is pleasant and modern and warmer. **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA,** the *bouncing piano-bass twosome whose home* base is the Knickerbocker Saloon, where they hold forth Sundays and Mondays (see below), are playing uptown through Saturday, March 13. On Tuesday, March 16, pianist Mike LeDonne will arrive with a trio. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. Pianist **SAMMY PRICE** mans the dining-room grand Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Vincent Hill is the pianist on Sundays and Mondays. The music runs Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two, and Sundays and Mondays from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.

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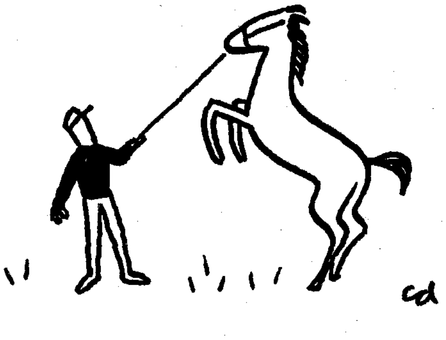
Horn of Plenty, 91 Charles St., at Bleecker St. (989-7727)—In the music room in this maze of dining rooms and floor levels, **DARDANELLE,** a singer and pianist who has no faults, is in performance from six-thirty to eight, every night but Monday.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Pianist **MARTY NAPOLEON** directs a trio some thirteen hundred feet above sea level for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Chuck Folds is the pianist who alternates *with the trio after nine.*

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A much bigger, airier space than its previous quarters. Thursdays are the property of a young octet, the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND**—tenor saxophonist **ION MUNIZ,** bassist **SERGIO BRANDÃO,** guitarist **DATCHA,** percussionists **CYRO BAPTISTA, DUDUCA FONSECA, TONI NOGUEIRA,** and **JORGE SILVA,** and trombonist **DAVID SACKS** (can you guess which band member isn't Brazilian?)—which plays satisfyingly wild, swirling sambas. Friday and Saturday, March 12-13, Montego Joe will head a percussion and dance troupe; Friday and Saturday, March 19-20, dancer Brenda Bufalino will appear with saxophonist Ed Summerlin's quartet. On Wednesdays, a quintet called the New Moon Swing Band is onstage. Music from about eight-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays, following the regular sets—which ought to be about one in the morning—saxophonist-proprietor Mike Morgenstern *jams with a bunch of musical colleagues.*

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—This club and Eddie Condon's, just a tiddledywink's hop east, demarcate a little slice of what West 52nd Street—now labelled Swing Street for tourists but known in earlier times to the initiated as simply The Street—was like thirty, forty, and more years ago, when it was swing and bebop world headquarters and rows of town houses housed jazz clubs. The two present-day 54th Street establishments cling strongly to traditional jazz. Ryan's house band, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good musical reasons. Pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and bassist **RUFUS REID** are on hand through Saturday, March 13. On Tuesday, March 16, pianist **HANK JONES** and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** will commence a two-week visit. On Sundays and Mondays, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** play some bouncing, bluesy jazz duets. Music from ten.



Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (*242* 1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and fo French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and i starts after eight-thirty. Part of the schedule Wednesday, March 10, Nashville fiddler **VASSAR CLEMENTS;** *Sunday, March 14, bluesman* **SON SEALS;** Monday, March 15, singer Danny Joe Brown; Tuesday, March 16, folksinger Jonathan Edwards; and Wednesday, March 17, Texas singer and songwriter **RAY WYLI HUBBARD.** Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St (*228-3788*)—*A brand-new jazz club* Wednesday through Saturday, March 10-13 belongs to saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN,** pianis **RICHIE BEIRACH,** bassist **GEORGE MRAZ,** and drummer **AL FOSTER;** on Monday, March 15, flutis **JAMES NEWTON** will lead a foursome featuring **HENRY THREADGILL** on reeds and flutists **FRANK WESS** and **LLOYD MC NEILL;** and on Wednesday March 17, trumpeter **CHET BAKER** will bring in a quintet—bassist **CHARLIE HADEN,** pianis **TOMMY FLANAGAN,** drummer **BEN RILEY,** and tuba player **HOWARD JOHNSON.** Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one nightly. Sundays at ten and midnight, strenuous long-dis*tance pianist* **CECIL TAYLOR** *performs with his* unit. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249 4100)—The singer's room in this restauran of many rooms (take a right, then a left to get to it) is presenting **MEL TORMÉ.** His shows run Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

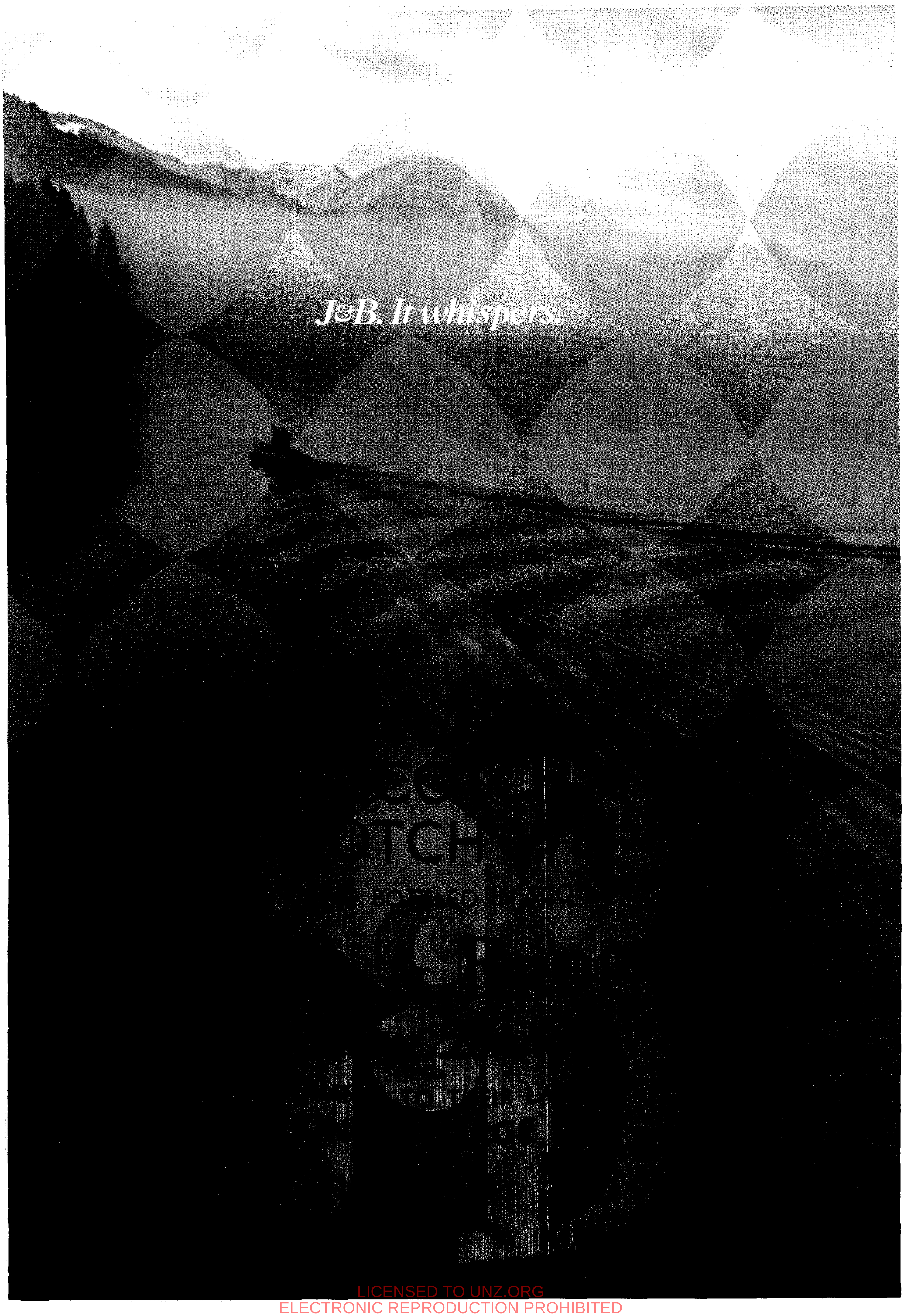
Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Steve Allen will be at one piano and his associate, Allan Login, will be at another through Saturday, March 13. Beginning Tuesday, March 16, **BILL HENDERSON,** a former Basie vocalist, will present a program called "A Fusion of Ellington and Gershwin." Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864 8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, contrary to popular belief, does not sel infant-sized shearling booties; it is this R. & B and jazz club. The lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, March 10-11, singer Janice Pendarvis; Friday and Saturday, March 12-13 trumpeter **HUGH MASEKELA** and his African-funk quartet; Sunday, March 14, String Fever; Monday, March 15, guitarist Rodney Jones; Wednesday, March 17, drummer J. R Mitchell; Thursday, March 18, singer Lorna Warden; and Friday and Saturday, March 19-20, drummer **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. The lineup Wednesday, March 10, **MOSE ALLISON,** the simultaneously rural and urbane singer and pianist, and his trio; Thursday, March 11 and Thursday, March 18, first-rate rhythm and blues with the **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SOUL** Friday and Saturday, March 12-13, singer Esther Satterfield and her backup crew; and Tuesday, March 16, folksinger Tony Bird Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 128 W. 45th St. (719-3176)—A big rock-and-rollers' space that could be even bigger, since it's usually very crowded, with a balcony to survey it all from. Wednesday, March 10, saxophonist **OLIVER LAKE** and


J&B. It whispers.
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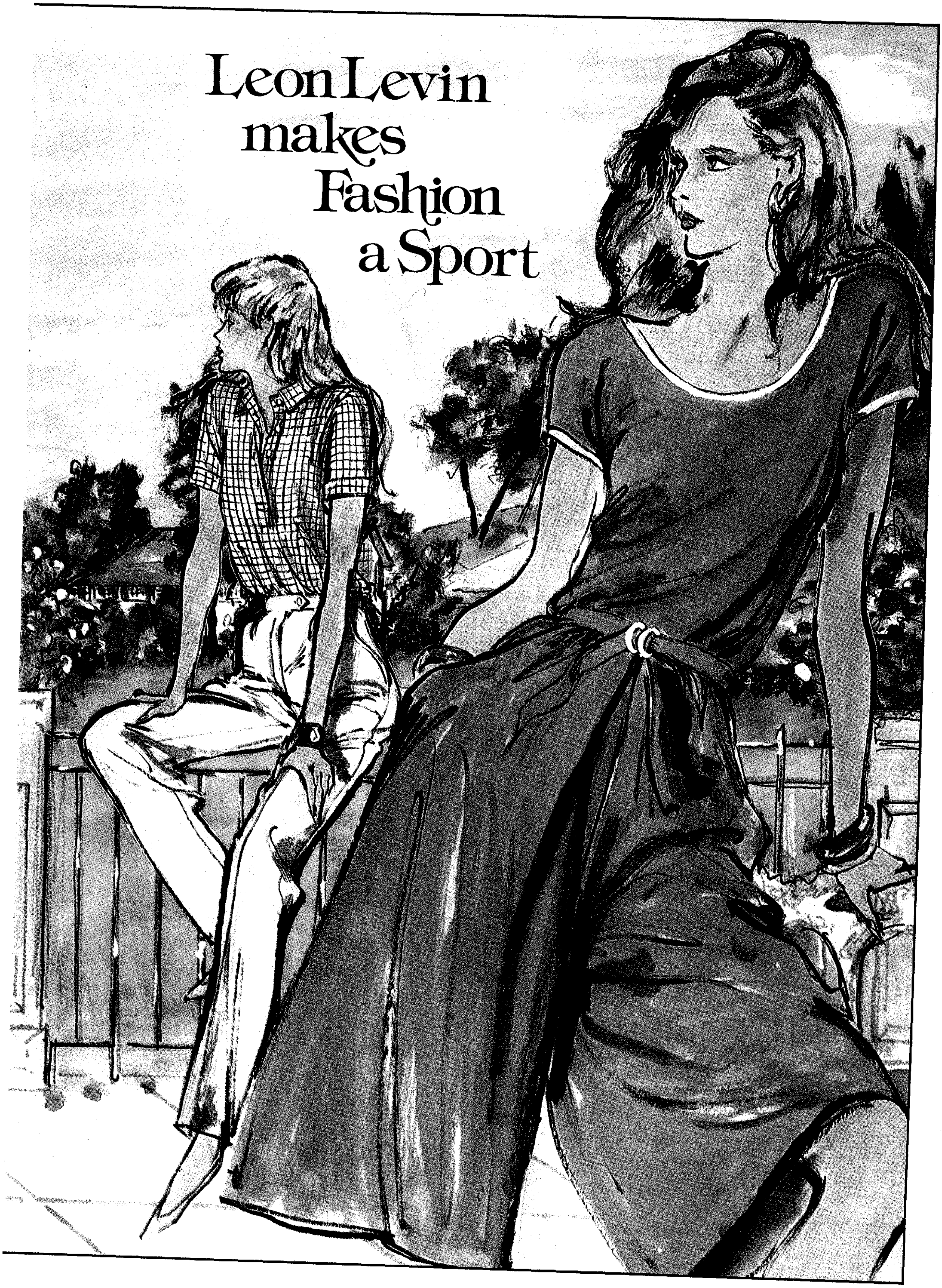
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a Sport

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There's time for a second cup; your appointment is always nearby when you stay with us. In Geneva, we'll put you on the lake front, with a view of Mont Blanc out your window and the business-center out your door. In Milan, we're a stroll from La Scala and the best shopping in the city. You'll overlook the Bosphorus in Istanbul, where tennis courts and a swimming pool make a city resort. And in Stratford-upon-Avon, we'll take you right to the theater in our river barge. For the best addresses in Europe, call your travel agent or Hilton Reservation Service.

WHERE THE WORLD IS AT HOME℠

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his out-there blues-and-rhythm quartet, **JUMP-UP**; Thursday, March 11, Certain Generals; Friday, March 12, the Brains and the Vipers; Saturday, March 13, the Way of the West; and Sunday, March 14, Hardcore. The music *might* begin before midnight.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090) —Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a dance band—**BOBBY ROSENGARDEN'S** orchestra and vocalist **CARRIE SMITH**—populate this room. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A sort of big, bustling rec room, with walnutty Masonite panelling, globe lights, ice-cream-parlor curled-cast-iron chairs, red tablecloths, and traditional-jazz bands every night of the week. The music begins at seven on Sundays and at nine the rest of the time. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Thursday, March 11, **PANAMA FRANCIS & HIS SAVOY SULTANS;** Friday, March 12, the Blasters and Billy Hancock and his band; Saturday, March 13, the Blasters; Monday, March 15, the Rockats; Wednesday and Thursday, March 17-18, U-2; Friday, March 19, Liquid, Liquid; and Saturday, March 20, the Necessaries. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—One of the prettiest hotel lobbies in the city leads to one of the most stunning hotel night spots in the city, the King Cole Room. Lately, it could be renamed the House of Tributes. The current tribute honors Jerome Kern and features a cast of four: Cris Groenendaal, Judy Kaye, Armelia McQueen, and Ken Page. Through Saturday, March 13. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from nine-thirty. The players: Wednesday, March 10, Lisette Wilson; Thursday through Sunday, March 11-14, a quintet composed of drummer **ART TAYLOR,** bassist **RON CARTER,** pianist **KENNY BARRON,** tenor saxophonist **JIMMY HEATH,** and trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON;** Monday, March 15, Ed Palermo and his big band; Tuesday, March 16, Ross Traut; Wednesday, March 17, Kyle Hicks; Thursday, March 18, Roland Vazquez; and Friday and Saturday, March 19-20, electric violinist Noel Pointer.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—An attractive but not pretentious bar and restaurant—yet another Village spot that lures in good musicians. The good musicians: Bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM'S** trio on Friday and Saturday, March 12-13, and trumpeter **TED CURSON'S** group on Friday and Saturday, March 19-20. Music from about ten.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling, knotty-pine room. The performers: Through Saturday, March 13, tenor saxophonist **DAVID SCHNITTER,** trumpeter **TERUMASA HINO,** pianist **HAROLD MABERN,** bassist **CALVIN HILL,** and drummer **BILLY HART;** Sunday and Monday, March 14-15, Ken Werner; and starting Tuesday, March 16, trumpeter **HANNIBAL MARVIN PETERSON'S** sextet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077) —Simple surroundings, sublime blues, R. & B., and occasional reggae music—what else would anyone want? Wednesdays through Saturdays, the music is exciting Chicago blues with singer and guitarist **OTIS RUSH** and drummer Charles Otis's band. Tuesday nights, you'll find the **UPTOWN HORNS,** a basic-blue soul nonet, setting fire to James Brown's "The Chicken," Steely Dan's "Peg," "Night Train" (that high-school stage-band chestnut), and Jackie Wilson's "Baby Work Out." Shows begin sometime after nine-thirty.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated entrance is easy to miss. The musicians: Wednesday, March 10, Chris Moffa & Competition and Ann Monaco; Thursday, March 11, the Armband and the Name; Friday, March 12, John Galt and Ludi; Saturday, March 13, the Nails; Monday, March 15, Andy Lerner and David Ray; Tuesday, March 16, E. Willie Smith; Wednesday, March 17, Martee Ledous and Willa Bassen; Thursday, March 18, the Privates and Daddy Licks; Friday, March 19, Tot Rocket; and Saturday, March 20, the **UPTOWN HORNS** and the Revelons. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Sunday, March 14.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exuberant, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine for exuberant audiences; on Monday, March 15, two bands—Orchestra Harlow and Manny Oquendo's Libre—will perform with guest-soloist pianist **HILTON RUIZ.** Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** performs from nine on the Terrace.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Proprietor and author ("Live at the Village Vanguard") Max Gordon once described his club in a radio interview: "It's a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE** heads up a quartet through Sunday, March 14; on Tuesday, March 16, tenor saxophonist **ZOOT SIMS** will come in with his quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band blast-off nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A dark, extremely likable, out-of-the-way soul-food place with things—hundreds, possibly thousands, of icicle-like glass drops (the kind that are usually part of chandeliers) and a handful of opaque-glass light fixtures from the twenties—hanging from the ceiling. Mondays through Wednesdays, Hank Johnson is the pianist; Thursdays through Sundays, pianist **SADIK HAKIM** has the floor. Music from eight-thirty to two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. Wednesday and Thursday, March 10-11, **WILLIS (GATOR TAIL) JACKSON** will direct a combo; Friday through Sunday, March 12-14, trumpeter Franc Williams' Swing Four will be on hand; Monday and Tuesday, March 15-16, tenor saxophonist Percy France will guide his group; and starting Wednesday, March 17, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY'S** Jazz Sultans will perform. Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Highlights in Jazz—A tribute to George Duvivier, with Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, Hank Jones, Slide Hampton, Mr. Duvivier, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, March 11, at 8.)

Bucky Pizzarelli and John Pizzarelli—With Al Cohn and Joe Cohn. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, March 12, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Kool and the Gang—With Skyy and Michael Iceberg. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday, March 12, at 7:30, and Saturday, March 13, at 7:30 and midnight.)

Sheila Jordan and Harvie Swartz—Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Saturday, March 13, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Akiyoshi-Tabackin Big Band—With the Janet Lawson quintet. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Wednesday, March 17, at 8.)

Bill Ochs and **(Banjo) Joe & Bridget Burke**—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, March 20, at 8.

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 11, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Jo Jones, Jr., quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, March 12-13, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Shirley Scott, Harold Vick, Junior Cook, and Vernel Fournier. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 14, at 3: Mitch Geisner-Peter Hand Nonet. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 18, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Dave Katz and Mean Streets. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, March 19-20, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Reggie Workman and Top Shelf. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Savoy—Thursday, March 11, at 9: Uncle Floyd Show. . . . ¶ Friday, March 12, at 9: The Mamas and the Papas. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 13, at 9: Razzy Bailey. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 16, at 9: The Clancy Brothers. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 18, at 8:30 and 11:30: Jerry Jeff Walker. . . . ¶ Friday, March 19, at 9: Cliff Richard. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in another fifth-floor loft. Friday, March 12: Karen Borca band. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 13: Daniel Ponce. . . . ¶ Friday, March 19: Electronic Art Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 20: Burton Greene. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Shows start at 9.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Phyllis Bramson—Figurative paintings accompanied by related figurative sculptures. Through March 31. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Dan Christensen—Recent color-field paintings. Through March 27. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ In the ground-floor rooms, drawings by Yasuo Kuniyoshi and Thomas Hart Benton, including some abstract notations by the latter which are very rare.

Robert De Niro / Hermann Dudley Murphy (1867-1945)—Lively, colorful new semi-abstract works in oil and in charcoal, including a self-portrait and several landscapes of the Bernal-Heights area of San Francisco. Through Saturday, March 13. / Portraits, landscapes, and still-lifes by a Boston painter who was a quite successful and influential academician, before the styles changed. Through April 17. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Marius de Zayas (1880-1961)—Paintings and works on paper by a Mexican artist who was associated with Alfred Stieglitz. Caricatures of Stieglitz and other members of his avant-garde circle, among them Max Weber and John Marin, are included. Through April 4. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Harmony Hammond—A set of nine ladders, from five to seven feet tall, leaning against the wall and upholstered with various colorful materials is the centerpiece of this exhibit of new works, which also includes drawings and lithographs. Through Saturday, March 20. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Barkley Hendricks—Ten life-size portraits of contemporary men and women, plus works on paper. Through March 27. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Dieter Jung—Colored-pencil drawings and prints. Through March 27. (Poindexter, 1160 Fifth Ave., at 97th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944)—Colored and black-and-white woodcuts, dated 1911, done while the artist was living in Munich. Through March 27. (Carus, 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St. A larger exhibition of Kandinsky's work is at the Guggenheim Museum.)

Gaston Lachaise (1882-1935)—Characteristic works by this sculptor—bronzes, reliefs, and drawings, mostly female nudes with massive hips and breasts. Through March 24. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Barry Ledoux—Painted-lead sculptures, some with up to a half-dozen other materials added. Through March 31. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Marino Marini (1901-80)—Paintings, drawings, collages, and graphics. Through March 31. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Henri Matisse (1869-1954)—Ninety linoleum cuts designed by Matisse in the early forties and printed for the first time last year. Through Tuesday, March 16. (Goldschmidt, 1117 Madison Ave., at 84th St. Open Mondays.)

Rory McEwen—Paintings and collages on the themes of leaves and flowers. Through April 3. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Philip Mullen—Recent abstract paintings. Through April 3. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Howard Newman—Cast-bronze sculptures and charcoal or crayon drawings, mostly of the human torso reduced to simple planes. Through Wednesday, March 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

William Perehudoff—Irregular, narrow strips of color, some poured onto the canvas and some brushed on, by this Saskatchewan artist. Through Saturday, March 20. (Theo Waddington, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Maria Scotti—Earthy drawings and paintings of human figures and beasts, derived from the artist's studies of Etruscan art in Italy. Through Saturday, March 13. (Siegel, 29 E. 73rd St.)

Gérard Titus-Carmel—A series of large watercolors, drawings, and prints inspired by a purple caparison (found on the street by this French artist) evidently lost by a careless horse, which had worn the ornamental covering while pulling a hearse. Through Saturday, March 13. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

William Tucker—Two related exhibits of new work: abstract sculptures and drawings at Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. (through April 1), and sculptures at 112 Greene Street (through April 3).

Bram van Velde (1895-1981)—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, March 13. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Group Shows—At the **GIBSON**, 205 E. 78th St.: Ten American artists (Vito Acconci, Roger Welch, Janet Rifkin among them) showing installation sculptures. Through April 30. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Among the high spots in the current show are the Queen of Sheba as imagined by Rouault, the scene at Ascot by Dufy, and a flying eagle by Derain, who very seldom chose such subject matter. Through Saturday, March 20.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

March Avery—New paintings, including landscapes and seascapes of the coast of Turkey. Through April 3. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 11:30.)

Marilyn Baum / Claire Moore—Collages of printed matter—money and medicine-bottle labels (one for a ringworm ointment)—the artist picked up on a recent trip to China, arranged together on a rich, glittery background. / Scraps of tinsel and bits of paint-soaked paper are glued into a random pattern in these collages, on which the artist also letters enigmatic remarks. Through April 3. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Gallery 120, at 120 Lafayette St., at Canal St., is showing new paintings by Moore. Through March 28. (Open Thursdays through Sundays.)

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Al Blaustein—Figufative monoprints. Through Saturday, March 20. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St.)

Colleen Browning—Oil paintings in which New York fruit markets and Caribbean vegetation are on equal footing. Through March 26. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Ann Chernow—Paintings and drawings, mostly of chorus girls arranged in coy Busby Berkeley formations. Through Saturday, March 20. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Norris Embry (1921-81)—A memorial exhibition of works in mixed mediums on paper and board by the figurative Expressionist. Through Saturday, March 13. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—Nearly a hundred woodcuts done from 1918 to 1940. In a few instances, the prints are accompanied by examples of their earlier states, so that one can see the changes the artist made here and there as he worked. Through March 27. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.)

Louise Fishman—Recent abstract oils on linen, and works on paper. Through March 27. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

John Grillo—Sword-swallowers, acrobats, jugglers, lion tamers, and other circus performers portrayed on both sides of large canvas scrolls. Through March 26. (Lumbard, 38 E. 57th St.)

Nancy Grossman / Don Hazlitt—This artist, known for her leather-covered sculptures of heads, is showing this time a series of collages made from shaped papers, which have been soaked in assorted inks and allowed to harden to a leatherlike texture. / Abstract oil-stick drawings on paper. Through March 27. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

Ira Joel Haber—Wall pieces consisting of tiny houses, toy trees, painted strips of wood, pebbles, and assorted miniature architectural details, the whole suggestive of landscapes. Through March 27. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Al Held—A show devoted solely to his thickly painted Abstract Expressionist works of the fifties. Through April 3. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Henry Koerner—Paintings and drawings. Through April 3. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

Richard Lytle—Paintings in which landscapes are seen through a curtain of plants and flowers. Through April 1. (Pearl, 29 W. 57t St.)

Williamsburgh
SAVINGS
BANK
DOWNTOWN
86
Hank Blaustein

Robert Mangold—Paintings and works on pape whose X pattern is repeated in pencil Through March 27. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St Open Mondays.)

Dan Marshall / Frank Bowling—Figurativ paintings and drawings. / Abstract painting Through March 31. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57t St.)

Margaret Pomfret—Abstract paintings on ra linen canvases to which perpendicular Plexiglas panels—in related shapes—have bee affixed. Through Saturday, March 13 (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Man Ray (1890-1976)—Books, catalogues, portfolios, and other printed matter, dated 1915 74, with their respective "manuscripts (which often include three-dimensional objects); early cut-paper collages; and graphic Through Saturday, March 13. (Zabriskie, 2 W. 57th St.)

Edda Renouf—Recent abstract paintings an pastels. In the paintings, the artist ha plucked individual threads out of the wove canvas and rearranged them in patterns o the surface. Through Saturday, March 1 (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Lucas Samaras—Small abstractions of th human figure (in bronze) and self-portrait (in pastels). Through Saturday, March 2 (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ In another roo at the gallery, there are masks, religiou statues, and examples of decorative architec ture (veranda posts, palace doors) from th Yoruba people of southwestern Nigeria.

Donald Sandstrom—Miniature wall sculpture of typical Middle American scenes—th crossroads gas station, an isolated farm, spooky house in a mountain valley—cut ou of sheet aluminum. Until now, this artist ha created his tiny landscapes with hardwar cloth. Through March 25. (Dintenfass, 50 W 57th St.)

Karl Schrag—Landscapes and still-lifes in o and gouache. Through April 3. (Kraushaa 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Susan Shatter—This specialist in craggy sce nery (coastal Maine and the Grand Canyo has shifted from watercolors to oils in the ne work shown here. Through Wednesda March 17. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Charles G. Shaw (1892-1974)—Abstract an semi-abstract paintings and constructions b this literary and art-world figure, who was founder of American Abstract Artists and writer who contributed a variety of works t *The New Yorker* in its early days. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Paintings fro the sixties, and an earlier constructio (Washburn, in SoHo, 113 Greene St.) Bo shows through Saturday, March 13.

Michael Steiner / Robert Goodnough—Abstra bronzes. / Canvas collages on wood. Throug March 27. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

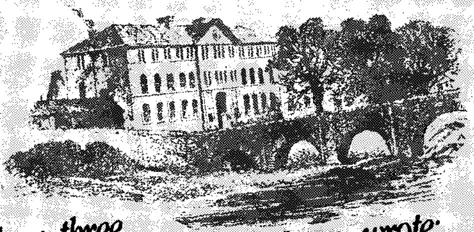
Randy Stevens—Ebullient paintings and draw ings of teen-age prom queens, cheerleader beauty-contest winners, and various othe charmers. Through March 27. (Kornblee, 2 W. 57th St.)

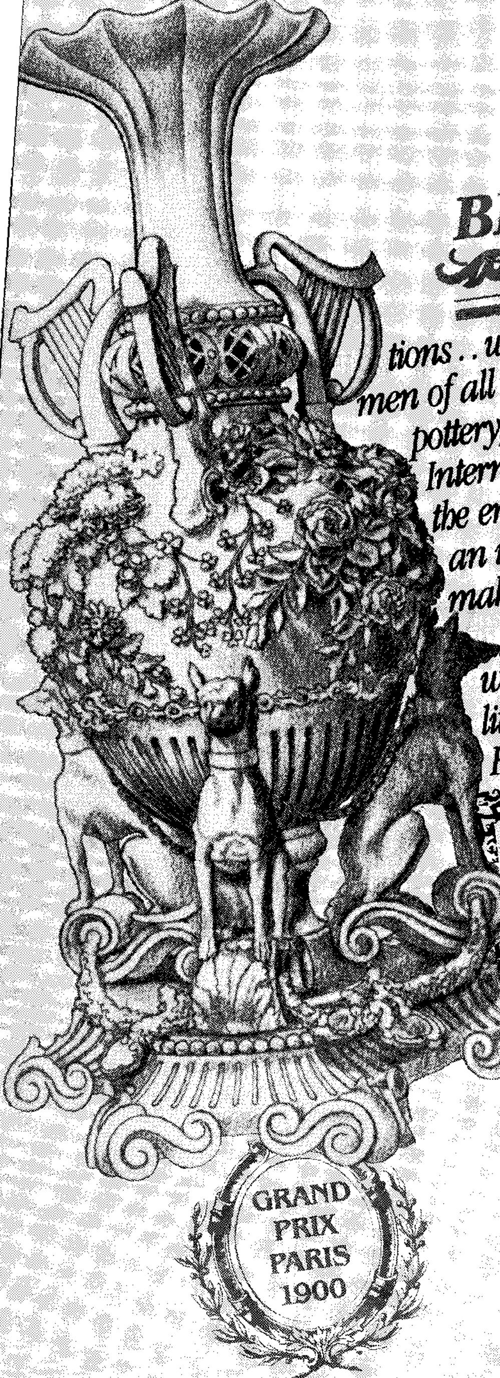
Jonathan Thomas—Geometric shapes painte and incised on Masonite. Through March 2 (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Margit Varga—Paintings from the past fiv decades by a representational artist whos subjects have included New York City a night, Florida seascapes, and Greek fishin villages. Through March 27. (Midtown, 11 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **DEL RE**, 41 E. 57th St Works on paper by Rothko, Diebenkor Frankenthaler, Guston, and other twentieth century Americans. Through April 3. . . **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Gallery artists' ne works ("Portrait of the Artist as a Clever O Dog," a ceramic piece by Robert Arneson and old works ("Angelica Fenner," a paintin by Alfred Leslie). Through March 25. (Open at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **GETLER-PALL**, 50 W 57th St.: Small-scale paintings, sculpture and works on paper by gallery artists (Dav Shapiro, James Torlakson) and others (Ma ianne Stikas, Brenda Goodman). Throug April 3. . . . **STEFANOTTI**, 30 W. 57th St.: Work by a dozen artists in which photographs wer

OUT OF THE PAGES OF HISTORY INTO THE HEARTS OF COLLECTORS.





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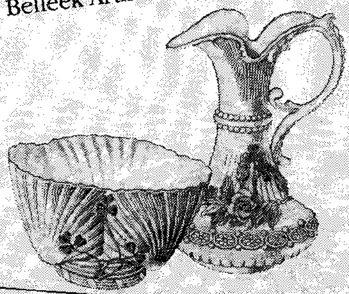

UNIQUE
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CHINA AS IRISH AS IRELAND

taken as the starting point, either for visual inspiration (Mariann Miller's realist paintings) or as the basis for transformation (Lucas Samaras's manipulated Polaroids). Jolie Stahl, Lynton Wells, and Donald Newman are among the others. Through March 31.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Carl Andre / Doug Ohlson—This artist's latest sculptural effort is twenty-four feet long, an inch and three quarters high, and a couple of inches wide, and consists of about ten thousand tiny white bricks laid like a baseboard along the bottom of one wall. / Large canvases on which panels of solid color are painted in a sort of gridlock pattern. Through March 27. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Georg Baselitz—Abstractions with figures or objects in oil on canvas. Through March 27. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Jean Michel Basquiat—Paintings (acrylic, oil stick, spray paint, and collage) rooted in graffiti. Through March 31. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Bill Beckley / Gordon Moore—Mixed mediums on canvas. / Paintings on shaped canvas. Through April 10. (Bonlow, 150 Greene St.)

Mattie Berhang / Larry K. Brown—Several thousand small, improbable doodads—twists of wire, sprockets, strips of punched-out metal—most of them found objects salvaged from industrial dustbins and strung together in glittering, showerlike mobiles. / Rectangular wall pieces made up of twenty-five or so layers of gaudily painted kraft paper into which sculptural designs have been carved, *as much as a foot deep.* Through March 27. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ In one of the rear galleries, canvases by H. N. Han, who does Photo-Realist paintings in muted colors, usually a shimmering gray.

Robert Berlind / Richard Saba—Realist paintings. / Abstract paintings. Through March 31. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Gretna Campbell—A new set of landscape paintings. Through March 31. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Charles DuBack—Landscapes painted at their site in Maine. Through March 31. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30 Tuesdays through Fridays, at noon Saturdays.)

Rafael Ferrer—Portraits of friends, people seen in magazines and newspapers, and night-club performers and patrons, all painted in circus-poster style by this self-taught Expressionist from Puerto Rico, whose previous works have been environments and sculptures. This is his first show of paintings. Through March 24. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Eric Fischl—"A Private Beach," the title given to a series of paintings and drawings. Through April 3. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

Joan Gardner / Peter Brown—Oils on wood of people and animals arranged in dreamlike tableaux, plus prints. / "City Totems": Abstract, predominantly wood, open-frame sculptures derived from urban architectural forms. They range in size from six inches to six feet. Through Saturday, March 13. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

On Kawara—The *significance of these paintings* of calendar dates is that each records the day on which it was executed. Through March 27. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Michael Lucero / Wallace Berman (1926-76)—Ceramic-and-metal abstractions of figures that make up in height (eight feet) what they lack in girth (about three inches). / Collages and assemblages by an artist who worked on the West Coast. Through March 27. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Kim MacConnel / Gary Burnley—Panels of fabric emblazoned with recognizable images (the Kremlin and a light bulb are painted on one) and then stitched together into mural-size works. Through March 31. / Painted (with a della Robbia glaze) hydrostone spheres, *perched on wooden* supports. Through Saturday, March 13. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Ed Paschke—New paintings. Through April 10. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

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Milton Resnick—Large new abstracts (the largest is about nine feet by twenty-six) in which this veteran painter's brushstrokes delving into a thick mélange of variously colored oil pigments add an almost sculptural quality to the works. Through March 27. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Mia Westerlund Roosen—Concrete (combined with lead or encaustic) sculptures built up by hand. Through March 27. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

David Salle—A two-gallery show of paintings, including diptychs and triptychs. (Boone, 417 and 420 West Broadway. Through March 31. . . . ¶ Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Through March 27.)

Robert Smithson (1938-73)—Drawings and sculptures, the latter underscoring his interest in the Minimalist aesthetic. Through March 27. (Weber, 142 Greene St. A larger show of the artist's work is at the Whitney Museum.)

Gail von der Lippe—Landscapes are the inspiration for these big abstract oil paintings that have the freshness and dash of pastels. Through March 27. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Jackie Winsor / Peter Campus—Recent sculptures—mostly cubes about three feet high made of cement, wood, or layers of wire mesh. The interiors of a couple have been subjected to fire and one of them withstood a dynamite explosion. Its exterior wasn't damaged, but the inside was torn up in just the way the artist wanted, exposing the remains of several different inside walls, visible now through peepholes. Through March 27. / Photographs of industrial areas. Through March 31. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Michael Young—Abstract paintings. Through March 27. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

Tino Zago / Clayton Patterson—Semi-abstract paintings of swampy areas, with sodden weeds lining the edges of the streams. / Freestanding sculptural pieces that look like juke boxes, except that the decorations include toy pistols, real bullets, human teeth, plastic jewelry, and so on. Through March 27. (Marino, 489 Broome St.)

Group Shows—At **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: The second half of the gallery's fifth anniversary show, reviewing the works of artists who have shown here. Through May 1. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **FELDMAN,** 31 Mercer St.: "War Games" includes Eleanor Antin's video of herself enacting Florence Nightingale's experiences during the Crimean War; Chris Burden's model incorporating three thousand war toys (castles, cannons, airplanes) and representing two city-states at war; and eight other artists' paintings, drawings, and sculptures on the same theme. Through March 27. (Open Mondays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

John Dobbs—Paintings, drawings, and prints by a social realist. Through March 31. (Washington Irving, 117 E. 17th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.)

Gerald Hayes / Nancy Brett—Paintings (circular and square) on plywood, overlaid with bits of zinc etching plates and linen. / Paintings and drawings. Through March 27. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

Lou Myers—Drawings by an artist whose work is often seen in these pages. Through April 1. (International Typeface, third floor, 2 Hammarskjöld Plaza, 866 Second Ave., at 47th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.)

Kenneth Noland—Handmade-paper works from 1978 on. Through March 26. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

Sylvia Sleigh—Portraits in oil. Through March 31. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **FEDERAL HALL NATIONAL MEMORIAL,** 26 Wall St., at Broad St.: "Lower Manhattan from Street to Sky," a show mounted by the Whitney Museum, has thirty-eight paintings, drawings, and prints (by, among others, Yvonne Jacquette, George Bellows, Robert Indiana, Reginald Marsh, and Max Weber) of the Brooklyn Bridge, the Woolworth Building, and other downtown landmarks. Through April 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.) . . . **THE NEW MUSEUM,** 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by six New York artists: Tom Butter, Tom Evans, John Fekner, Judith Hudson, Peter Julian, and Cheryl Laemmle. Through March 25. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ania Bien / Sherie Scheer—Photographic works. / Hand-colored, panoramic (but segmented) photographs. Through March 27. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Sandi Fellman—Large-format Polaroid photographs. Through March 27. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

Emmet Gowin / Frank Gohlke—Photographs of Mt. St. Helens; also portraits of the artist's wife. / Post-tornado photographs of a Texas town. Through April 10. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Erich Hartmann and Christian Louis—The former is American, the latter French, and both are showing photographs of trains and railways in France. Through March 31. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Evelyn Hofer—New work, including color portraits of Saul Steinberg and Diana Vreeland. Through Saturday, March 13. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Les Krims—Photographs of interiors that are inhabited by nude people. Through Saturday, March 13. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Gustave Le Gray (1820-82)—Albumen photographs from an album dated 1857 which record life as it was for Napoleon III's Imperial Guards (living quarters, maneuvers, Sunday Mass) in their training camp. Through April 3. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Helmut Newton—Large black-and-white prints (five are life-size female nudes) by a European fashion photographer. Through March 27. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Don Rodan—Cibachrome prints of young people who the artist says represent the Seven Deadly Sins and the Seven Cardinal Virtues. Through March 27. (Castelli Photographs, 4 E. 77th St.)

Sy Rubin—A series of recent documentary pho-

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Our Gift Baskets. *What goes into an N-M gift basket depends upon the season, the occasion — and you. For example, along with our famous Easter and Christmas assortments, we regularly create specialty baskets for the office or cocktails, families, executives, gourmands and dessert lovers. And that's not all. We can custom design any number of gift baskets in any given price range from 25.00 to 500.00.*

Once a gift basket has been selected, the order is sent to our Epicure Workshop in Dallas to be put together by a team of talented workers. First, an appropriate container is chosen from over 30 different shapes in woven rattan, willow, bamboo, brass and copper. Then, the entire package is wrapped and decorated by hand before being shipped to its destination.

Why do we continue to devote this much time and effort? Because in just a few weeks, when your child looks with wonder at an N-M gift basket and asks if the Easter Bunny really brought it, you can say, "Who else could do something so wonderful?"

When it comes to choosing Epicure gifts, a lot of people put their eggs in one basket — ours.

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tographs entitled "14th St." Through March 21. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Suzanne Szasz—Children are this photographer's most frequent subject. There are also some adults in the selection, including Edward Steichen at ninety. Through Saturday, March 13. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: "Avant-Garde Photography in Germany, 1919-1939," two hundred works by Herbert and Irene Bayer, T. Lux and Andreas Feininger, and about fifty others. . . . ¶ Prints by turn-of-the-century pictorialist Heinrich Kühn. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.) Both shows through March 21.

Group Show—The Metropolitan Museum has mounted a show of works by nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographers; they are arranged topically and in pairs for the purpose of illustrating different approaches to similar subjects; for example, Doris Ulmann's portrait of two lovers entitled "South Carolina" is displayed alongside Brassaï's "Couple d'Amoureux dans un Petit Café." Other prints being compared are by Stieglitz, Weegee, Cartier-Bresson, and Callahan, to name a few. (See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Sixty twentieth-century French drawings and watercolors from the Robert Lehman Collection. Edouard Vuillard, Aristide Maillol, and Henri Matisse are here, and so is a large series of watercolors by Paul Signac. Through Sunday, March 14. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's tenth annual fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints from the permanent collection. Through May 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—A selection from the permanent collection—situated, for the nonce, on the mezzanine and main levels—is the single show just now. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Kandinsky in Munich: 1896-1914," the first of three exhibits planned by the museum (to be held at two-year intervals) to follow the artist's development as influenced by the various cities where he lived. Most of the nearly three hundred works assembled here (paintings, works on paper, furniture and ceramic designs, books) are by Kandinsky himself, most are on loan, and all are intended to show the interrelation between the artist and the city where he arrived, at the age of thirty, to begin the formal study of art. Through March 21. A complementary show is at the Carus Gallery, 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St. . . . ¶ A fluorescent-light sculpture by Dan Flavin. Through Sunday, March 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit of small sculptures and project drawings by Robert Smithson (1938-73), who is best known for monumental earth-art sculptures, two of which ("Cayuga Salt Mine Project" and "Gravel Mirror with Cracks and Dust") are also reconstructed here. Through April 18. A complementary show is at the John Weber Gallery, 142 Greene St. . . . ¶ Musical notations and graphics by the composer John Cage. Included among the former are scores for "Etudes Australes" and "Atlas Eclipticalis"; examples of the latter include two lithographs and one silk-screened Plexiglas work from 1969, and recent etchings. Through May 2. . . . ¶ A show of paintings, drawings, and prints, selected from a bequest by Katherine Schmidt Shubert, which includes works by such artists as Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Peggy Bacon, John Sloan, and the donor herself. Through April 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

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Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Brooklyn Before the Bridge: American Paintings from the Long Island Historical Society," sixty oils and watercolors chronicling Brooklyn's halcyon days as an independent city—shipwrecks on Coney Island, rapid transit (a coach and ten horses, East River ferries), and fireworks displays at the opening of the bridge in 1883. Through May 31. . . . ¶ New Testament paintings by James Tissot in a show that coincides with his show of Old Testament paintings at the Jewish Museum. Through April 30. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibit of paintings and sculptures by twenty-nine contemporary American artists who are candidates for six Academy-Institute awards. Through April 4. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—Nineteen winners of crafts competitions showing their current works in metal, glass, fibre, and so forth. Through May 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—More than a hundred and twenty examples of medieval stained glass and architectural sculptures (from France, Spain, Italy, and Britain), selected from the Raymond Pitcairn collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, noon to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A loan show of Hawaiian artifacts (and paintings and drawings) of historical interest from the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum, Honolulu. The largest single item is a feather cloak worn by a member of the royalty of the pristine Hawaii of two hundred years ago. Through May 9. . . . ¶ More than a hundred original drawings (plus furniture, silver, and ceramics) by the Scottish architect Robert Adam (1728-92), as well as some by those who were influenced by his neoclassical style. Through April 11. . . . ¶ About seventy award-winning drawings by eighteenth-century architectural students who entered annual competitions held by the National Academy of St. Luke, in Rome. Not necessarily intended as veritable construction proposals, the entries have titles like "Design for a Royal Palace in a Villa for Three Important Persons," or "Project for a Church to Be Erected in Gratitude for a Victory." Through May 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A tribute to James Joyce on his centennial. First editions of the author's major works are displayed alongside working manuscripts and related correspondence. Also, copies of the serial installments of "Ulysses" which appeared in the *Little Review,* including the four that were banned by the United States Post Office in 1920; and Joyce's cable of congratulations to Bennett Cerf after the successful trial that brought about the novel's first American publication in 1934. Through April 17. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibit of Asian art from the collection of the Idemitsu Museum of Art, Tokyo, centering on Japanese paintings and ceramics; a Yüan-dynasty cobalt-glaze jar stands out. The Nanga school, the Ukiyo-e school, and the painter Sengai Gibon are well represented. Through Sunday, March 14. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A display of paintings of Old Testament scenes by James Tissot, the late-nineteenth-century French painter and etcher who devoted his later years to illustrating the Bible. (His New Testament paintings are on view at the Brooklyn Museum.) Through May 9. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The many worlds of the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (a.k.a. Lewis Carroll), the focal point of which is the original 1864 manuscript (with drawings) of the prototypical "Alice's Adventures Under Ground." Also, five illustrations by John Tenniel for "Wonderland" (which appeared the following year); holographic poems and riddles; photographs; and correspondence. Through April 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

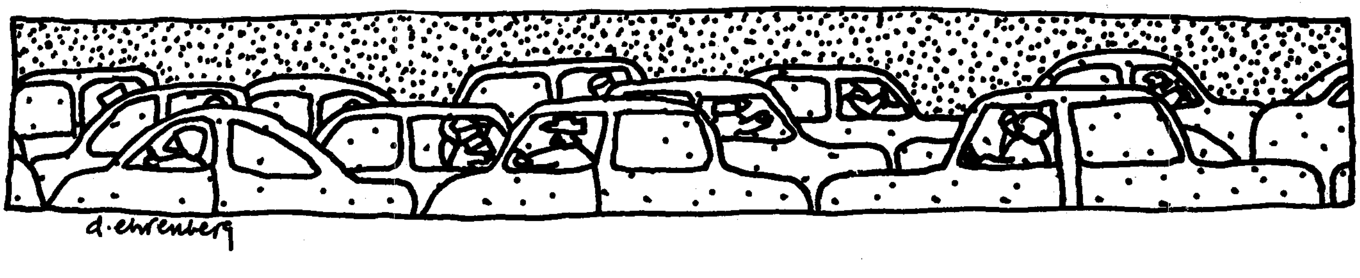
Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Thirty-three recent additions to the museum's permanent collection which were once owned by Howard and Jean Lipman, among them furniture (an eighteenth-century Queen Anne secretary), nineteenth-century paintings (portraits; a trade sign painted of and for the Oswego Starch Factory), folk sculpture (a decorative carving entitled "Man in a Top Hat with a Cane"), and miniature mourning pins. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection's nod to the centennials of Virginia Woolf and James Joyce. Excerpts from Woolf's four decades of diaries (where one learns that she regarded "Ulysses" as "an illiterate, underbred book") are here, as are her letters and essays (in working drafts and final copies) and the bulk of her novels (manuscripts, first editions). The Joyce material focusses on his years in Paris (1920-40) and includes the first English (1922) and French (1929) editions of "Ulysses," along with the many pages of work involved in the translation of the novel. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Photographs and sculptures



by Gretchen Bender, David Cabrera, Ronald Jones, Jeff Koons, and David Robinson. . . . ¶ Installations by Stephen Lapthisophon and Stephen Miller. Both shows through March 27.

anklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Dentures Art Club (performance), Thursday, March 11, at 8:30; The Toykillers (performance), Thursday, March 18, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Russian Samizdat (underground press) publications from the past two decades. Through April 17. . . . ¶ Drawings and books by four artists from West Germany. Through April 10.

ist Above Midtown/Downtown, 178-80 Franklin St., between Hudson and Greenwich Sts., six blocks south of Canal St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Installations by Rick Schwab and James Andrew Brown. Through March 27.

ie Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Abdul Wadud (music), Friday, March 12, at 8:30; Charles Atlas's "More Men" (video), Sunday, March 14, at 8:30; Eric Bogosian (performance), Thursday through Sunday, March 18-21, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Jennifer Bolande's exhibition using photographs. Through March 27.

S. I, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Paintings and works on paper in a show (one of many here) in which eight art critics personally invited artists to exhibit work. Lynda Benglis, Michael McClard, and Catherine Porter-Scully are some of the sixty-six selectees. Through Sunday, March 14.

MUSIC

he box-office number for the Metropolitan pera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 2-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for arnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey ogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, fth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington ve. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin oncert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 . 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers e included in the listings.)

OPERA

etropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, March 10: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Kathleen Battle, William Workman, Rockwell Blake, and Renato Capecchi; conducted by Andrew Davis. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 11: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Ruth Welting, Christiane Eda-Pierre, Tatiana Troyanos, and Placido Domingo; Riccardo Chailly. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 12: "La Traviata," with Catherine Malfitano, Miguel Cortez, and Brent Ellis; Nicola Rescigno. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 13: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Kathleen Battle, William Workman, Rockwell Blake, and Renato Capecchi; Andrew Davis. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 13: "Il Trovatore," with Lucine Amara, Viorica Cortez, Carlo Bini, and Richard J. Clark; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 15: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Gwendolyn Bradley, Christiane Eda-Pierre, Tatiana Troyanos, and Placido Domingo; Riccardo Chailly. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 16: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Kathleen Battle, William Workman, Dalmacio González, and Renato Capecchi; Andrew Davis. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 17: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Renata Scotto, Wieslaw Ochman, Pablo Elvira, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 18: "La Traviata," with Catherine Malfitano, Miguel Cortez, and Brent Ellis; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 19: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Kathleen Battle, William Workman, Dalmacio González, and Renato Capecchi; Andrew Davis. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 20: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Renata Scotto, Wieslaw Ochman, Pablo Elvira, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 20: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Ruth Welting, Christiane Eda-Pierre, Tatiana Troyanos, and Placido Domingo; Riccardo Chailly. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ew York City Opera—Wednesday, March 10, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Carol Vaness, Elizabeth Hynes, Justino Díaz, and William Stone; conducted by Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, March 12, at 8: "L'Amore dei Tre Re," with Noelle Rogers, James McCray, Richard Fredricks, and Samuel Ramey; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 13, at 2: "I Puritani," with Ashley Putnam, John Aler, J. Patrick Raftery, and Justino Díaz; Theo Alcantara. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 13, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Judith Haddon, Judith Christin, John Stewart, and William Stone; David Effron. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 14, at 1: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Marianna Christos, Jerry Hadley, and Alan Titus; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 14, at 7: "Rigoletto," with Gianna Rolandi, Gail Gilmore, Frederick Burchinal, and Henry Price; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 16, at 8: "I Puritani," with Ashley Putnam, John Aler, J. Patrick Raftery, and Justino Díaz; Theo Alcantara. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 18, at 8: "Rigoletto," with June Anderson, Gail Gilmore, Richard Fredricks, and Riccardo Calleo; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Friday, March 19, at 8: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Marianna Christos, Jerry Hadley, and Alan Titus; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 20, at 2: "Carmen," with Gail Gilmore, Judith Haddon, Garry Grice, and Justino Díaz; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 20, at 8: "Rigoletto," with June Anderson, Gail Gilmore, Richard Fredricks, and Riccardo Calleo; Henry Lewis. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Through Sunday, May 2.)

Bel Canto Opera—John McCauley conducting the final performances of Verdi's "Simon Boccanegra," staged by Nelson Sheeley. (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Saturday, March 13, at 7:30, and Sunday, March 14, at 3. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Rafael Kubelik conducting—Thursday through Saturday, March 11-13, and Tuesday, March 16, all at 8: A Vivaldi-Hindemith-Dvořák program, with Judith Le Clair, bassoon. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 18, at 8; Friday, March 19, at 2; and Saturday, March 20, at 8: Works by Mozart, Beethoven, and Mr. Kubelik (the New York première of his "Sequences"); no soloists.

Minnesota Orchestra—Neville Marriner conducting a program that includes the New York première of Witold Lutoslawski's "Double Concerto for Oboe and Harp," with Heinz Holliger, oboe, and Ursula Holliger, harp. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 12, at 8.)

St. Louis Symphony—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Slatkin conducting—Friday, March 19, at 8: A program that includes the New York première of Donald Erb's "Concerto for Cello and Orchestra," as well as works by Shostakovich and Max Bruch. With Lynn Harrell, cello. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 20, at 8: A Hindemith-Weber-Stravinsky program, with Isaac Stern, violin.

American Philharmonic Orchestra—Rohan Joseph conducting a Grieg-Mahler program, with Earl Wild, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, March 15, at 8.)

Manhattan Symphony—George Manahan conducting a Prokofieff-Mahler program, with Mary Jo Pagano, piano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Tuesday, March 16, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

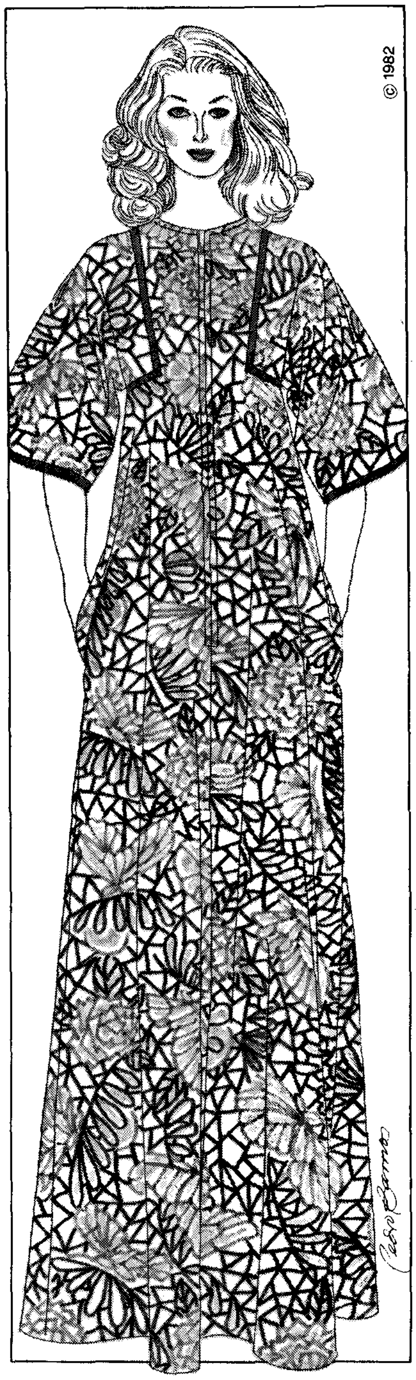
Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting a Rachmaninoff-Brahms-William Schuman program, with Byron Janis, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, March 19-20, at 8, and Sunday, March 21, at 3.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Lilian Kallir, piano; Thomas Nyfenger, flute; and Ronald Roseman, English horn. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 20, at 8, and Sunday, March 21, at 3.)

Julius Grossman Orchestra—Mr. Grossman conducting, with James Buswell, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 20, at 8.)

Dessoff Choirs—Michael Hammond directing a Stravinsky-Tchaikovsky program. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, March 13, at 8.)

Cappella Nova—Richard Taruskin directing a program called "Christus Surrexit: A Fifteenth Century Mass for Easter." (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Sunday, March 14, at



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Indiana University School of Music Pro Arte Ensemble—Thomas Binkley directing performances of the "Greater Passion Play," a medieval choral work taken from the thirteenth-century Carmina Burana manuscript now preserved in the State Library of Munich. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Friday, March 19, at 2; Saturday, March 20, at 12:30 and 3; and Sunday, March 21, at 2. Free tickets will be available on a first-come, first-served basis on the days of the performances.)

RECITALS

Michael Lorimer—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, March 10, at 8.)

Amadeus String Quartet—The third and fourth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 10, and Sunday, March 14, at 8.)

Radu Lupu—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 11, at 8.)

Lucy Shelton—Soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, March 11, at 8.)

Haydn on Original Instruments—The second in a series of three concerts, this one performed by Malcolm Bilson, fortepiano; the Classical String Quartet; Susan Robinson, soprano; and John Hsu, baryton. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, March 11, at 8.)

Manhattan Brass Ensemble—Robert Nagel conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, March 11, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Composers' Guild for Performance—A program of twentieth-century music performed by Beverly Morgan, mezzo-soprano; Robert Pollock, Cristopher Kies, and Cristopher Oldfather, piano; Evan Paris, violin; and Nancy Zeltsman, marimba. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, March 11, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, March 12, at 8, with Ida Kavafian, viola. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, March 17-18, at 8, with the Tokyo String Quartet.

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—James Buswell and Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Alvin Brehm, bass; Paula Robison, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; and Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 12, at 8, and Sunday, March 14, at 5.)

Andrée Juliette Brun—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 12, at 8.)

New York Brass Quintet—Chamber music. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, March 12, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Boehm Quintette—Chamber music. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 12, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The second in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 13, at 3.)

Marilyn Horne—Mezzo-soprano. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Saturday, March 13, at 8. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, March 19, at 8.)

Ivan Moravec—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 13, at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—Chamber music. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, March 14, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Elly Ameling—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 14, at 3.)

Brady Millican—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, March 14, at 3.)

Music New to New York—A program involving electronic music and dance. With Daniel Lentz, piano; Evelyn Shepard, dancer; and Pauline Koner, commentator. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. Sunday, March 14, at 3, and Monday, March 15, at 8.)

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An die Musik—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, March 14, at 4.)

Peter Frankl—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Monday, March 15, at 8.)

Jeffrey Kahane—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 15, at 8.)

Raphael Trio—The last program in a series presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday and Tuesday, March 15-16, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—An all-French program, performed by Jaime Laredo, violin; Lucy Shelton, soprano; Sharon Robinson, cello; David Singer, clarinet; Samuel Sanders, piano; and the Orpheus Trio. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, March 16-17, at 8.)

Rachmael Weinstock and Artur Balsam—Violin and piano, with assisting artists. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, March 17, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Steven Mayer—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, March 18, at 8.)

Arminda Canteros—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 18, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, March 19, at 8.)

Galimir String Quartet—With Samuel Rhodes, viola. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Friday, March 19, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

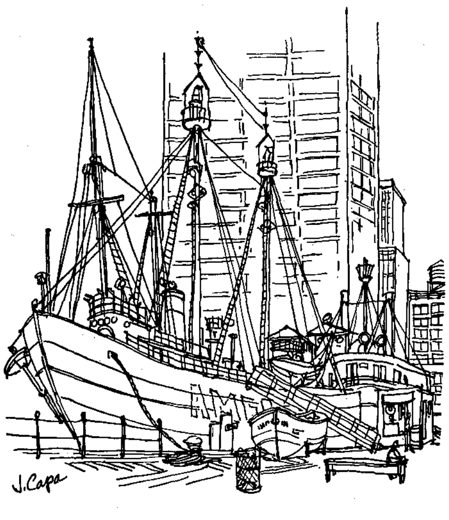
Wieland Kuijken and Robert Kohnen—Viola da gamba and harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 20, at 8.)

Klaus Hellwig—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 20, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Wall-to-Wall John Cage and Friends—A free thirteen-hour marathon of music by Cage and other composers who either influenced his work or were influenced by his music. Among the performers will be Mr. Cage, Ursula Oppens, and Paul Jacobs, piano; Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; Virgil Blackwell, clarinet; and Dean Drummond and Gary Schall, zoomoozophone (a percussion instrument). The program will also feature dance, poetry readings, video presentations, and theatre pieces. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, March 13, from 11 to midnight.)

Josef Marx Memorial Concert—Charles Wuorinen, piano; Fred Sherry, cello; David Sills viola; Laurel Miller, soprano; Jane Taylo bassoon; and others in a program of baroqu and contemporary music. (Merkin Concer Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday March 15, at 8.)



Concert Royal and the New York Baroque Danc Company—James Richman conducting chamber orchestra in a performance of th Prologue and "Les Incas de Pérou" fror Rameau's opera-ballet "Les Indes Galantes. With Andrew Schultze, bass; Ann Monoyio and Joyce Andrews, sopranos; David Ronis tenor; and Catherine Turocy, choreographer dancer. (Schimmel Center for the Arts Pace University, Spruce St., between Nassa and Gold. 285-3715. Friday and Saturday March 19-20, at 8, and Sunday, March 21, a 3.)

Benefit Concert—Seymour Lipkin conductin members of the New York Philharmonic in concert to benefit the Shaare Zedek Hospita in Jerusalem. With James Tocco, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 14, at 7:30. Fo information about tickets, call 354-8801.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Squar Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33r Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Washington, Saturday, Marc 13, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. San Antonic Tuesday, March 16, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs Atlanta, Saturday, March 20, at 8:05. . . BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA (1-201 935-8888) Nets vs. Phoenix, Wednesday, March 10, a 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Boston, Friday, Marc 12, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Seattle, Sunday March 14, at 4. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Antonic Wednesday, March 17, at 7:35.

Boxing—Golden Gloves New York City finals Sponsored by the News Charities. (Madiso Square Garden. Friday, March 19, at 7:30.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all game at 7:35): Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers Wednesday, March 10. . . . ¶ Rangers vs Washington Capitals, Sunday, March 14. . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, March 17. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islander vs. St. Louis Blues, Saturday, March 20, a 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L. 1-516 794-9100.)

Karate—All-American Open Karate Championships. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Saturday, March 13, at 8:30.)

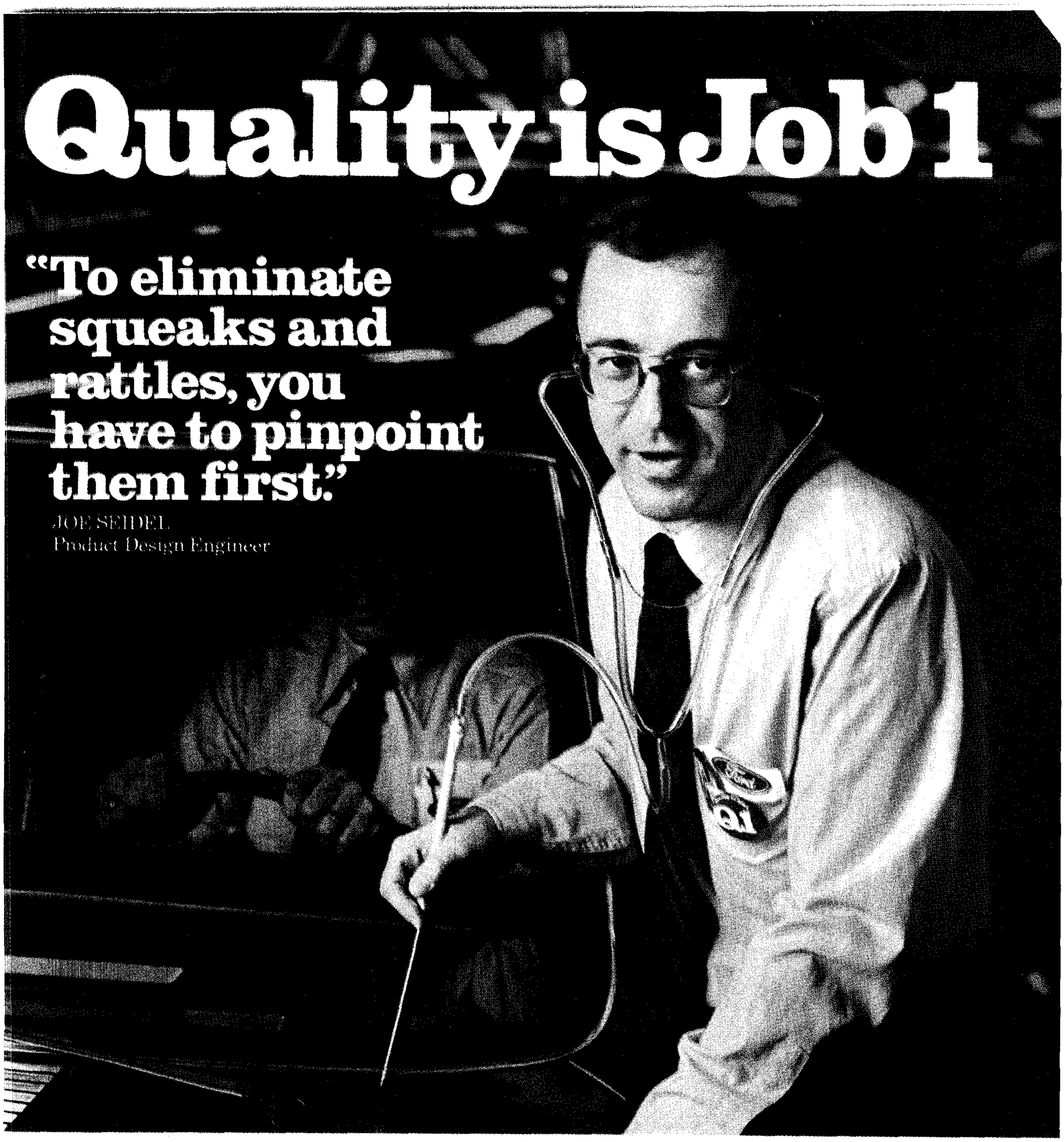
Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays a 1:05; through Monday, May 17. The Toboggan Handicap, Saturday, March 13, and th Distaff Handicap, Saturday, March 20. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Daily at 1; through Friday March 12.

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8 through Saturday, April 3. . . . MEADOWLANDS Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 7.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Alice Adams an Sara McAulay reading from their own prose (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St 737-1450. Tuesday, March 16, at 7:30.) . . ¶ Donald Davie and John Logan readin from their own poetry. (Donnell Librar Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Marc 18, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

Auctions—At SOTHEBY'S, 980 Madison Ave., a 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays throug Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Thursday, March 11 at 10:15 and 2: American Impressionis paintings and twentieth-century paintings drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Saturday March 13, at 2: German and Austrian posters. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 18, at 2: Moder paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 13. . . . SOTHEBY'S York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours Mondays, 1 to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday, March 10, a 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 13, at 10:15 and 2: Americana . . . ¶ Thursday, March 18, at 10:15 and 2 Musical instruments. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 13.



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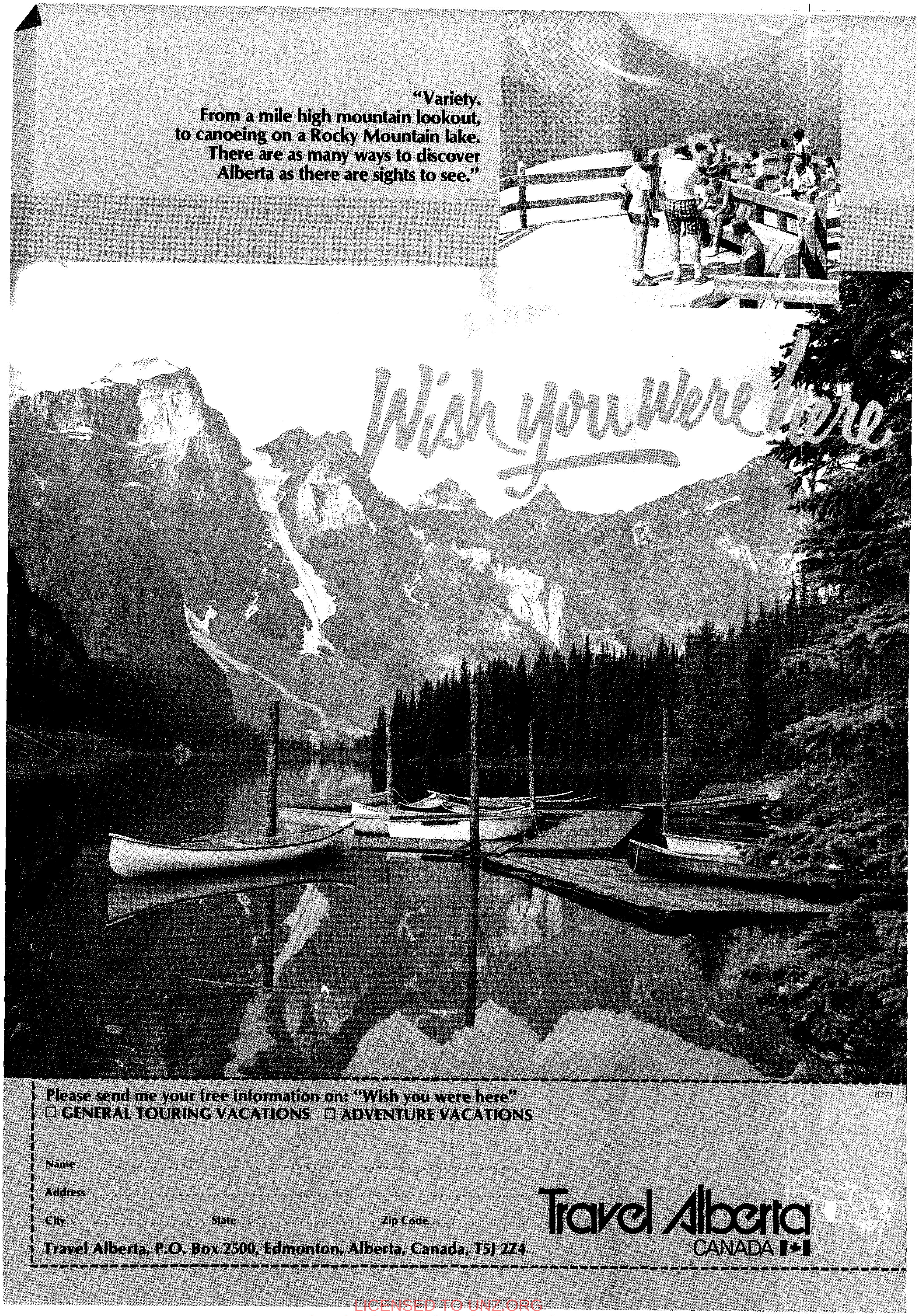

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CANADA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

VARIETY
M.IAN

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14	15	16	17	18	19	20

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 25.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"25 Fireman's Street" (1973; directed by István Szabo; in Hungarian).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Chariots of Fire" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through March 11: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†) and "Popeye" (†).
March 12-18: "Absence of Malice" (†) and "All the President's Men" (†).
From March 19: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through March 18: "Butterfly" (Matt Cimber), with Stacy Keach and Pia Zadora.
From March 19: To be announced.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through March 11: "Reds" (†).
From March 12: "Richard Pryor, Live on Sunset Strip" (Joe Layton), a concert filmed in December, 1981, at the Palladium, in Hollywood.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through March 18: "Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson.
From March 19: "Deathtrap" (Sidney Lumet), with Michael Caine and Christopher Reeve.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Shoot the Moon" (†).
Theatre 2: "Missing" (†).
Theatre 3: "Death Wish II" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Atlantic City" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through March 18: "Atlantic City" (†).
From March 19: "Man of Iron" (Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through March 18: "Personal Best" (†).
From March 19: "Deathtrap" (Sidney Lumet), with Michael Caine and Christopher Reeve.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through March 18: "Butterfly" (Matt Cimber), with Stacy Keach and Pia Zadora.
From March 19: "Christiane F." (Ulrich Edel; in German), with Natja Brunkhorst.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "On Golden Pond" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 18: "Chariots of Fire" (†). From March 19: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Ragtime" (†).
Theatre 2: "Reds" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Sleeping Dogs" (1977; Roger Donaldson; a New Zealand film), with Sam Neill and Warren Oates.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Three Brothers" (Francesco Rosi; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Michele Placido.
Theatre 2: "Shoot the Moon" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through March 11: "Dial M for Murder" (†). From March 12: "Parasite" (Charles Band), with Robert Glaudini. In 3-D.
Theatre 2: "Evil Under the Sun" (Guy Hamilton), with Peter Ustinov.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Missing" (†).

Loews New York I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Death Wish II" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland.
Theatre 2: Through March 11: "The Seduction" (David Schmoeller), with Morgan Fairchild and Michael Sarrazin. From March 12: "Richard Pryor, Live on Sunset Strip" (Joe Layton), a concert filmed in December, 1981, at the Palladium, in Hollywood.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"I'm Dancing as Fast as I Can" (Jack Hofsiss), with Jill Clayburgh and Nicol Williamson.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through March 11: "Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.
March 12-18: "Absence of Malice" (†).
From March 19: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Evil Under the Sun" (Guy Hamilton), with Peter Ustinov.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Death Wish II" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland.
Theatre 2: Through March 11: "The Seduction" (David Schmoeller), with Morgan Fairchild and Michael Sarrazin. From March 12: "Richard Pryor, Live on Sunset Strip" (Joe Layton), a concert filmed in December, 1981, at the Palladium, in Hollywood.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Shoot the Moon" (†).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. I and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through March 18: "On Golden Pond" (†). From March 19: "Deathtrap" (Sidney Lumet), with Michael Caine and Christopher Reeve.
Theatre 2: "Missing" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through March 16: "I Heard It Through the Grapevine" (directed by Dick Fontaine and Pat Hartley), a documentary with James Baldwin. From March 17: "The Atomic Café" (Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty).
Theatre 2: Through March 13: "Special Treatment" (Goran Paskaljević; in Serbo-Croatian). March 14-16: "Angi Vera" (†). March 17-18: "Messidor" (Alain Tanner; in French). From March 19: "Voyage en Douce" (Michel Deville; in French), with Dominique Sanda and Geraldine Chaplin.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through March 11: "Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson. From March 12: "Z" (†) and "State of Siege" (†).
Theatre 2: "Shoot the Moon" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Evil Under the Sun" (Guy Hamilton), with Peter Ustinov.
Theatre 2: "Personal Best" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "On Golden Pond" (†).
Theatre 2: "On Golden Pond" (†).
Theatre 3: "Missing" (†).
Theatre 4: "Missing" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through March 11: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).
From March 12: "One from the Heart" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through March 18: "Quest for Fire" (†).
From March 19: "Victor/Victoria" (Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews and James Garner.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"I'm Dancing as Fast as I Can" (Jack Hofsiss), with Jill Clayburgh and Nicol Williamson.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Atlantic City" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Circle of Deceit" (Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with Bruno Ganz and Hanna Schygulla.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Wasn't That a Time!" (Jim Brown), a documentary about the Weavers.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"One from the Heart" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Passione d'Amore" (Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Bernard Giraudeau and Valeria D'Obici.
Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).
Theatre 3: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Woman Next Door" (François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).
Theatre 2: "Love and Lies" (Ilya Frez; in Russian).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through March 18: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†). From March 19: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through March 11: "Butterfly" (Matt Cimber), with Stacy Keach and Pia Zadora. From March 12: "Personal Best" (†).
Theatre 3: Through March 18: "Shoot the Moon" (†). From March 19: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through March 18: "Missing" (†). From March 19: To be announced.

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Evil Under the Sun" (Guy Hamilton), with Peter Ustinov.
Theatre 2: "On Golden Pond" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through March 11: "The Border" (†) and "Melvin and Howard" (†). From March 12: "Ragtime" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 11: "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (†). From March 12: "Absence of Malice" (†); and "Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.
Theatre 3: Through March 18: "Arthur" (†) and "Altered States" (†). From March 19: "Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson.
Theatre 4: "Dial M for Murder" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Making Love" (directed by Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson.
Theatre 2: Through March 18: "Enter the

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ninja," with Franco Nero and Susan George. From March 19: "Deathtrap" (Sidney Lumet), with Michael Caine and Christopher Reeve.
Theatre 3: "Shoot the Moon" (†).
Theatre 4: "Chariots of Fire" (†).
Theatre 5: "Personal Best" (†).
Theatre 6: "Arthur" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through March 11: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).
From March 12: "Reds" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through March 11: "Ragtime" (†). From March 12: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).
Theatre 3: Through March 11: "Vice Squad" (Gary A. Sherman), with Season Hubley and Gary Swanson. From March 12: "Iron Dragon Strikes Back" and "Bruce Lee's Kung Fu."
Theatre 4: Through March 11: "Venom" (Piers Haggard), with Sterling Hayden and Klaus Kinski. From March 12: "Ragtime" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through March 11: "Reds" (†).
From March 12: "Richard Pryor, Live on Sunset Strip" (Joe Layton), a concert filmed in December, 1981, at the Palladium, in Hollywood.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Death Wish II" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland.
Theatre 2: Through March 11: "The Seduction" (David Schmoeller), with Morgan Fairchild and Michael Sarrazin. From March 12: "Parasite" (Charles Band), with Robert Glaudini. In 3-D.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through March 18: "Butterfly" (Matt Cimber), with Stacy Keach and Pia Zadora.
From March 19: "Enter the Ninja," with Franco Nero and Susan George.

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "Missing" (†).
Theatre 2: "Evil Under the Sun" (Guy Hamilton), with Peter Ustinov.

R.K.O. Century Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: Through March 11: "Dial M for Murder" (†). From March 12: "The Seduction" (David Schmoeller), with Morgan Fairchild and Michael Sarrazin.
Theatre 2: Through March 18: "Evilspeak" (Eric Weston), with Clint Howard and R. G. Armstrong. From March 19: "The Beast Within" (Philippe Mora), with Ronnie Cox and Bibi Besch.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
March 10: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949) and "Shoe-Shine" (1946), both films in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica.
March 11-13: "The Elephant Man" (1980; David Lynch), with Anthony Hopkins, John Hurt, and Anne Bancroft; and "Eraserhead" (1980; David Lynch).

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March 14: "The T.A.M.I. Show" (1971), with James Brown, the Supremes, Jan & Dean, and others; and "Don't Knock the Rock" (1957), with Bill Haley and Alan Dale.
March 15: "A Generation" (1954) and "Birchwood" (1971), both films in Polish, directed by Andrzej Wajda.
March 16: "High and Low" (†) and "The Bad Sleep Well" (†).
March 17: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (†) and "You're a Big Boy Now" (†).
March 18-20: "Numero Deux" (1975; Jean-Luc Godard; in French); and "Vivre sa Vie" ("My Life to Live;" 1962; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through March 11: "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci; and "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster.
March 12-13: "Raging Bull;" and "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, and Amy Robinson.
March 14-16: "New York, New York" (1977; Martin Scorsese), with Liza Minnelli and Robert De Niro.
March 17-18: "Apocalypse Now" (1979; Francis Coppola), with Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen; and "Paths of Glory" (†).
March 19-20: "Apocalypse Now;" and "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, and Slim Pickens.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 11: "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.
March 12-13: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, and Slim Pickens; and "Waltz of the Toreadors" (1962; John Guillermin), with Peter Sellers and Margaret Leighton.
March 14-16: "Auntie Mame" (1958; Morton da Costa), with Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker, and Coral Browne.
March 17-18: "Midnight Cowboy" (†) and "American Gigolo" (†).
March 19-20: "The Tenant" (1976; Roman Polanski), with Polanski; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

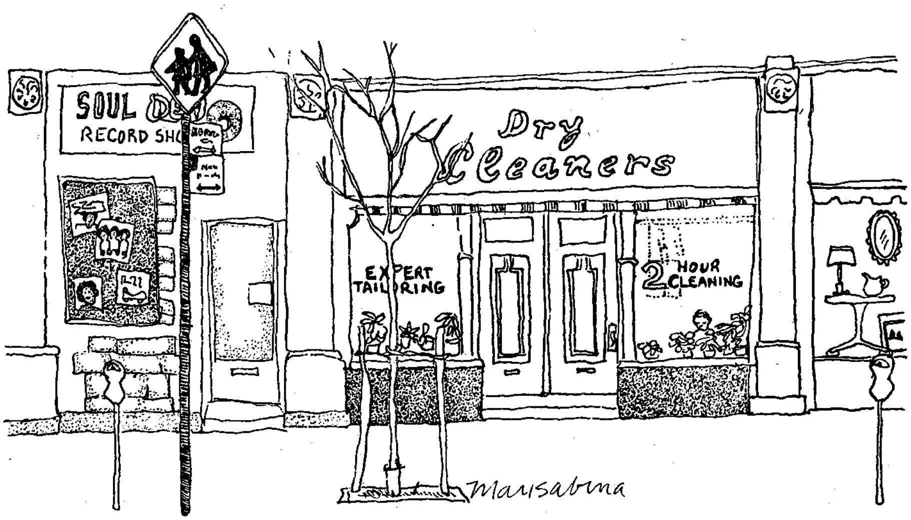
Through March 11: "The Arabian Nights" (1973), "The Canterbury Tales" (1972), and "The Decameron" (1971), all films in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini.
March 12-18: "Beau Père" (1981; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Patrick Dewaere and Ariel Besse.
March 19-20: "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini; and "Servant and Mistress" (1978; Bruno Gantillon; in French), with Victor Lanoux and Andréa Ferréol.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through March 13: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "Stalag 17" (1953; Billy Wilder), with *William Holden, Otto Preminger, and Don* Taylor.
March 14-16: "Modern Times" (1936; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin and Paulette Goddard; and "City Lights" (1931; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin, Virginia Cherrill, and Harry Myers.
March 17-20: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through March 13: "Melvin and Howard" (†); and "Resurrection" (1980; Daniel Petrie), with Ellen Burstyn, Eva Le Gallienne, and Sam Shepard.
March 14-16: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "Zabriskie Point" (1970; *Michelangelo Antonioni*), with Mark Frechette, Daria Halprin, and Rod Taylor.
March 17-20: "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates and Oliver Reed; and "The Music Lovers" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
March 10: "Lola Montès" (1955; Max Ophuls; in French), with Martine Carol Peter Ustinov, Anton Walbrook, and Oscar Werner; and "The Earrings of Madame de . . ." (1953; Max Ophuls; in French) with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica.
March 11-13: "Picnic" (1956; Joshua Logan) with William Holden, Rosalind Russell Kim Novak, and Cliff Robertson; and "Bus Stop" (1956; Joshua Logan), with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell and Betty Field.
March 14-15: "The Turning Point" (1977 Herbert Ross), with Anne Bancroft, Shirley MacLaine, Tom Skerritt, Mikhail Baryshnikov, and Leslie Browne; and "Julia" (†).
March 16-17: "Tristana" (1970; Luis Buñuel in Spanish), with Catherine Deneuve and Fernando Rey; and "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (1964; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jeanne Moreau.
March 18-20: "The Solid Gold Cadillac" († and "Theodora Goes Wild" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
March 10: "Nasty Habits" (1977; Michae Lindsay-Hogg), with Glenda Jackson, Geraldine Page, and Anne Jackson; and "The Romantic Englishwoman" (1975; Joseph Losey), with Glenda Jackson, Michae Caine, and Helmut Berger.
March 11: "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger) with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, and Dana Andrews; "Fallen Angel" (1945; Otto Preminger), with Alice Faye, Dana Andrews, and Linda Darnell; and "The Chase" (1946; Arthur Ripley), with Robert Cummings, Michèle Morgan, and Peter Lorre.
March 12-13: "Hoffman" (1970; Alvin Rakoff), with Peter Sellers; and "Being There" (1979; Hal Ashby), with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas and Jack Warden.
March 14: "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "The River" (†).
March 15: "Andrei Roublev"(1969; Andre Tarkovsky; in Russian).



March 16: "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian); and "Il Bidone" (†).

March 17: "Mon Oncle" (†) and "Simon" (†).

March 18: "Sleep, My Love" (1948; Douglas Sirk), with Claudette Colbert and Robert Cummings; "Somewhere in the Night" (1946; Joseph Mankiewicz), with John Hodiak and Nancy Guild; and "Waterfront" (1944; Steve Sekely), with John Carradine and J. Carroll Naish.

March 19-20: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 10: "The Petrified Forest" (1936; Archie Mayo), with Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart; and "The Man Who Came to Dinner" (1942; William Keighley), with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Monty Woolley, and Jimmy Durante.

March 11: "Woman of the Year" (1942; George Stevens) and "Adam's Rib" (1949; George Cukor), both films with Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy.

March 12-13: "Charlie Chan in Honolulu" (1938; H. Bruce Humberstone) and "Dead Men Tell" (1941; Harry Lachman), both films with Sidney Toler as the detective.

March 14: "World Première" (†); and "True Confession" (1937; Wesley Ruggles), with Carole Lombard, John Barrymore, and Fred MacMurray.

March 15: "Mon Oncle" (†); and "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953; in French), directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.

March 16: "The Big Heat" (†) and "Human Desire" (†).

March 17: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, and Slim Pickens; and "The Wrong Box" (1966; Bryan Forbes), with John Mills, Ralph Richardson, Peter Sellers, Wilfrid Lawson, and Michael Caine.

March 18: "The Great Lie" (1941; Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, George Brent, and Mary Astor; and "The Old Maid" (†).

March 19-20: "Blackmail" (1929; Alfred Hitchcock), with Anny Ondra, Cyril Ritchard, Sara Allgood, and John Longden; and "Sabotage" ("The Woman Alone;" 1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with Sylvia Sidney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Through March 11: A video installation by Michael Smith, including a twenty-five-minute videotape starring Smith, directed by Mark Fischer. Continuous showings from noon to 6. . . . ¶ Starting March 16: A retrospective of videotapes by Bill Viola—at noon and 4:30, five tapes made between 1976 and 1977; at 1:15, "Chott el-Djerid" ("A Portrait in Light and Heat;" 1979); at 2 (and Tuesdays at 5:30), "The Reflecting Pool" (1977-80), a five-part work; at 3:15 (and Tuesdays at 6:15), "Hatsu Yume" ("First Dream;" 1981). Mr. Viola will be present on Thursday, March 18, at 2. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—March 10 at 8: "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" (1944; Robert Bresson; in French, no English subtitles). . . . ¶ March 11 at 8: "Un Chien Andalou" (1928; Luis Buñuel; a French silent film, no English titles) and "L'Age d'Or" (1930; Luis Buñuel; in French, no English subtitles). . . . ¶ March 12 at 8: "Scenes from Under Childhood" (1969-70; Stan Brakhage). . . . ¶ March 13 at 2: A video program by Lance Wisniewski. . . . ¶ March 13 at 8: "Blood of a Poet" (1930) and "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), both films in French, with no English subtitles, directed by Jean Cocteau. . . . ¶ March 14 at 8: A program of films by Douglass Crockwell, Bruce Conner, and Tony Conrad. . . . ¶ March 16 at 8: "Vampyr" (1932; Carl Theodor Dreyer; in French, no English subtitles). . . . ¶ March 17 at 8: A program of ten films by Joseph Cornell. . . . ¶ March 18-20 at 8: Three different video programs by Joan Jonas. . . . ¶ March 20 at 2: A video program by Janice Tanaka.

Note—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium will be closed for renovation until sometime in June.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Absence of Malice—A well-paced newspaper melodrama that queries journalistic practices. Sally Field is the insensitive, eager-beaver Miami reporter who snaps up a false story leaked to her by the head of a federal strike force (Bob Balaban). The federal man's purpose is simply to stir things up by putting pressure on an honest businessman who has Mafia relatives. Paul Newman is the victim who turns the methods of the authorities and the newspaperwoman against them. The script is by Kurt Luedtke, a former newspaperman, the director is Sydney Pollack, and the film is moderately entertaining, but it leaves no residue. Except for the intensity of Newman's sly, compact performance and the marvellously inventive acting of Melinda Dillon in the role of an achingly helpless, frightened woman, and the character bits by Barry Primus, Luther Adler, Josef Sommer, Wilford Brimley, Don Hood, and John Harkins, you could get it all by reading an article. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/4/82.) (St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; March 12-18. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting March 12.)

All the President's Men (1976)—Alan J. Pakula's film of the famous book by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward about the uncovering of the Watergate coverup. Woodward is played by Robert Redford, one of our best actors, Bernstein is played by Dustin Hoffman with edgy intelligence. The film is good on newspapers' nervous verve, though it has its share of clichés about the working press. (St. Marks Cinema; March 12-18.)

Altered States (1980)—An aggressively silly head-horror movie, the result of the misalliance of two wildly different hyperbolic talents—the director Ken Russell and the writer Paddy Chayefsky. The picture deals with the efforts of a psychophysiologist (William Hurt), who has lost his belief in God, to find the source and meaning of life by immersing himself in an isolation tank and ingesting a brew of blood and sacred mushrooms. Chayefsky's dialogue is like a series of position papers. Russell uses a lot of tricks to spare you the misery of hearing the words declaimed straight, but no matter how hopped up the delivery is, you can't help feeling that you're in a lecture hall and that the characters should all have pointers. There are some effectively scary Jekyll-and-Hyde devices, and Hurt, making his movie début, brings a cool, quivering untrustworthiness to his revved-up mad-scientist role; this young scientist is neurasthenic, charismatic, and ready to try anything. But Russell clomps from one scene to the next, the psychedelic visions come at you like choppy slide shows, and the picture has a dismal, tired humanistic ending. With Bob Balaban and Charles Haid, and with Blair Brown in an updated version of the thankless role of the worrying, hand-wringing wife. She's an anthropologist with a job at Harvard, but all she does is fret. Cinematography by Jordan Cronenweth. (1/19/81) (Olympia Quad; through March 18.)

American Gigolo (1980)—Richard Gere as a suave, beautifully dressed, and deeply uninteresting male prostitute, who earns a nice dollar, plus perks (he drives a black Mercedes convertible and buys his fancy vines at Juschi's boutique, in Beverly Hills), from his ability to bring sexual pleasure to some rich, spoiled older women who frequent the Polo Lounge, Perino's, and the pools and patios of Malibu, Bel Air, and Palm Springs. Writer-director Paul Schrader probably had something serious in mind here, but he seems to lose interest in his glum hero along the way, and the story trails off into vacuity and violence. With Lauren Hutton, Nina Van Pallandt, Hector Elizondo, and K. Callan. (Cinema Village; March 17-18.)

Angi Vera (1980)—Pál Gábor directed this modest, wintry, dark-hued account of the political indoctrination and accompanying dehumanization of a young nurse (Veronika Papp) in the early days of the Communist regime in Hungary. Our unfamiliarity with the time and place, and with the film's small cast of fine actors, somehow contributes to a sense of intimate involvement with some distant and miserably straitened lives. This is a quiet, unmistakable work of art. With Tamás Dunai and Erzsi Pásztor. In Hungarian. (Film Forum; March 14-16.)

Arthur—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (7/27/81) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through March 18.)

Atlantic City—This spa that became a racketeer's paradise during Prohibition and is now on its chaotic way to becoming Vegas with a beach is an improbable place, and in this lyric farce, directed by Louis Malle, from John Guare's script, it gives a hallucinatory texture to the lives of the characters. The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes Malle a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does, the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers-runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid, Hollis McLaren, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (4/6/81) (34th St. East, and Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through March 18.)

The Bad Sleep Well (1960)—Kurosawa takes on the theme of corruption in business and government in this melodrama about how Toshiro Mifune tries to track down the men responsible for murdering his father. He finds them, all right, but here's the Japanese twist on a basically American-type story: Mifune is eliminated and business goes on as usual. It's a strangely mixed movie—an attempt at social significance but with several borrowings from "Hamlet" that take bizarre forms: a giant wedding cake in the shape of an office building serves the plot function of the play within the play in "Hamlet." (The groom's father is thought to have committed suicide by jumping from a window of an office building.) The cast includes Masayuki Mori and Takashi Shimura. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 16.)

Il Bidone ("The Swindlers;" 1955, though not released in the United States until 1964)—This Fellini film, made directly after "La Strada," wasn't a success in Italy, or in this country, either. The tone is uncertain; one keeps expecting the movie to be something different from the harsh story it turns out to be. Broderick Crawford (in a role conceived for Bogart), Richard Basehart, and Franco Fabrizi are con artists who cheat gullible peasants. The film doesn't quite work, but it isn't negligible; it has some of Fellini's most realistic passages, and Crawford's remorse for his crimes, and his end, alone on a mountain road, are painful in a simple, direct way. Giulietta Masina plays Basehart's wife. Writ-

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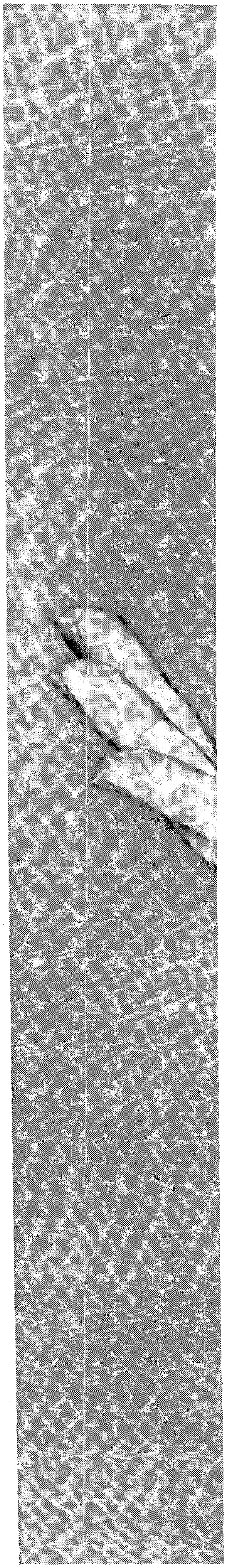

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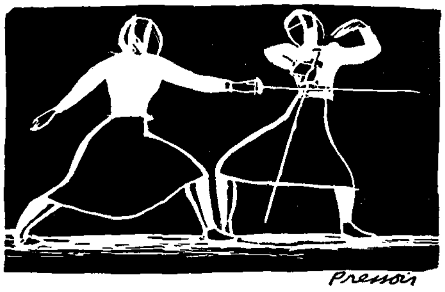
ten by Fellini, Tullio Pinelli, and Ennio Flaiano. In Italian. (Thalia; March 16.)

The Big Heat (1953)—Sidney Boehm's solid, hard-nosed script might have been made into a routine cops-and-robbers thriller, but the director, Fritz Lang, gave it a formalized style. The movie is all of a piece; it's designed in light and shadows, and its underworld atmosphere glistens with the possibilities of sadism—this is a definitive *film noir*, with a few stunningly choreographed nasty scenes. Glenn Ford is Dave Bannion, a police lieutenant who ignores the orders of his superiors and investigates a big-time gangster (Alexander Scourby). A bomb is planted in Bannion's car, and his wife (Jocelyn Brando) is blown up. Full of hate, Bannion leaves the department to find revenge. When one of the gangster's henchmen (Lee Marvin) throws scalding coffee at his mistress, a high-living tough-girl lush (Gloria Grahame), and she wants vengeance, too, she joins up with Bannion. And the film accumulates corpses and arrests. With Carolyn Jones and Dan Seymour. From a novel by William P. McGivern; cinematography by Charles Lang, Jr. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 16.)

The Border—In this impressive muckraking movie, Jack Nicholson plays a United States border patrolman whose job is to shove Mexicans back to their side of the Rio Grande. He hates his work, because most of his colleagues are in cahoots with the American businesses that hire wetbacks, and the patrolmen make their big money by closing their eyes to vans full of workers earmarked for their business partners. Working from a script by Deric Washburn, Walon Green, and David Freeman, and with the cinematographers Ric Waite and Vilmos Zsigmond, director Tony Richardson is able to encompass so much in the wide-screen frame that he shows how the whole corrupt mess works. Nicholson tries to help an unspoiled young Mexican girl (Elpidia Carrillo), who is the opposite of his giggly sexpot wife (Valerie Perrine), and has to go through hell to do it. Nicholson is completely convincing as a man who has been living in dung up to his ears and feels he has to do one decent thing before it covers his head. With Harvey Keitel, Warren Oates, Shannon Wilcox, and Jeff Morris. (2/1/82) (Olympia Quad; through March 11.)

Chariots of Fire—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (R.K.O. Century Art, Lincoln Plaza, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Manhattan; through March 18.)

Dial M for Murder (1954)—Those who like drawing-room murder and cold, literate, gentlemanly skulduggery will find this ingenious and almost entertaining. Ray Milland is the suitably suave husband who hires unsavory, penny-dreadful Anthony Dawson to kill his rich, unfaithful wife, Grace Kelly; he then calmly goes out for the evening with her lover, Robert Cummings. The unexpected happens: the wife dispatches her would-be assassin with scissors; so the determined husband goes to work to make the murder look premeditated. All this is related with Alfred Hitchcock's ghoulish chic, but everyone in it seems to be walking around with tired blood. Amusingly, John Williams, as the inspector who unravels the case, is so wryly, archly



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dexterous that he makes everybody else's underplaying look positively boisterous. From Frederick Knott's play, just slightly adapted by the author; music by Dmitri Tiomkin. (Made in 3-D, though released flat; the 3-D version, shown here, wasn't released until 1980.) (Olympia Quad. . . . ¶ Gemini, and R.K.O. Century Cinerama; through March 11.)

The French Lieutenant's Woman—Meryl Streep gives an immaculate, technically accomplished performance as Sarah Woodruff, the romantic mystery woman of John Fowles' novel, but she's so distanced from us that all we can do is observe how meticulous Streep—and everything else about the movie—is. Harold Pinter, the famed compressor who did the adaptation, has emptied out the story, and the director, Karel Reisz, has scrupulously filled in the space with "art;" every vocal inflection is exact, the 1867 settings seem flawless, and the cinematographer Freddie Francis's camera movements and muted colors are superbly elegant. The result is overblown spareness. With Jeremy Irons, Lynsey Baxter, Hilton McRae, Leo McKern, Patience Collier, Penelope Wilton, and David Warner. (10/12/81) (Olympia Quad; through March 11.)

High and Low (1963)—A first-rate detective thriller about a kidnapping. It happens to have been made in Japan, but it is very like the best Hitchcock. Directed by Akira Kurosawa and starring Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 16.)

Human Desire (1954)—Fritz Lang's melodramatic Hollywood version of Zola's novel about blind instinct, "La Bête Humaine," which was turned into a classic film by Jean Renoir in 1938. There's nothing very special about this updated version, set in America, and starring Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame as a ruthless, taunting wife, and Broderick Crawford as her jealous husband. Lang didn't want to make the film but was contractually forced into it by Columbia, which hoped for a success comparable to his "The Big Heat" of the year before, also with Grahame and Ford. With lots of high angles and night scenes, and also with Edgar Buchanan and Dan Seymour. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 16.)

Julia (1977)—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of Hellman's story (from "Pentimento," her book of memoirs) about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany. Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. After a while, it becomes apparent that Zinnemann and Sargent are trafficking in too many quotations and flashbacks only because they can't find the core of the material. The film's constraint is frustrating, since Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character; she could crack the cautious, contemplative surface and take us places we've never been to. With Rosemary Murphy and Hal Holbrook. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe; music by Georges Delerue. (Regency; March 14-15.)

Melvin and Howard (1980)—This lyrical comedy, directed by Jonathan Demme, from a script by Bo Goldman, is an almost flawless act of sympathetic imagination. Demme and Goldman have taken for their hero a chucklehead who is hooked on TV game shows, and they have made us understand how it was that when something big—something legendary—touched his life, nobody could believe it. Paul Le Mat plays big, beefy Melvin Dummar, the representative debt-ridden American for whom game shows were created. Jason Robards plays Howard Hughes, who is lying in the freezing desert at night when Melvin, thinking him a desert rat, helps him into his pickup truck but is bothered by Howard's mean expression; in order to cheer him up (and give himself some company), Melvin insists that the old geezer sing with him or get out and walk. When Robards' Howard Hughes responds to Melvin's amiable prodding and begins to enjoy himself on a simple level and sings "Bye, Bye, Blackbird," it's a great moment. You feel that his grungy paranoia has melted away, that he has been healed. With Mary Steenburgen, Pamela Reed, Elizabeth Cheshire, Jack Kehoe, and the real Melvin Dummar as the lunch-counter man at the Reno bus depot. This picture has the same beautiful dippy warmth as its characters; it's what might have happened if Jean Renoir had directed a comedy script by Preston Sturges. Cinematography by Tak Fujimoto. (10/13/80) (Olympia Quad; through March 11. . . . ¶ Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; through March 13.)

Midnight Cowboy (1969)—Jon Voight as Joe Buck, a dishwasher from a small town in Texas, who hopes to make a living in New York by servicing rich women, and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo, the crippled petty thief and con man he meets. The director, John Schlesinger, uses fast cutting and tricky camerawork to provide a satirical background as enrichment of the story, but the satire is offensively inaccurate—it cheapens the story and gives it a veneer of almost hysterical cleverness. The point of the movie must be to offer us some insight into the two derelicts—two of the many kinds of dreamers and failures in the city. But Schlesinger keeps pounding away at America, determined to expose how horrible its inhabitants are—he dehumanizes the people Joe Buck and Ratso are part of. If he could extend the same sympathy to the other Americans that he extends to them, the picture might make better sense. The spray of venom is just about overpowering, yet the two actors and the simple "Of Mice and Men" kind of relationship at the heart of the story save the picture. Hoffman's raspy voice and jumpy walk and Jon Voight's pallor and blue eyes and hurt, bewildered stare give a core of feeling. With Brenda Vaccaro, Sylvia Miles, John McGiver, Barnard Hughes, Ruth White, Gil Rankin, Jennifer Salt, Anthony Holland, Bob Balaban, Viva, Taylor Mead, Paul Morrissey, Ultra Violet, Paul Jabara, and International Velvet. From James Leo Herlihy's novel, adapted by Waldo Salt; cinematography by Adam Holender. (Cinema Village; March 17-18.)

Missing—Making his first American movie, Costa-Gavras uses the same approach that American directors have often used when they wanted to teach us something: he has given his accusatory political thriller a soft, warm-and-human center. As the businessman Ed Horman, the father of a young American who has disappeared in Chile during the days after the military coup that overthrew Allende, Jack Lemmon is playing a variant of the role that Jane Fonda has been playing in films such as "Coming Home" and "The China Syndrome": he's the naïve, protected, nonpolitical conservative who is radicalized (or, at least, reëducated) by what he learns. And Lemmon is so eager to have depth that he looks on a serious role as a chance for redemption; Ed arrives in Santiago to look for his son and we're stuck, observing each step in the calibrated process of his coming closer to the counterculture values of his son's wife (Sissy Spacek, who's fresh and natural). Costa-Gavras's antipathy to Americans appears to be so deep-seated that he can't create American characters. The only real filmmaking is in the backgrounds: in the anxious, ominous atmosphere of a city under martial law—the sirens, the tanks, the helicopters, the feeling of abnormal silences and of random terror. With John Shea as Charles, the son (seen in flashbacks), and Melanie Mayron. Based on the book by Thomas Hauser; shot in Mexico. (3/8/82) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Beekman, R.K.O. Century 86th St., Quad Cinema, and Rivoli. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through March 18.)

Mon Oncle (1958)—One often appreciates what Jacques Tati is trying to do more than what he actually brings off. His target is the depersonalization of modern life—not so much the mechanization that René Clair satirized in “A Nous la Liberté” and Chaplin in “Modern Times” but the sterile, tasteless tedium that modern hygienic design has produced. There are genuinely inventive moments: the little boys gambling on whether passersby will fall into their lamppost trap; the old man directing a chauffeur trying to park an inordinately long car; the willful garage doors; the wonderful use of the modern functional house as a cartooned face, so that heads at the circular windows become eyes looking out. But the moments are intermittent, and a fundamental miscasting confuses the issues: shouldn't the unemotional, gawky, butterfingered Tati be playing the plastics manufacturer rather than the warm, friendly uncle? With Jean-Pierre Zola, Lucien Frégis, and Alain Bécourt. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 15. . . . ¶ Thalia; March 17.)

The Music Lovers (1971)—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of pornobiography. This time, Tchaikovsky (Richard Chamberlain) is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. For much of the movie, the characters slide in and out of fantasies that seem not so much theirs as Russell's. Whose fantasy are we in when Glenda Jackson, as Nina, Tchaikovsky's wife, writhes in torment in a blue-green madhouse and, in one sequence, is seen deliberately lying across a grating, spread-eagled, while the madmen locked below reach up under her skirt? It's unlikely to be Tchaikovsky's fantasy, because his wife (whom he lived with for only a few weeks) wasn't confined in a bedlam until three years after his death. The central plot mechanism—Tchaikovsky's patroness throws him out when he is revealed to be homosexual, and so he is forced to become a conductor to support himself—is a concoction. When the facts were falsified in the old Hollywood bios, it was to soften and simplify, to please the audience. Russell makes everything frenzied and violent and sadistic, as a form of stimulus for the audience, and possibly even more for himself. The film is homoerotic in style, and yet in dramatic content it's bizarrely anti-homosexual. There are a few really good moments, such as Glenda Jackson's self-conscious grin when she first goes to meet Tchaikovsky, and this part of the film has some suspense; later, her role comes dangerously close to self-caricature. With Max Adrian, Christopher Gable, and Kenneth Colley. The screenplay is credited to Melvyn Bragg, based on the book “Beloved Friend,” by Catherine Drinker Bowen; cinematography by Douglas Slocombe. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; March 17-20.)

My Dinner with André—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glittery-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

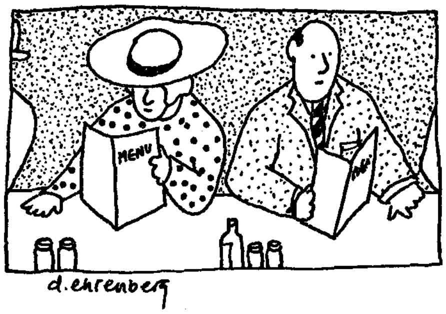
Next Stop, Greenwich Village (1976)—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving perhaps her best performance—as the comedian's mother, whose unused brains and talent have turned her into a morose, irrepressible, howling freak. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 17.)

The Old Maid (1939)—Bette Davis doesn't have much talent for masochism. When she attempts the sacrificial-mother roles that were meat and potatoes to many a trouper, she builds the character so painstakingly that she loses her flare and turns mealy. In this costume picture, taken from Zoë Akins' Pulitzer Prize play version of the Edith Wharton novel, she's an unwed mother who is forced to turn over her infant daughter to—of all people—Miriam Hopkins, as her married cousin; then she must stand by and watch as her daughter grows up, treating her contemptuously as a spinster aunt. Full of tight-lipped renunciation, Davis gives what might be called a creditable performance; the picture isn't bad, but it trudges along and never becomes exciting. Edmund Goulding directed smoothly, from Casey Robinson's screenplay. With Jane Bryan as the daughter, and George Brent, James Stephenson, Louise Fazenda, Jerome Cowan, William Lundigan, and Donald Crisp. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 18.)

One from the Heart—Francis Ford Coppola's jewelled version of an experimental pastiche, with more neon than you have ever seen before. You get the feeling that Coppola piled so many visual ideas and comedy bits on top of the small story he started with that it disappeared from sight. The picture is set in a metaphorical Las Vegas on Independence Day, when Frannie (Teri Garr) walks out on Hank (Frederic Forrest), whom she has been living with. The holiday is treated like Mardi Gras, with crowds dancing through the streets. All we're asked to care about is whether Hank, who's in love with Frannie, will win her back. Or, rather, this story being negligible, what we're asked to respond to is Coppola's confectionary artistry. The movie is very pretty and sometimes eerily charming, but a day later it's as blurry in the mind as the memory of a psychedelic light show. With Nastassia Kinski, Raul Julia, Harry Dean Stanton, and Lainie Kazan, and a song track with Tom Waits and Crystal Gayle. From a script by Armyan Bernstein and Coppola. (2/1/82) (Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Guild; starting March 12.)

On Golden Pond—The kind of uplifting twaddle that traffics heavily in rather basic symbols: the gold light on the pond stands for the sunset of life, and so on and on. Directed by Mark Rydell, from Ernest Thompson's adaptation of his own 1978 play, the movie is a doddering valentine in which Popsy Norman (Henry Fonda), who's having his eightieth birthday, and Mopsy Ethel (Katharine Hepburn), who's nearing her seventieth, crack jokes, weather domestic crises, and show us the strength of solid Yankee values. With Jane Fonda, who gives a tense performance in the terrible role of the neurotic daughter of the lovey-dovey old pair, and Dabney Coleman, Doug McKeon, and William Lanteau. (12/7/81) (Manhattan, Quad Cinema, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century 86th St.; through March 18.)

Paths of Glory (1957)—Just after he made his race-track robbery picture “The Killing,” Stanley Kubrick directed this version of Humphrey Cobb's novel, photographed in Germany. It is not so much an anti-war film as an attack on the military mind. Some of the press went all out for it (“searing in its intensity,” and that sort of thing), but it wasn't popular. The strong, liberal-intellectual pitch makes it genuinely controversial, though it was certainly easier to be anti-militaristic in a film made in peacetime and set during the First World War than it would have been in a film set during the Second World War. The story is about the class structure within the French Army—the aristocratic generals in their spacious, sunlit châteaux and the proletarian soldiers in the dark trenches; trapped between them is Colonel Dax (Kirk Douglas), who commiserates with the men but is powerless—he carries out the orders of the high command. When the soldiers retreat from a battle that is almost certain death, three of them are selected to be tried for cowardice; Dax has the task of defending them. The film's rhythm is startling—you can feel the director's temperament. And there's an element of relentlessness in the way he sets out to demonstrate the hopeless cruelty of the system. It's an angry film that seems meant to apply to all armies. Watching it is very frustrating: Kubrick, who wrote the script with Calder Willingham and Jim Thompson, doesn't leave you with anything. He must have felt this, because he tacks on a scene at a cabaret, with a German girl (Susanne Christian) singing and the soldiers singing along as they weep. It just makes you uncomfortable. With Adolphe Menjou—a cartoon of a wily general—George Macready as another general, and Timothy Carey, Ralph Meeker, Wayne Morris, Richard Anderson, Joseph Turkel, Bert Freed, Emile Meyer, Peter Capell, and John Stein. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 17-18.)



Personal Best—There has probably never been a growing-up story presented on the screen so freely and uninhibitedly. Set in the world of women athletes, this film—written, produced, and directed by Robert Towne—tells most of the story non-verbally and lets its characters reveal themselves in movement. When Towne shows the two heroines (Mariel Hemingway and Patrice Donnelly) arm-wrestling, he concentrates on their throbbing veins and their sinews and how the muscles play off one another. He breaks down athletic events into specific details: you watch the athletes' calves or some other part of them, and you get an exact sense of how their bodies work—it's sensual and sexual, and it's informative, too. There's an undercurrent of flabbergasted awe in this celebration of women's bodies, and everything in the movie is somatically charged. The women athletes are all great-looking and all funny, because physically they have advanced so much faster than men's thinking about them has. They razz men flirtatiously, flaunting their own strength. This is a very smart and super-subtle movie in which the authenticity of the details draws us in. It should be one of the best dating movies of all time, because it pares away all traces of self-consciousness. With Scott Glenn and Kenny Moore; cinematography by Michael Chapman, with a few scenes by Caleb Deschanel. (2/22/82) (Greenwich Playhouse, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting March 12. . . . ¶ Sutton; through March 18.)

Popeye (1980)—Sometimes the components of a picture seem miraculously right and you go to it expecting a magical interaction. That's the case with “Popeye,” with Robin Williams as the squinting sailor, Shelley Duvall as the persnickety Olive Oyl, and Robert Altman directing, from a screenplay by Jules Feiffer. The picture doesn't come together, though, and much of it is cluttered, squawky, and eerily unfunny. But there are lovely moments—especially when Olive is loping along or singing, and when she and Popeye are gazing adoringly at the foundling Swee'Pea (Wesley Ivan Hurt). The songs—an uneven collection—are by Harry Nilsson. With Paul Dooley as Wimpy, Paul L. Smith as Bluto, and, as Pappy, Ray Walston, whose rambunctious Broadway pizzazz cheapens everything. (1/5/81) (St. Marks Cinema; through March 11.)

Quest for Fire—Set eighty thousand years ago, this science fantasy is a full-length version of the ape-man prologue to “2001;” it's a heavy dose of Desmond (Naked Ape) Morris in 70-millimetre, with blaring Dawn of Consciousness music. Naoh, Amoukar, and Gaw (Everett McGill, Ron Perlman, and Nameer El-Kadi), three warriors of the spear-carrying Ulam tribe, go out on the sacred mission of finding fire and bringing it back. As they fight off predatory animals and hideous, apier men, you begin to wish you could detect famous actors under all the makeup, the way you could in the Biblical spectaculars. If it weren't for the grisly closeups of torn flesh and of bloody confrontations, and the composer Philippe Sarde's letting himself go in the Stravinsky and Wagner department—a mixture of heavenly choir and electronic grunts and howls—the picture might be taken for a put-on. (If it were double-billed with the comedian Carl Gottlieb's "Caveman," its overblown solemnity might backfire.) The director, Jean-Jacques Annaud, has his own primitivism: he doesn't seem to have discovered crosscutting yet. What's fun in the movie is the makeup and the way that the faces of the three warriors are simian and attractive. (The sixties have made the ape look seem hip.) At times, Amoukar and Gaw are like baggy-pants comics without the pants. Naoh, the hero, falls in love with the smooth-skinned, bluish-looking Ika (Rae Dawn Chong) of the mud people, the Ivaka, who know how to *make* fire. Ika also teaches Naoh a few other things—such as a basic, mutually satisfying sex position. It's almost impossible to guess what the tone of much of this Stone Age love story is meant to be. Anthony Burgess "created" the "special languages," and Desmond Morris "created" the "body language and gestures." Script by Gérard Brach, based on a 1911 French novel by J. H. Rosny, Sr. (3/8/82) (Ziegfeld; through March 18.)

Ragtime—The movie doesn't have an impudent slapstick vision, isn't a pop epic, or even a satiric fling. It's limp—it always seems to be aiming about halfway toward the effects that E. L. Doctorow achieved in his literary extravaganza. Miloš Forman has made a seriously intended eccentric movie about a black piano player (Howard E. Rollins, Jr.) who demands redress for an insult. But the picture isn't even socially conscious: the character is so totally, aberrantly unbelievable that there's no social milieu that could account for him. With James Cagney as the New York Police Commissioner, and Pat O'Brien, Donald O'Connor, Norman Mailer, Elizabeth McGovern, Mary Steenburgen, Mandy Patinkin, Kenneth McMillan, Moses Gunn, Brad Dourif, Robert Joy, and James Olson. Script by Michael Weller. (11/23/81) (Baronet, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting March 12.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film works, but not emotionally. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (57th Street Playhouse. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Guild, and Embassy 1; through March 11. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through March 18. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting March 12.)

Reds—Warren Beatty, who was the producer, the director, and the co-writer (with Trevor Griffiths), also plays the hero, the American journalist John Reed, who took part in the Bolshevik Revolution and wrote "Ten Days That Shook the World." Diane Keaton plays Reed's wife, the independent-minded Louise Bryant. The film, which runs three hours and twenty minutes, is conceived as a love story set against a background of bohemian living and revolutionary fervor. But the writers didn't work out a scrutable character for Louise. Beatty is often touching, and he does some of the best acting he has ever done, but he doesn't let his energy come through; he plays so much on what the audience responds to in him—the all-American combination of innocence and earnestness—that he's in danger of turning into Li'l Abner. The subject may be daring, but the movie-making is extremely traditional. With Jack Nicholson as Eugene O'Neill, and Gene Hackman, Paul Sorvino, the novelist Jerzy Kosinski as Zinoviev, Edward Herrmann, and Max Wright. Best of all: Maureen Stapleton as Emma Goldman, and a group of contemporaries of the Reeds (e.g., Rebecca West, Hamilton Fish), who appear in documentary interviews as "witnesses." Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. (12/21/81) (Coronet. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, and Loews Astor Plaza; through March 11. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; starting March 12.)

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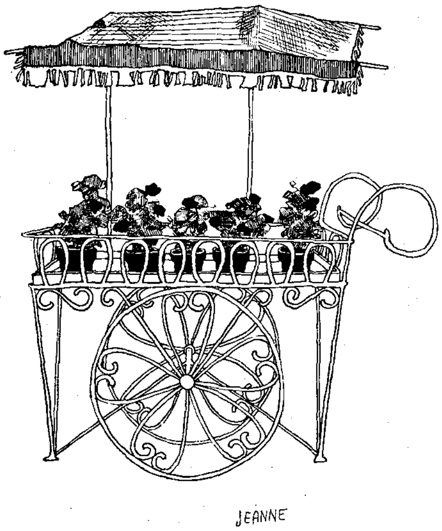
The River (1951)—Jean Renoir's first color film, made in India, in English, was adapted from Rumer Godden's novel about a British family in India and shot along the banks of the Ganges by the director's great cinematographer nephew Claude Renoir. It's a poetic study of the contact of two civilizations. Renoir sees India with Western eyes—eyes so sensitive and highly trained that his vision of India is a mythic poem set in the midst of the Indian river of life. Rumer Godden's themes and story line are part of the texture, interwoven with the ritual feasts, the festivals, and the rhythms of native music; some people dislike the serene flow—so much is going on that they feel nothing happens. There are static patches of dialogue, and some of the casting is questionable, but the theme (outsiders in a culture) meshes perfectly with the director's own position as a moviemaker in India, and visually the film is serenely yet passionately beautiful. With the dancer Radha, Nora Swinburne, Esmond Knight, Adrienne Corri, Patricia Walter, Arthur Shields, and Thomas Breen. Adapted by Renoir and Rumer Godden. (Thalia; March 14.)

Shoot the Moon—As Faith and George Dunlap, Diane Keaton and Albert Finney give the kind of performances that in the theatre become legendary. And, in its smaller dimensions, Dana Hill's performance as their thirteen-year-old daughter is perhaps equally fine. This unapologetically grownup movie about separating is perhaps the most revealing American film of its era. Though the director, Alan Parker, doesn't do anything innovative in technique, it's a modern movie in terms of its consciousness. The characters in the script, written by Bo Goldman, aren't taken from the movies, or from books, either. Their emotions are raw, and rawness is what makes this film get to you. Diane Keaton has no vanity; Faith's angry misery is almost like a debauch—it makes her appear sodden. And Finney seems possessed by a great role—pulled into it kicking and screaming. With Peter Weller, Karen Allen, George Murdock, and three child actresses—Viveka Davis, Tracey Gold, and Tina Yothers. (1/18/82) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Cinema II, 86th St. East, Waverly, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through March 18.)

Simon (1980)—Marshall Brickman wrote and directed this refreshing far-out comedy, in which some mad-genius scientists almost convince a minor psychology prof that he is an extraterrestrial visitor, and Alan Arkin, as their victim, almost recapitulates five hundred million years of evolution in five minutes. Mr. Brickman's saga is sometimes less than dazzling in its latter stages, but it is sustained throughout by fine comic performances by Judy Graubart, Madeline Kahn, Austin Pendleton, Fred Gwynne, Max Wright, and Wallace Shawn. (3/10/80) (Thalia; March 17.)



JEANNE

The Solid Gold Cadillac (1956)—Richard Quine directed Abe Burrows' adaptation of the George S. Kaufman–Howard Teichmann Broadway play about the little-old-lady stockholder in a giant corporation; her questions cause an uproar at the annual meeting, and pretty soon she has enough proxies to take over the business. In the movie, this eccentric stockholder becomes a woman of marriageable age, and Judy Holliday brings the role her familiar cartoon mixture of wide-eyed primordial simplicity and complacent urban abrasiveness. She's a funny woman, yet lacking in variety; her truculent voice and glassy eyes and shrewd innocence are wonderful in a sketch but a little monotonous in a starring role like this one. However, the fault here isn't primarily hers: it's in the formula Broadway comedy, with its predictable situations and sledgehammer laugh lines. With Paul Douglas, Fred Clark, Hiram Sherman, John Williams, and Arthur O'Connell. (Regency; March 18-20.)

State of Siege (1973)—Yves Montand plays a man recognizably based on the assassinated Dan Mitrione, who was trained in the U.S., worked for A.I.D., and operated in close undercover conjunction with the repressive police in Brazil and Uruguay. This is the quietest, and so almost the most alarming, of Costa-Gavras's political trilogy—"Z" and "The Confession." In French. (Waverly; starting March 12.)

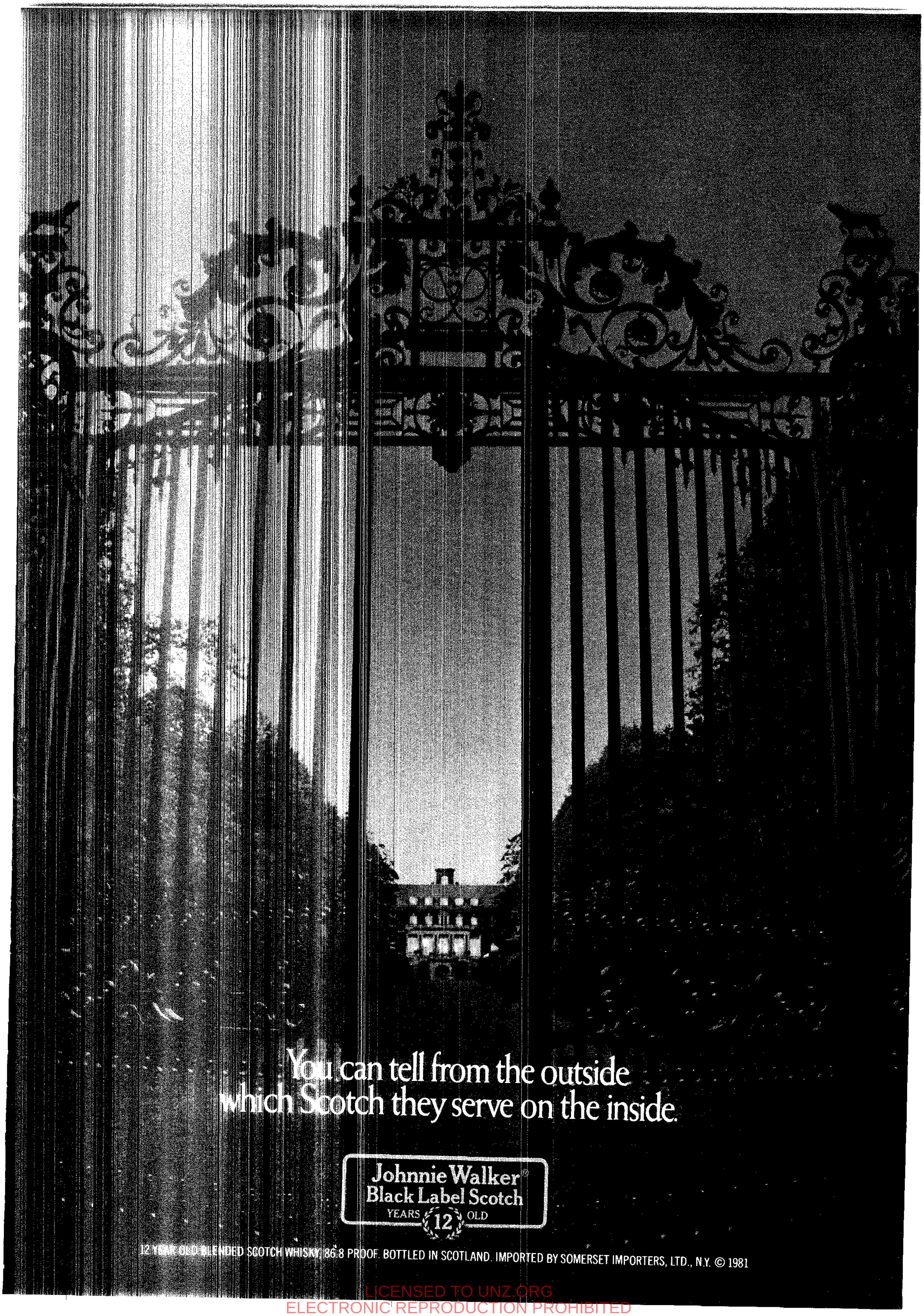
Theodora Goes Wild (1936)—Irene Dunne was better in comedy than in her smug, sacrificial roles, and in this movie and "The Awful Truth" she was at her best. She's too bright—she's almost shrill in her brightness—and she does something clever with her teeth that makes one want to slap her, but she has energy, and this comedy about a small-town girl who writes a best-seller and charms a city sophisticate (Melvyn Douglas) has a corny vitality that almost passes for wit. Richard Boleslavski directed, from Sidney Buchman's screenplay. With Thomas Mitchell and Spring Byington. (Regency; March 18-20.)

Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man—Bernardo Bertolucci's movie about a left-wing terrorist kidnapping in Parma centers on a father (Ugo Tognazzi) who is required to give up everything he has worked for to recover a son, who he suspects may be in on the plot. Tognazzi does his robust-life-force and peasant-cunning number. He does have more energy than anything else in the movie, but it's the hollow kind of actor's energy you want to get away from. The father remains passive and the movie is logy—complex yet undramatic; there's no urgency, no tension, and you sense that you're not going to find out what's going on, that it's all metaphorical. There's no feeling of discovery in the acting, no zest in the editing; it's like an old man's movie. With Anouk Aimée, Laura Morante, Victor Cavallo, and Riki Tognazzi. In Italian. (3/8/82) (Cinema Studio.)

World Première (1941)—John Barrymore, in his self-parodying period, doing an entertaining lampoon of a movie producer. An insignificant contraption of a movie, directed by Ted Tetzlaff. With Frances Farmer, Sig Rumann, Ricardo Cortez, and Eugene Pallette. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 14.)

You're a Big Boy Now (1967)—A not altogether black comedy about coming of age in New York. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Peter Kastner, Geraldine Page, Rip Torn, Julie Harris, and Elizabeth Hartman. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 17.)

Z (1969)—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras's extraordinary thriller was based on contemporary events in Greece. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (Waverly; starting March 12.)



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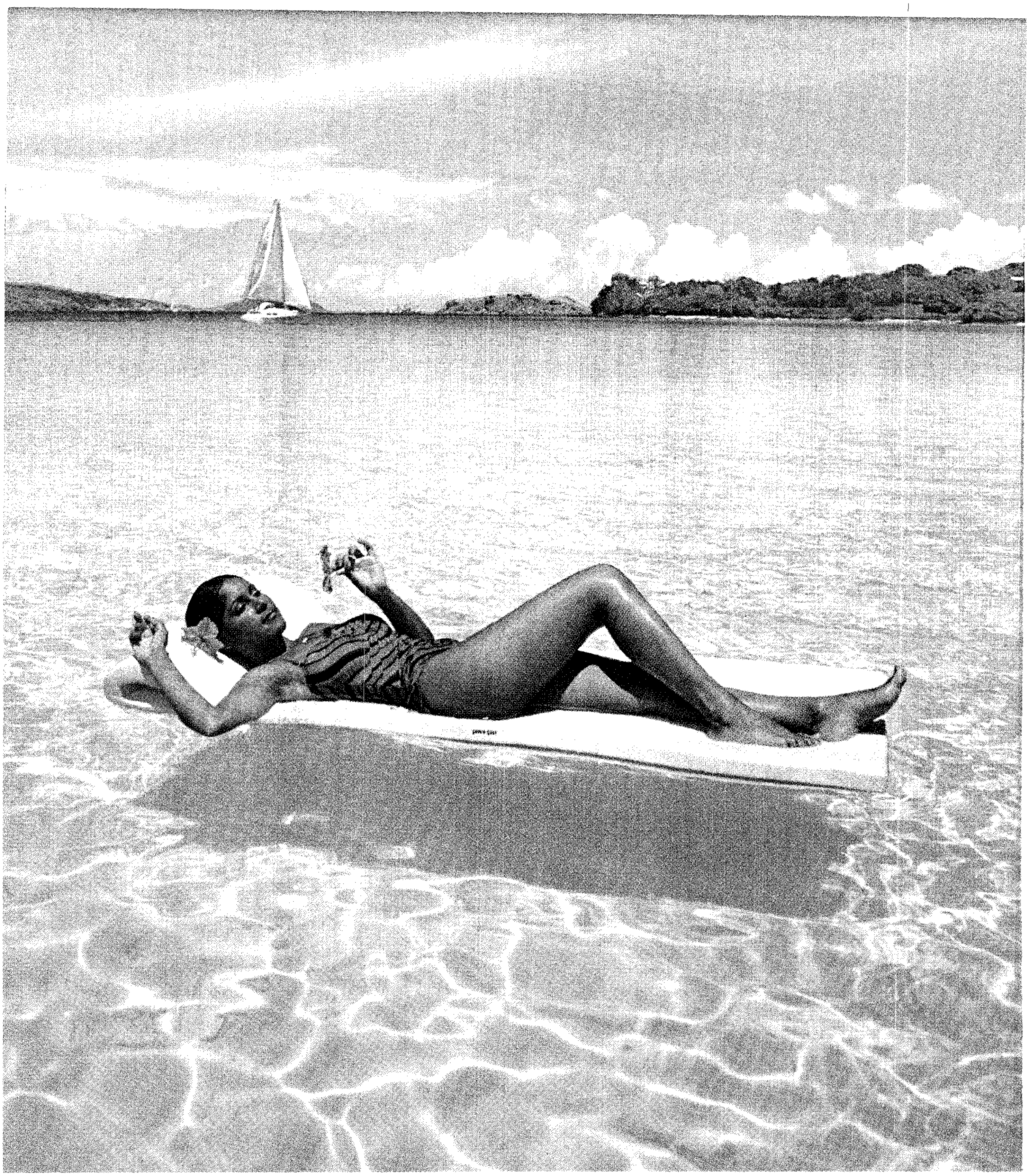

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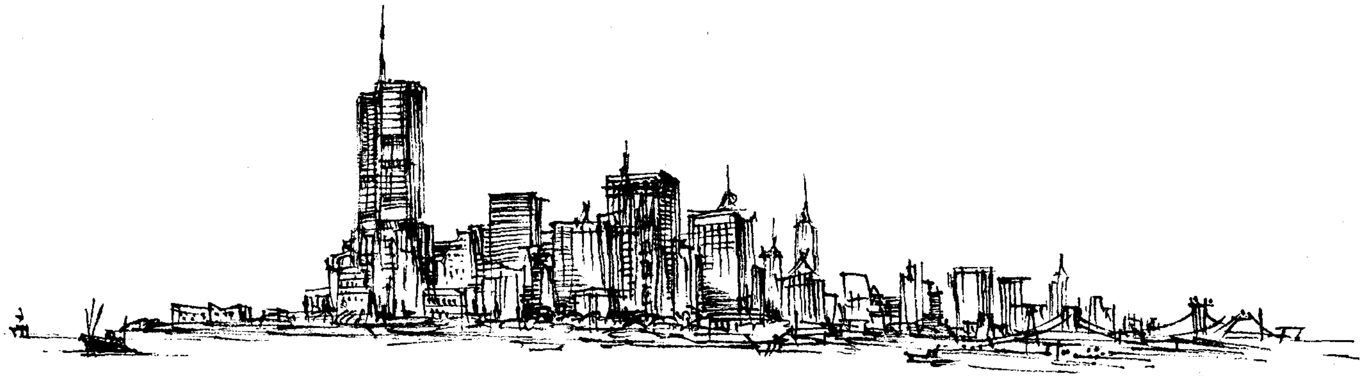
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

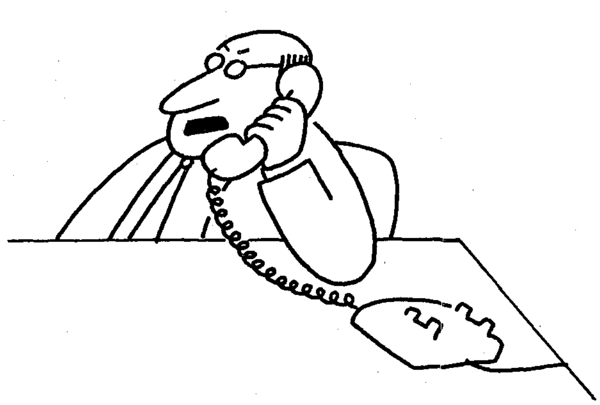
Notes and Comment

THE city is our lives together, what we have to offer each other, the offering and receiving that become at times almost indistinguishable, and amount to a third reality. The city is ambition and hubbub, buying and selling, greed and haste, but the real stuff of the city, that which makes it alive rather than dead, civilized rather than barbarous, a place of nourishment rather than of deprivation, is this third reality—the reality that comes of offering and receiving. This reality is everywhere, always, in the city—if it ceased to exist, the city would quickly become a dead, barbarous place of starvation, and people would flee—but it is everywhere, always, only in a latent sense. It has to be called forth from latency by specific actions. One of the most vivid ways in which it can be called forth is through performances, either musical or theatrical, that take place in a room of some sort—it doesn't matter what size, as long as it is *one* room, in which performers and audience are gathered together. (Performances can and often do take place in the open air, in which case the reciprocal attention of audience and performers creates a zone that one can move into and out of as distinctly as one moves into and out of a room.) Every evening, this transaction occurs in so many different places, all over the city, and on so many different levels of publicity that the events are probably uncountable. Each one is unlike any other, in any other place or at any other time, but in a sense all of them are the same work, for they all strive to elicit our connectedness from latency. So essential is this function to any performance that one can say that the "success" of a play or a concert is measurable by its ability to elicit connectedness—and it does so by being, first, true and, second, articulately true, so that the people present not only recognize the truth of whatever is expressed (and it might be a feeling of disconnectedness) but also share it.

We were reminded of this essential function—one can easily forget it, easily slip into the attitude of a passive, even jaded, consumer, to whom the regenerative power of the third reality is unavailable—by two performances that took place in the last week or so: events that were so different in almost every respect that if one did not have this function in mind it would be impossible to link them. One was the opening-night performance of "Lydie Breeze," by John Guare, at the American Place Theatre. The other was a concert at Abraham Goodman House of Vittorio Rieti's music, in honor of the eighty-four-year-old composer. John Guare is in his early forties, but the difference in age between the two might as well be a century as far as the content of their work is concerned. Not only is Rieti's music unwaveringly neoclassical but its whole communication is of the sweetness of life. Where it is witty, the wit sparks delight; where it is reflective, the slower pace induces tenderness; where it is energetic, the message is joy. Indeed, every measure is full of a joyful generosity, as though Rieti, instead of expressing himself, were opening a gate to give us the run of a lovely garden, and coming along with us to point out bowers, alleys, secret pools, and breathtaking vistas. There was no reference in the music played that night to the complex experiments and forms that began to evolve in the early years of the century and that after the Second World War became the dominant interest in the world of contemporary music. (There were, on the other hand, ample references to traditional Western music—a free, unapologetic allusiveness that by its very nature suggests that our inheritance is not locked up in a sacred trust but belongs to us to use as we like.) There were also no references to the dark side of life; it is not a philistine music—not music that denies that the dark side of life exists—but, rather, music that simply chooses to rejoice



in the paradise that life is instead of brooding on the hell. Certainly there were no references to the special twentieth-century darkness or the complex anxieties with which people have responded to that darkness—a new mood that has required new modes of music in order to find articulate expression. John Guare's plays, on the other hand, simply could not have been written in any other era—except, possibly, one in the future. Indeed, they could be described as inventions whose very construction reflects the bizarre, absurd, and violent material they are designed to distill. They are by nature original rather than derivative—it's a kind of originality out of necessity, which in itself communicates something about our present condition. Guare plays are unlike any other plays; they disregard one's normal expectations of plays while offering things that it would never have occurred to one to ask of a play. There are long passages in Guare plays that seem to be made of the very substance of surprise—so that if something unsurprising happened one would be jolted. "Avant-garde" or "experimental" is not the right word for Guare's works. ("Lydie Breeze" is set in the nineteenth century and is full of allusions to nineteenth-century history and literature, yet this does not draw Guare's imagination back into more familiar, surveyed territory, for its meaning depends entirely upon the acoustical effects of late-twentieth-century reality, without which it would be unintelligible.) Their unexpectedness is not that of someone who is attempting to break conventions but, rather, is like the surprising but completely logical behavior of a foreigner or a child in a situation to which others are so inured that they cannot see what the logical response is. Nevertheless, the distance between Guare and Rieti—that which makes them seem to be in spirit a century apart—is a distance measured by the idea of art as a historical, linear form of progress. According to this measure, Rieti is very old-fashioned (although we did overhear a young man at intermission saying that if he could listen to this music for six months he might begin to get the hang of it) and Guare is quite advanced. Yet when one thinks about their work from the perspective of that essential function of eliciting connectedness, this distance is meaningless. Indeed, from that perspective the question of whether an artist is pioneering or conservative is rather superficial.


"Damn it, Cruikshank, just say what you have to say in plain English."

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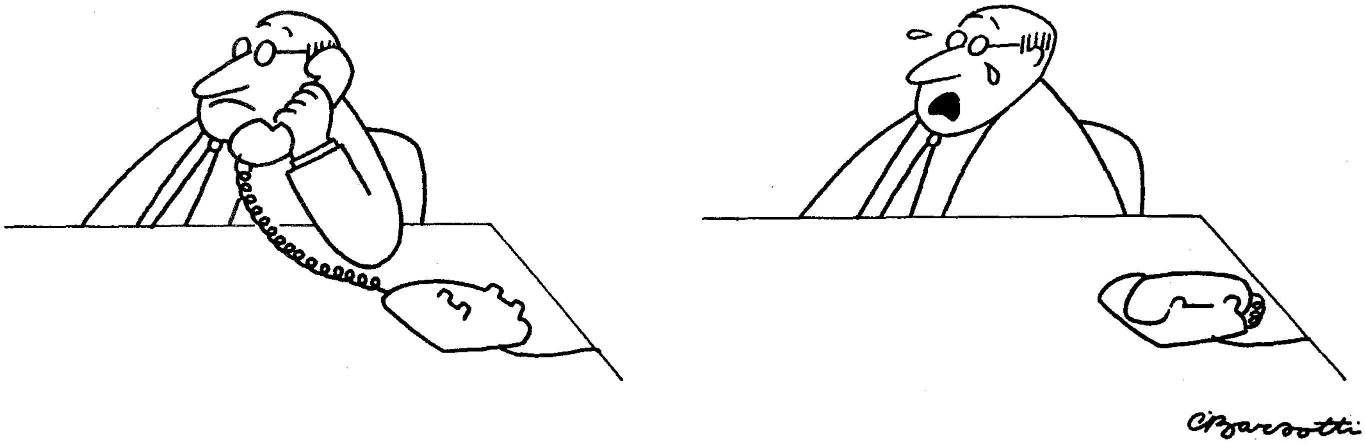
The characteristics that can create the third reality are, many of them, ineffable and unnamable. One that is instantly recognizable, however, and may even be a requirement, is care, without which high quality is unattainable. Care is itself an artistic statement that expresses love. For example, a novelist who chooses compassion for his subject but then draws his characters sloppily really expresses contempt. On the other hand, a novelist who writes about underworld violence but takes the time and expends the energy to bring his characters, good and bad, into being performs an act of love, a gratuitous act of caring, which stirs love in the reader as well and becomes the true statement—one could even say the action—of the novel. (The ability of the novel to uncover the sanctity of every person, no matter how debased, and also to reveal the miraculousness, the preciousness of the humblest details of life is what makes the writing and reading of novels a humanistic enterprise of great importance: not just the creation and enjoyment of a diversion—though it can be just that—but acts to which one can appropriately bring one's most serious thoughts about life.) "Lydie Breeze" has an elaborate plot and contains a great deal of whizzing, cometlike dialogue, but it also has within it a great stillness, an immense silence, which amounts to a statement of reverence. (The stillness makes the play, full of action though it is, something like a painting. After it is over, it lives on in one's imagination as if it were a single object—or, rather, a still space with objects in it, a tableau.) To the extent that one can analyze it at all, one feels that one way this statement is made is through wholehearted, unrestricted attention to details on the part of everyone involved: not the attention of a fussbudget but the sort of attention that only reverence—for one's work and hence for oneself, for one's subject, and for those to whom the work will be offered—can produce. It is the unreservedness of this reverence which creates the stillness, the silence, the contemplative serenity that contains the most frenetic action and that becomes the statement through which the message of reverence is received. To take one tiny detail, the setting is a house on the edge of a remote beach on Nantucket. Not only is the lighting, which changes subtly throughout the play, refined to a point that captures exactly the eerily clear light of Nantucket at many different times of day and a moonlit night but on the backdrop a sky is projected, and the sky, too, changes, while in the background one hears at times an insistent roar of surf, at other times the melancholy guttural backwashing of a calmer sea, at still others the sort of seaside stillness in which sound—the sound of gunshots from faraway wildfowlers, for example—is amplified and yet muffled; and all these are coördinated, the way light, sky, and sound blend and change with an almost infinite complexity in that kind of place in real life: with the result that this one detail is a whole poem in itself. "Lydie Breeze" is about a group of people who love each other but hurt each other in ways that cannot be healed. Love itself, however, heals in the course of the play. In the last healing, a young girl on the edge of sexual awakening asks her father to explain the meaning of life to her. He begins—and ends the play—by reading with her a poem by Whitman. "On the beach at night alone," the poem begins, and it goes on to describe how a "vast similitude interlocks all," spanning all human lives and deaths, past, present, and future, "and shall forever span them and compactly hold and enclose them." To nineteenth-century people it would seem self-evident that the safety of this embrace was eternal and immutable, while we, of course, know that this is not so, as we can destroy ourselves even while



we are within the embrace. (This is an example of the way in which twentieth-century reality is the sounding board that gives the play its meaning.) Whitman's reverence, however, not only remains a sentiment that we recognize as a true one but in our new condition is more powerful than ever, and it joins with the very similar reverence already expressed in the play—the reverence of twentieth-century people, a reverence without which there now is no safety. That night, the members of the audience responded to the reverence, becoming themselves a part of the silence in the play, and out of this the third reality came into being.

Care also went into the Rieti concert—into the compositions as well as into the performance. It was a sort of care that was worthy of everyone involved—worthy of the composer, worthy of the performers, worthy of the audience—and in consequence of this care everyone there was immediately enlivened and filled with a sense of well-being. In this case, it wasn't a stillness into which the audience was invited but, rather, the impulse, in a metaphorical sense, to sing. When this kind of invitation is issued successfully, the performance changes character. It remains singular, yet it becomes joined in an almost palpable way with all other performances. Neoclassical music in itself accentuates these connections, for it was initially inspired by the discovery that Western music had a past, and so it is music that refers to its past (to itself) constantly, in a contagiously celebratory spirit. But the connectedness that sprang up out of this performance had a far greater scope. It had to do with the essential work of all performances, regardless of the specific message of an individual piece or period style. One became aware of the great interdependence of all expression. The people in the forest who first started to make some kind of primitive music were there; so were the people who developed and improved on a system of sounds until it turned into a complex, intelligible language; so were the people who invented the forerunners of the oboe, the flute, the violin, the clarinet; and those who carried these inventions forward in such a way that Vittorio Rieti could write the music he wrote and the people in the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble could become the fine musicians they are, could become an ensemble, could master that not always easy music and play it with a spirit and candor enabling us in the audience to know the possibilities of what would otherwise be a bottled-up, essentially mute impulse to sing. Such an awareness of the vast interconnectedness of expression travels through centuries and around the globe, eventually to embrace, if it is given its full scope, the entire human race, living and dead and—we hope—to be born, as we can be present, through our living performances, at all those in the past. But it is not a grandiose awareness. It is not even mystical. Especially here on the beach alone, it is earthly and limited, cozy, humble, the creaturely awareness of kinship through which we can save ourselves.

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Town Meeting

FOR more than a hundred years, the citizens of Vermont have assembled in town meetings on the first Tuesday in March—after the worst winter storms and before the start of the spring sugaring season—to approve their town budgets for the coming year and to vote on local and state issues. Last week, at a hundred and sixty-one out of a total of a hundred and ninety-two such town meetings the list, or "Warning," of matters to be discussed included an item of national—indeed, of world—importance: a resolution petitioning the President of the United States to propose to the Soviet Union "a mutual freeze on the testing, production, and deployment of nuclear weapons and of missiles and new aircraft designed primarily to deliver nuclear weapons." We telephoned Pebble Brooks, a friend who lives in Vermont, with her husband, the architect Turner Brooks, and asked her how this unusual initiative had come about, and she told us that it was the product of a year-long campaign for a nuclear freeze. "Committees have sprung up all over the state, because people are convinced that something has to be done at the grass-roots level to stop the nuclear-arms race," Mrs. Brooks said. "Did you know that the United States and Russia have fifty thousand nuclear weapons at the present time, and that they're planning to build twenty thousand more during the next ten years? We have to persuade our leaders to stop planning for *any* kind of nuclear war if we're going to make it into the next century."

We said that we knew.

Mrs. Brooks went on to say that at the local level—in Addison County, where she lives—the residents were concerned about a Strategic Air Command base at Plattsburgh, New York, just across Lake Champlain, which made Vermont a potential target for a nuclear attack. "We're also worried about a Federal Crisis Relocation Plan that was published last week in our local paper, the *Valley Voice*," she said. "According to the plan, the federal government will funnel six hundred and fifty thousand people from Connecticut into Vermont—ninety thousand of them into Addison

County—in the event of a nuclear emergency. The *Voice* says that the Defense Department has indicated that this relocation might take place *before* a nuclear strike, during what the Department calls 'a period of intense international tension.' This has really made people think."

We told Mrs. Brooks that we'd like to attend one of the town meetings, and she suggested that we go to Cornwall, a rural village (pop. 993) in the southwestern corner of Addison County. When we arrived there on Tuesday—a bright, frosty morning—we spotted a long line of parked cars stretching up a driveway, which indicated to us that the meeting was taking place in the Anna Bingham Memorial School, a flat-roofed brick building that occupies the top of a low hill. Addison County is a seven-hundred-and-eighty-four-square-mile rectangle of rolling, timbered hills and flat valleys in central Vermont, lying between the Green Mountain ski country, on the east, and Lake Champlain, on the west. Although it attracts some summer tourists, the economy is essentially agricultural. There are many orchards and large sheep and dairy farms, but there are also a few small industrial plants and a distinguished private college—Middlebury—to stir up the social mixture. Cornwall, which was founded in 1784 by settlers from Connecticut, is an attractive New England village, with trim wooden houses separated by broad open fields. The center of the village—where two highways meet—contains a white clapboard Congregational church, built in 1803; a two-story Grange, or town hall, built in 1882; a red brick public library; and, about half a mile up the road, the Anna Bingham School. We parked our car in the school's driveway and entered a large, high-ceilinged room, which doubles as a gym and a cafeteria, and which contained a hundred and twenty-five people seated on folding metal chairs. At one end of the room, on a makeshift dais, sat the three town selectmen, Hilton Foote, Caspar Green, and Larry Clark; the town clerk, Joan Payne; and David Van Vleck, a scholarly-looking high-school teacher with graying hair and glasses, who had been elected moderator of the meeting. We picked up a small yellow pamphlet titled "104th Annual Report, Town of Cornwall, Vermont," and turned to the Warning, on page 50, which listed fifteen articles that were scheduled for discussion. The article "advising" the district's state senators and representative to introduce a Nuclear Freeze Resolution in the Vermont Legislature was halfway down the list.

"Good news! Jazz and I are back."

The meeting began, at ten o'clock, with a review of Cornwall's General Fund Budget, of $56,737 (it was passed with an amendment providing that a four-thousand-dollar surplus from the previous year should be used to reduce the amount that had to be raised by local taxes), proceeded to consider a seventy-nine-thousand-dollar Highway Budget (Ralph Payne, the Road Commissioner, a stocky, florid-faced man seated in the audience, announced that an unusually harsh winter had reduced the town's sandpile to a third its normal size), and approved a nine-hundred-dollar grant to the public library and a two-thousand-dollar request for the purchase of two gas furnaces for the firehouse. ("The secondhand oil furnace we installed in 1950 is not reliable," said the assistant fire chief, a burly, bearded man named Norman Cadoret. "We have too many thousands of dollars invested in those trucks to let the water in them freeze up.") At eleven-thirty-five, Mr. Van Vleck read Article 9, which requested the President of the United States to propose to the Soviet Union a freeze on the production and deployment of nuclear weapons. There was a moment of contemplative silence as everyone in the room shifted gears mentally to accommodate the awesome prospect of a nuclear conflict. Then a lean, brown-haired man wearing an open-necked plaid sports shirt stood up and said, "My name is Gary Margolis. Over the past few years, I've become increasingly frightened by the escalating nuclear-arms race and its effects on our economy and our national morale. I've been equally frustrated trying to figure out what I, one citizen, in Cornwall, Vermont, could do to get my concerns known to our politicians. I want to encourage them to stop adding more weapons to those that the United States and the Soviet Union have stockpiled in their nuclear arsenals. It seems to me that these things are set on triggers, ready to go off. Giving myself a chance to speak out at this meeting is the best opportunity I have to send a message to our elected officials."

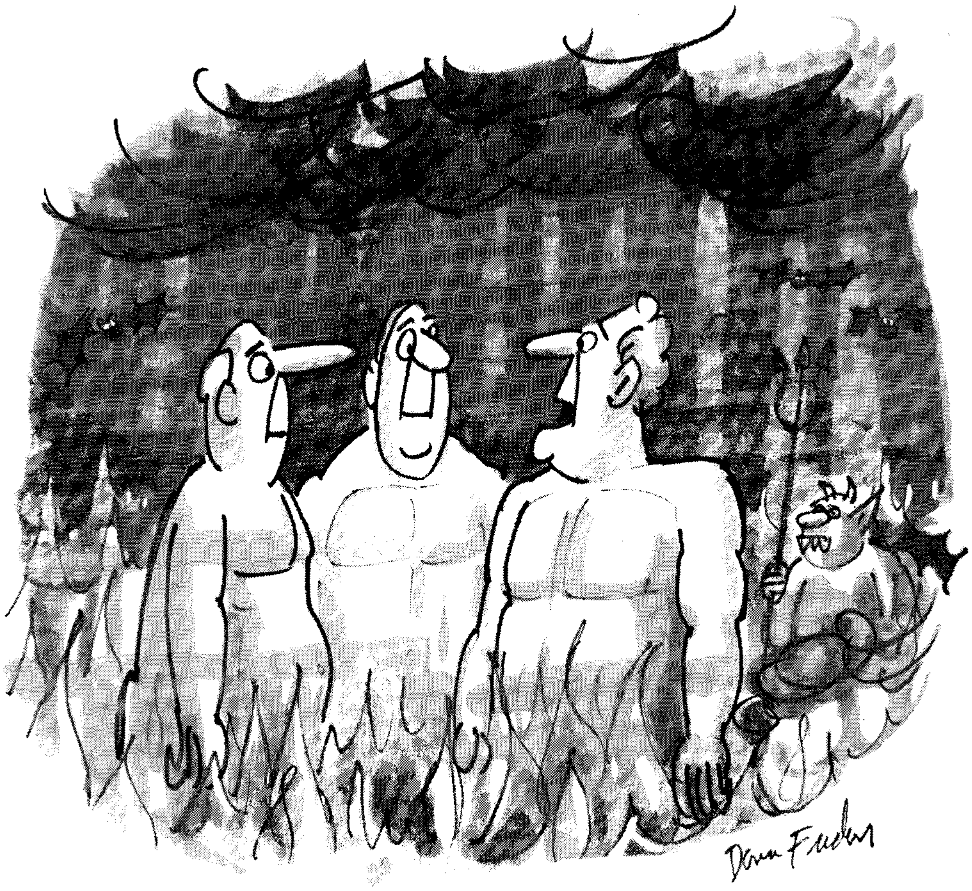
Mr. Margolis was followed by Frank Somers, a short, voluble man in a natty sports jacket, who said that the meeting should go further than a simple resolution. "The country itself must put a tremendous amount of *moral* pressure, not only on our own government but on the U.S.S.R. as well, to promote a nuclear freeze," he said. “We’ve been trying to do this for years, but we have to face the fact that we haven’t met with much success.”

Joan Landon, a library trustee, said she didn’t think that a town meeting was the proper forum for a discussion of nuclear disarmament, but Ann Ross, an elementary-school principal, replied that if enough resolutions were passed at the grass-roots level the politicians might start making a serious effort to contain the buildup of nuclear arms and delivery systems. “This, in turn, might lead to a rational bilateral treaty that would bring the situation under control,” she said. “Provided, of course, that there were adequate verification procedures.”

The final speaker was Gail Isenberg, a short, round-faced young woman, who said that she had moved up to Vermont from the Washington, D.C., area, because she didn’t want to live near a city that had a good chance of being turned into a nuclear crater. “I thought I was safe here until I realized there was a SAC base right across the lake,” she said. “Now I’m so relieved to find that somebody else is concerned about nuclear survival. We’ve got to start thinking about these issues, because our lives are at stake. I’m going to vote yes, because I’m terrified of what may happen if they don’t stop building nuclear bombs.”

Mr. Van Vleck called for a vote, and Article 9 passed by a unanimous chorus of “aye”s. Then the meeting moved on to consider Article 10—a proposal to borrow seven thousand dollars for the purchase of a piece of land surrounding the town hall, in order to use part of it as a parking lot.

On the day after the meeting, we talked by phone to Patty Seubert, the Nuclear Freeze Coördinator for Addison County. She told us that a hundred and sixty-one towns in the state had voted to support the resolution, and explained that fourteen other towns had voted in favor of the same article the previous year, so the grand total in favor stood at a hundred and seventy-five, out of the hundred and ninety-two. “In Addison County, seventeen out of twenty-three towns voted yes,” she said. “Two voted no, and one tabled it. The three others didn’t have it on their agenda. The biggest fight took place at Goshen, where the selectmen tabled a petition that had been signed by forty-two registered voters—out of slightly more than a hundred—on the ground that Russians and nuclear arms were not town business. Paul Kaplan, one of the initiators of the petition, says the Goshen committee will try again next year.”



“Apparently, my over two hundred screen credits didn’t mean a damn thing.”

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“What happens now?” we asked.

“We expect that the resolution will be read and debated in the Vermont House on Friday and that it will be sent to the State Senate for action next week,” Miss Seubert said. “They will pass it on to our congressmen and senators, who will take it up at the national level. We think we’ve proved pretty conclusively that the right of petition can be a powerful and effective force in dealing with national issues, even when it’s operating on the very bottom rung of the political ladder.”

Miss Seubert’s remarks sent us back to a “History of the Town of Cornwall” that we’d bought at the library booth during the lunch recess. Leafing through it, we’d noticed the text of a remarkable speech that had been delivered in the United States House of Representatives by William Slade, a distinguished Cornwall native who served five terms in Congress before the Civil War and ended his career as Governor of Vermont. On January 20, 1840, Representative Slade, outraged by a cynical bargain in the House that automatically tabled any petition concerning the abolition of slavery, defended the right of his constituents to petition Congress on issues of national importance. The speech has a curiously modern ring. Congressman Slade said, in part:

> My very desire to maintain the sacredness of the right of petition leads me to desire that it may not be encumbered with a claim to unlimited license. Thus limited and guarded from abuse, the right is next to the right of suffrage, the most important and efficient of the political rights secured to the people. It carries with it a tremendous power; for, though it wears the modest garb of a right or request, it really possesses by its moral influence, and by the consciousness of responsibility which it awakens in the representative body, the power almost of command. The right of suffrage can be exercised but periodically—that of petition continually. It is a standing constitutional medium of communication from the people to their representatives. Its sacredness should be guarded, therefore, with the most wakeful jealousy; and it *is* thus guarded. . . . Woe, woe, to the representative who . . . treats it with contempt. To associate any cause, no matter what, with a practical denial of this right, will be sure to bring it into discredit, if not to overwhelm it with ruin.

MY LOVE VESSEL

MY hair is showing auburn highlights, I've been stalled in traffic with the sunroof open. You brought me to this party, Custard Cup in the batiste-and-lace open blouse your clever sister made. I don't have to stalk you like the shaggy men. I'm your lover, your companion. My face is smooth-shaven, the way *you* swear you like it. I'm unusually graceful and gentle for a man. My skin is sweet and soft. People often want to touch me. I bathe twice a day using a gelatine-based Vitamin-E preparation. For the occasional rough spot there's pumice. I feel attractive, a priori. While you demonstrate that you can gather a pack of jackals around you at the bar, I have the tolerance to settle back and watch from the corner of the sofa where you left me. I can back and fill later on if I feel disturbed. You certainly keep life simmering, which you're supposed to do, Spread-Legged Chafing Dish. We're all supposed to. My problem is restraint—not getting burned.

Do you consider this a trial separation? If you step back to me, I'll cuddle my cheek against those burgundy velvet pants that fit your sturdy legs so snugly. But the high-heeled clogs you switched into before we left the car are pinching your feet now, encouraging you to clutch that clamdigger's arms.

I admit I feel betrayed and battered. Am I weak or am I just tender?

Well-Being, a pleasant alternative, is manifested in the form of a kitten-eyed new potato squatting at my feet to be picked up. Her guppy husband on the hope chest thinks I'm the Assemblyman, which is preposterous, groups nauseate me, I'm an intimacy addict watching his perfect potato croquette roll over backward with her eyes closed. She expects that once I catch her shoulders we'll give and take a kiss.

You promised we'd sail through this shindig as a couple, Double-Lipped Sauceboat, but while you neglect me I'm holding a light little potato puff. Alley-wise cat eyes open, offer the nominally required enticement, and close again.

I'll give you the space. I'll give you the rope.

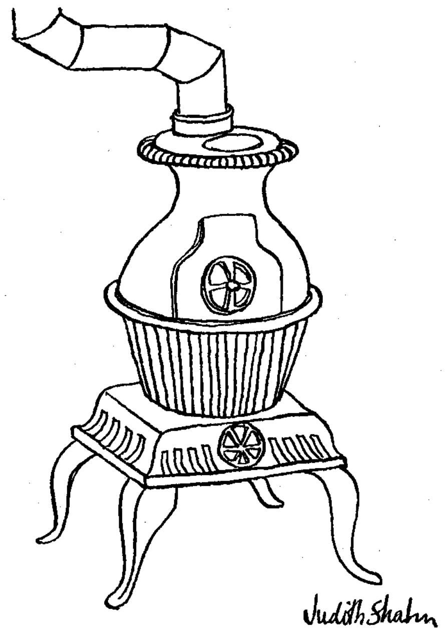
Analytically, the meat-hanger backs you up to the bookshelves with his gestalt so you can't get away. There's no sense coming to your rescue. You don't want to get away. We all hear you vent your spicy laugh. My Mustard Pot has been opened. And what is his whispered message?

"If you dare," he whispers, embracing you. He's fairly overextended already, they have another gathering, you're an especially rare beauty with *your whole long life ahead of you*, he absolutely will see you again, he's aroused by your frank spirit, there'll be more next time.

His girlfriend slumps down beside me on the sofa. She's been through plenty and knows the score. Covers us with her flannel cape; it used to be her baby blanket. Can you believe that? She grips my elbow as he kisses your cheek. I rest my head lightly against hers. We're the disaster victims.

IF you can have a selfish evening, I can too. I discover what I believe are the finest cookies I'll ever taste, powder dry and filled with a surprise pâté of chopped nuts, like baklava. I could bring you some, but why interrupt? You're explaining to a fishmonger how your mother indoctrinated you to wear her preferred color combinations: blue and beige, for instance, or tonight's wine and cream. I save you three cookie treats—wrap them in my scarf and tie it at my hip. I'm determined to keep them whole until you get me home.

What should I do in the meanwhile, practice my Spanish dancing? An erotic, slinking soleares to work up a seguidilla and stamp the house down. Sulk a fandango. *Fantasía*. I'm not ready to dance alone without music.



I eat five baby fingerlings of corn wrapped in prosciutto. My matronly dybbuk is slipping them down whole, matching me one for one. "Italian daggers," she calls them, a knife-swallower who's after me, I intuit, because of my likeness to her favorite son, Wylie; baby face never visits. Would *I like to come along with her to* Czechoslovakia? She puts a premium on intelligent company.

Smart-aleck parries the invitation for a vacation in another nation. "Czechoslovakia is the geographical navel of Europe," I say with no trace of contempt. "Six hundred years after being overrun by Magyars, Prague became the cultural center of Europe. We should all be overrun by Magyars. I think it's happening to us now.

"Imagine escaping with your young lover for cleansingly cold river baths in the Great Bohemian Forest, then the flight from taboo by calèche, through the Carpathian Mountains, into Transylvania, where anything goes, Mama, but what would we do there, you and I?"

The romance blows off her poor face like dead leaves. "You're just like my Wylie," she says.

That's unfair. Her Wylie's a pariah. He's certainly *no one* I'd ever care to be around. I'm too delicate, Bean Pot. I'm an eggshell teacup.

THE hostess confides that she conceived this evening to be fraught with intrigue and indiscretion. So far it's going well.

Her two syrupy log-cabin girls made their own silk pants. They're a cottage industry. "Next year we'll all be wearing silk," she says, and packs them back to Vermont to get busy making more.

"Aren't we all homesteaders in life?" she asks, linking my arm with hers, petting my hand, sitting me back down in my corner of the sofa. We curl over our legs like rabbits. She's making an effort to pay attention to me, but it's apparent the woman's interest is in you, Compote. I hear her admire you as a "fresh new flower." I know you're about to become her number-one girl, but I'd be careful. She could be cruel; I suspect she has a mean streak.

She senses my distrust and defiantly flings herself across the room to hug and rock your head on her shoulder.

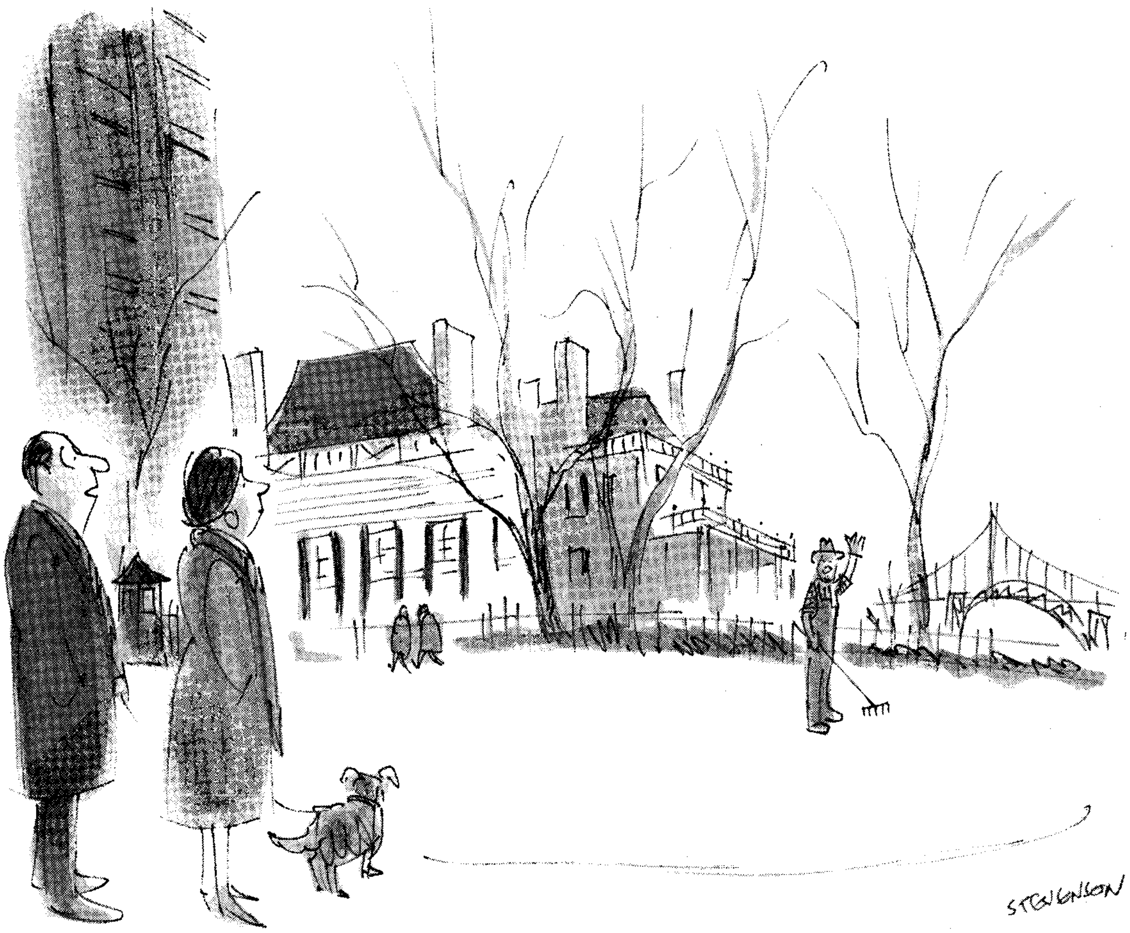
Our hostess would like us to consider her the cutest thing at her party, but how can we overlook overselves?

A WHOLE season of horse auctions ahead of us, with me downtrodden, watching you prance.

Come back. Don't try to hide in the alcove now with that spelunker. Haven't you had enough? You're a great success, Ridiculous Feathered Pickle Jar, the center of attraction, Scroll-Handled Salver.

It would do no good to try to satisfy you. You learned to yearn for romance from your daddy and prefer it that way. Not that my romance isn't good, many men's romance is good, but Daddy was difficult to get enough of because there wasn't enough Daddy. How could there have been?

Gradually he'll lose ground. The wish diminishes. Risk setting it aside within reach, Goose-necked Stew Ladle.



"By golly, it is Ed Koch!"

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I TAKE my turn holding the medium's hand. A professional of long standing, he's doing the party gratis as a favor for his close personal friend and promoter, the hostess. Fifty readings in an evening is nobody's piece of cake, and he delivers quality. In his line, shoddy work is destructive.

I grip firmly and project deep feelings. Perhaps he'll give me a lift—some new strength or direction. Insight had that effect on me once years ago at a time when I was depressed in the tropics. I was out walking on the reef before dinner, conscious only of the surge and suck of the surf, when the concept of courage overcame me. The word suddenly welled up in me like pudding coming to a boil. This was followed immediately by the determination to muster control over my own existence.

Holding the medium's hand, I reëxperience the ebullient resolution I felt that evening as I strode back to Villa Se Vende.

My wife and friend had been holding dinner for almost an hour, imagining I was being swept out to sea in an undertow. They were relieved, of course, when I came back, but the lobsters were tough and dry. I apologized sincerely for causing unnecessary anxiety and inconvenience. Still, their forgiveness was grudging at best. I've since learned to distinguish between independence and individualism, in my behavior and others', Finger Bowl.

"You're trying too hard," the medium complains. Hardly a rare perception, but sure enough, as I relax he picks up the image of a kangaroo. "It's not just the marsupial function, although that's certainly characteristic of you," he says. "But think also about the bounding around, in conjunction with the resting on one's tail?"

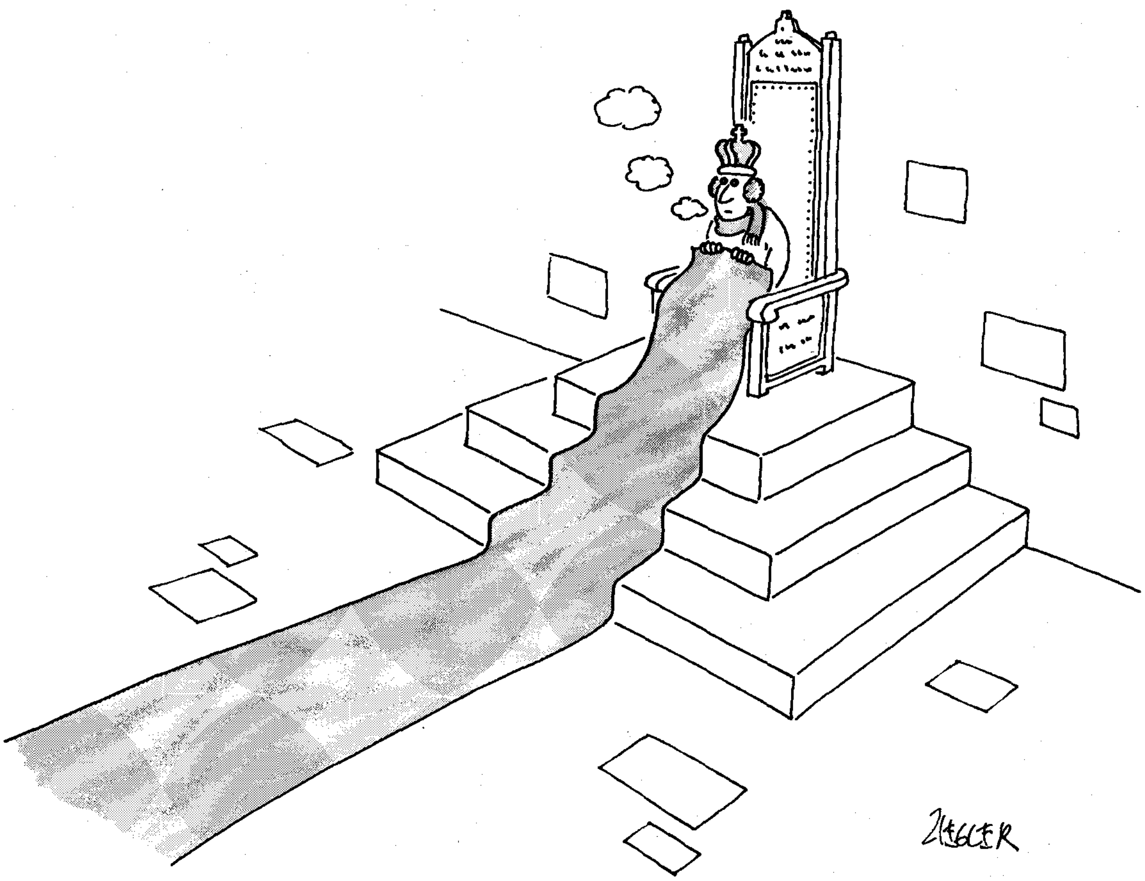
He's a sensitive, rapturous sweetie. I've always had a thing for Saint Theresa. He cradles my hand in his, instructs me to allow myself complete comfort, but the confinement frightens me and he's increasing the pressure. He closes his other hand down on top of mine. Why is he forcing himself on me this way?

"Open yourself!" he commands. Your love pours into me then, Creamer. I become a whole person in the ecstasy of Saint Theresa's hairless hands.

At this exquisite moment he tells me I'm "a very sexy sweet-and-sour meatball." You kept that from me, Hooded Roaster.

WHAT can a man do to be beautiful like a woman? Can he go around emphasizing the curl of his neck and shoulder? Would women want to kiss him there? A man can learn to lead women's kisses.

STILETTO has dancer's hips and wet slate eyes. I take refuge in the kitchen on a stool while she dices tomatoes for guacamole. Stiletto's not used to having a man with her in the kitchen, but she urges me to stay. I



look harmless enough. She may as well see how it is with a man these days. For my part, I've obtained bedrock security. I'm in the kitchen with a woman. Stiletto.

Stiletto is wearing a purple leotard, gathered at the bodice. She is the hostess's most flagrant friend. I might act out with her. I might be flagrant with Stiletto, then maybe take a turn with Cisco's Kid. (After his wife left, Cisco became an unmitigated devotee of pleasure.)

I press Stiletto's knuckles to my teeth, the blade tip to my Adam's apple.

HOT molecules, bond, unbond, rebond.

It doesn't matter what you do if you do it well. Make cookies, silk pants.

I wonder, Could I put myself out as good company?

FLOATING FACE is awash in time. She claims she rarely notices days change and only has a vague sense of passing years. "Yesterday was Thursday," I say to orient her. "We were together, Thursday at noon. Not to be testy, but you must remember yesterday."

No, she doesn't, but she's going to keep after herself much more closely from now on. She knows she should. She's really going to try.

Some people are very fortunate. Floating Face expects complete indulgence and she gets it. She's helpless as an individual; everyone loves her for it.

I have an impulse to tear off our blinders—float her over to meet you, bring our lives a little closer together as long as we're in the same room. In the process I'd meet your strapping oarsman. We'd all merge a bit.

But you can't stand the heat in my can of worms any more than I want to put all my eggs into your sow's ear. You are crystal clear on these issues, Goblet.

I mustn't let myself forget that when we were lost in the Blue Mountains, I promised in the darkness before dawn not to let you die alone, and you refused to reciprocate. You've anchored your precepts in staunch practicality. When you talk about "defended romanticism," you mean:

People are more treacherous than fate; secure a good arrangement with guarantees of mutual loss; compartmentalize to avoid restraining entanglements; dependent attachment is a bottomless pit—require acceptance, understanding, elasticity, and flexibility from your companions.

I'm straining to practice these now, Tea Ball, while you dangle yourself in front of that rail splitter who's so much bigger than I am. Filthy suède pants laced front and rear with rawhide.

FIRED up like a furnace, you're back to me. I expect you to seem guilty, but here you are taking quick baby breaths on my shoulder. It's time to go. You need to rest. I cup your crown, stroke my fingers over the light hair on your temple to make you murmur.

Our close union is preserved, our rivals disdained. We can leave, cuddled in urbanity. The light of the street lamps makes the chicken-pox scar on my cheek shine like a teardrop. I can't wait to give you the cookies until you have me home. I give them to you right away. They're still perfect. Appreciatively, you eat all three.

"Weren't those the finest cookies you've ever tasted?"

"What a sweet boy!" You take me by the hand and pull me along the sidewalk. "You are such a sweet boy. Do you know your forehead is inscribed *Sweet Boy*? Your mother's tender good-night kisses gave you the widow's peak."

Of course it wasn't like that then. When I was my mother's sweet boy she tied my paisley tie and took me to town on the train for lunch at the Oyster House. —ALAN ADELSON

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DEPT. OF HIGHER EDUCATION
(NEW PRIORITIES DIVISION)

[*From the Minneapolis Star*]

BLUE BELL, Pa.—Montgomery County Community College will disband its library science program next fall and replace it with a weapons training program, which the college says will be the first of its kind in the United States.

WHERE I'M CALLING FROM

WE are on the front porch at Frank Martin's drying-out facility. Like the rest of us at Frank Martin's, J.P. is first and foremost a drunk. But he's also a chimney sweep. It's his first time here, and he's scared. I've been here once before. What's to say? I'm back. J.P.'s real name is Joe Penny, but he says I should call him J.P. He's about thirty years old. Younger than I am. Not much younger, but a little. He's telling me how he decided to go into his line of work, and he wants to use his hands when he talks. But his hands tremble. I mean, they won't keep still. "This has never happened to me before," he says. He means the trembling. I tell him I sympathize. I tell him the shakes will idle down. And they will. But it takes time.

We've only been in here a couple of days. We're not out of the woods yet. J.P. has these shakes, and every so often a nerve—maybe it isn't a nerve, but it's something—begins to jerk in my shoulder. Sometimes it's at the side of my neck. When this happens my mouth dries up. It's an effort just to swallow then. I know something's about to happen and I want to head it off. I want to hide from it, that's what I want to do. Just close my eyes and let it pass by, let it take the next man. J.P. can wait a minute.

I saw a seizure yesterday morning. A guy they call Tiny. A big fat guy, an electrician from Santa Rosa. They said he'd been in here for nearly two weeks and that he was over the hump. He was going home in a day or two and would spend New Year's Eve with his wife in front of the TV. On New Year's Eve, Tiny planned to drink hot chocolate and eat cookies. Yesterday morning he seemed just fine when he came down for breakfast. He was letting out with quacking noises, showing some guy how he called ducks right down onto his head. "Blam. Blam," said Tiny, picking off a couple. Tiny's hair was damp and was slicked back along the sides of his head. He'd just come out of the shower. He'd also nicked himself on the chin with his razor. But so what? Just about everybody at Frank Martin's has nicks on his face. It's something that happens. Tiny edged in at the head of the table and began telling about something that had happened on one of his drinking bouts. People at the table laughed and shook their heads as they shovelled up their eggs. Tiny would say something, grin, then look around the table for a sign of recognition. We'd all done things just as bad and crazy, so, sure, that's why we laughed. Tiny had scrambled eggs on his plate, and some biscuits and honey. I was at the table but I wasn't hungry. I had some coffee in front of me. Suddenly Tiny wasn't there anymore. He'd gone over in his chair with a big clatter. He was on his back on the floor with his eyes closed, his heels drumming the linoleum. People hollered for Frank Martin. But he was right there. A couple of guys got down on the floor beside Tiny. One of the guys put his fingers inside Tiny's mouth and tried to hold his tongue. Frank Martin yelled, "Everybody stand back!" Then I noticed that the bunch of us were leaning over Tiny, just looking at him, not able to take our eyes off him. "Give him air!" Frank Martin said. Then he ran into the office and called the ambulance.

Tiny is on board again today. Talk about bouncing back. This morning Frank Martin drove the station wagon to the hospital to get him. Tiny got back too late for his eggs, but he took some coffee into the dining room and sat down at the table anyway. Somebody in the kitchen made toast for him, but Tiny didn't eat it. He just sat with his coffee and looked into his cup. Every now and then he moved his cup back and forth in front of him.

I'd like to ask him if he had any signal just before it happened. I'd like to know if he felt his ticker skip a beat, or else begin to race. Did his eyelid twitch? But I'm not about to say anything. He doesn't look like he's hot to talk about it anyway. But what happened to Tiny is something I won't ever forget. Old Tiny flat on the floor, kicking his heels. So every time this little flitter starts up anywhere, I draw some breath and wait to find myself on my back, looking up, somebody's fingers in my mouth.

THE IDLE HOUR
BOOKS · MAGAZINES · FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS
SALE
M. IAN

IN his chair on the front porch, J.P. keeps his hands in his lap. I smoke cigarettes and use an old coal bucket for an ashtray. I listen to J.P. ramble on. It's eleven o'clock in the morning —an hour and a half until lunch. Neither one of us is hungry. But just the same we look forward to going inside and sitting down at the table. Maybe we'll get hungry.

What's J.P. talking about, anyway? He's saying how when he was twelve years old he fell into a well in the vicinity of the farm he grew up on. It was a dry well, lucky for him. "Or unlucky," he says, looking around him and shaking his head. He says how late that afternoon, after he'd been located, his dad hauled him out with a rope. J.P. had wet his pants down there. He'd suffered all kinds of terror in that well, hollering for help, waiting, and then hollering some more. He hollered himself hoarse before it was over. But he told me that being at the bottom of that well had made a lasting impression. He'd sat there and looked up at the well mouth. Way up at the top he could see a circle of blue sky. Every once in a while a white cloud passed over. A flock of birds flew across, and it seemed to J.P. their wingbeats set up this odd commotion. He heard other things. He heard tiny rustlings above him in the well, which made him wonder if things might fall down into his hair. He was thinking of insects. He heard wind blow over the well mouth, and that sound made an impression on him, too. In short, everything about his life was different for him at the bottom of that well. But nothing fell on him and nothing closed off that little circle of blue. Then his dad came along with the rope, and it wasn't long before J.P. was back in the world he'd always lived in.

"Keep talking, J.P. Then what?" I say.

When he was eighteen or nineteen years old and out of high school and had nothing whatsoever he wanted to do with his life, he went across town one afternoon to visit a friend. This friend lived in a house with a fireplace. J.P. and his friend sat around drinking beer and batting the breeze. They played some records. Then the doorbell rings. The friend goes to the door. This young woman chimney sweep is there with her cleaning things. She's wearing a top hat, the sight of which knocked J.P. for a loop. She tells J.P.'s friend that she has an appointment to clean the fireplace. The friend lets her in and bows. The young woman doesn't pay him any mind. She spreads a blanket on the hearth and lays out her gear. She's wearing these black pants, black shirt, black shoes and socks. Of course by now she's taken her hat off. J.P. says it nearly drove him nuts to look at her. She does the work, she cleans the chimney, while J.P. and his friend play records and drink beer. But they watch her and they watch what she does. Now and then J.P. and his friend look at each other and grin, or else they wink. They raise their eyebrows when the upper half of the young woman disappears into the chimney. She was all-right-looking, too, J.P. said. She was about his age.

When she'd finished her work, she rolled her things up in the blanket. From J.P.'s friend she took a check that had been made out to her by his parents. And then she asks the friend if he wants to kiss her. "It's supposed to bring good luck," she says. That does it for J.P. The friend rolls his eyes. He clowns some more. Then, probably blushing, he kisses her on the cheek. At this minute J.P. made his mind up about something. He put his beer down. He got up from the sofa. He went over to the young woman as she was starting to go out the door.

"Me, too?" J.P. said to her. She swept her eyes over him. J.P. says he could feel his heart knocking. The young woman's name, it turns out, was Roxy.

"Sure," Roxy says. "Why not? I've got some extra kisses." And she kissed him a good one right on the lips and then turned to go.

Like that, quick as a wink, J.P. followed her onto the porch. He held the porch screen door for her. He went down the steps with her and out to the drive, where she'd parked her panel truck. It was something that was out of his hands. Nothing else in the world counted for anything. He knew he'd met somebody who could set his legs atremble. He could feel her kiss still burning on his lips, etc. At that minute J.P. couldn't begin to sort anything out. He was filled with sensations that were carrying him every which way.

He opened the rear door of the panel truck for her. He helped her store her things inside. "Thanks," she told him. Then he blurted it out—that he'd like to see her again. Would she go to a movie with him sometime? He'd realized, too, what he wanted to do with his life. He wanted to do what she did. He wanted to be a chimney sweep. But he didn't tell her that then.

J.P. says she put her hands on her hips and looked him over. Then she found a business card in the front seat of her truck. She gave it to him. She said, "Call this number after ten o'clock tonight. The answering machine will be turned off then. We can talk. I have to go now." She put the top hat on and then took it off. She looked at J.P. once more. She must have liked what she saw, because this time she grinned. He told her there was a smudge near her mouth. Then she got into her truck, tooted the horn, and drove away.

"Then what?" I say. "Don't stop now, J.P." I was interested. But I would have listened if he'd been going on about how one day he'd decided to start pitching horseshoes.

IN THE HOUSE OF THE JUDGE

All of them asleep, the suspiring everywhere is audible weight
in the winter-shadowed house where I have dreamed
night after night and stand now trying
to believe it is only dust, no more than vent-spew
risen from the idiotically huffing old
grandfather of a furnace in the coal room's heart of darkness.

Haven't I touched the flesh-gray sift on bookshelves, on framed
dim photographs of ancestors, even clotted arms
of the banjo clock until it tolls past
all resemblance to time and clicks like a musket's
steel hammer? And every day I wipe my glasses but still it comes,
as now, at the top of the whining stairs, I am

come to wait with my hand laid light on the moon-slicked railing.
I hear the house-heave of sleepers, and go jittery
with no fear I can name. I feel myself
shaped by the mica-fine motes that once were one
body in earth until gouged, cracked, to
lie tumbled apart and scarcely glowing under a draft-fanned pit.

Pipes clank and gargle like years in the ashen veins of the judge
when they came to this house, dung-heeled, some
drunk, all with stuttered pleas to free
their young, who could make it given a chance, just
one more good chance, so they said. Impassive, in skin-folds thick
as a lizard, he stared at the great one for a sign,

the dog across the room, who kept a wary eye and was a one-man dog.
Overhead do the same unbearable stars yet wheel
in bright, ubiquitous malice, and what
am I, wiping my glasses, certain this house walks
in nail-clicking threat, going to plead?
I look out through warped Civil War glass buffed by men now ash

where the small park he donated in civic pride lies snow-blistered.
Sub-zero then, as now, sent fire in the opening
throat, but they came. Tethered horses,
striding shadows, and women who shrieked nightlong
until even gone they continued in his head. He heard them breathing.
He painted his house a perfectly sneering white.

I stare at that glaring snow-fired floor as if its blunt back-look
could soften my fear or say why I sniff like a
dog, seem to taste a skim of black air

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upsweeping the deep stairwell, and feel my hair gone
white on my head. How many hours must
a man watch the snow-skinned world before he sees it is like a dream

of useless hope stamped and restamped by the ash-steps of those we
can do no justice to except in loving them? But
what could he do before the raw fact
such cleavers of flesh and sweat-stinking shapes are?
I think how he must have thought of a bulb-nosed teacher of law, him
saying: There is only truth! He had learned the law.

But what was the truth to leave him trembling like a child in prayer?
In late years he kept that monster by his side, went out
walking him alone in the ice, the nail-raker;
having tried to keep him as a man should, civilly, door
after door clawed deep as a heart is, in the end
was inseparable from the beast, who, it was said, kept the judge alive.

Until he was not, until his house emptied, until we came, whom I can hear
breathing, those heads warm as banked ash under my hand
laid light as I have laid it on this railing.
But are we only the upfloating and self-clinging of ash
that loops through a dark house as now, suddenly, I see the enigmatic
circling fissure in the snow? Are those only the tracks

of the dog I locked below, the many deep-gouged steps shaping a question
mark where the earth, charred, is the upturned brother,
betrayed, accusing? The moon, far off and dim,
plays tricks with my eyes and the snow path turns dark as
a line of men marched into the earth. My breath floats whitely before me
to crouch and cry out I did not do this, when the shuddering

courthouse clock across the square breaks me back to myself. Like dream's
aftershock, the heirloom banjo starts to thud and drum
so I turn and hustle downstairs to halt it.
Even with my hands laid on its hands it wants to thump
its tensionless heart out, but I can do this
at least: I can hold on to help them sleep through another night. I can

sit for a while afterward in the ice-flickering darkness that knows ash
is heavily filling my house. I can sit with my own
dark-eyed walker in the snow, who has come
under my hand without question or answer. If I sleep
he will pad the house above the fire-pit, he will claw me awake to hear
they are still breathing in the house of the judge

where I live.

—Dave Smith

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It rained last night. The clouds are banked up against the hills across the valley. J.P. clears his throat and looks at the hills and the clouds. He pulls his chin. Then he goes on with what he was saying.

Roxy starts going out with him on dates. And little by little he talks her into letting him go along on jobs with her. But Roxy's in business with her father and brother and they've got just the right amount of work. They don't need anybody else. Besides, who was this guy J.P.? J.P. what? Watch out, they warned her.

So she and J.P. saw some movies together. They went to a few dances. But mainly the courtship revolved around their cleaning chimneys together. Before you know it, J.P. says, they're talking about tying the knot. And after a while they do it, they get married. J.P.'s new father-in-law takes him in as a full partner. In a year or so, Roxy has a kid. She's quit being a chimney sweep. At any rate, she's quit doing the work. Pretty soon she has another kid. J.P.'s in his mid-twenties by now. He's buying a house. He says he was happy with his life. "I was happy with the way things were going," he says. "I had everything I wanted. I had a wife and kids I loved, and I was doing what I wanted to do with my life." But for some reason—who knows why we do what we do?—his drinking picks up. For a long time he drinks beer and beer only. Any kind of beer—it didn't matter. He says he could drink beer twenty-four hours a day. He'd drink beer at night while he watched TV. Sure, once in a while he drank hard stuff. But that was only if they went out on the town, which was not often, or else when they had company over. Then a time comes, he doesn't know why, when he makes the switch from beer to gin-and-tonic. And he'd have more gin-and-tonic after dinner, sitting in front of the TV. There was always a glass of gin-and-tonic in his hand. He says he actually liked the taste of it. He began stopping off after work for drinks before he went home to have more drinks. Then he began missing some dinners. He just wouldn't show up. Or else he'd show up but he wouldn't want anything to eat. He'd filled up on snacks at the bar. Sometimes he'd walk in the door and for no good reason throw his lunch pail across the living room. When Roxy yelled at him, he'd turn around and go out again. He moved his drinking time up to early afternoon, while he was still supposed to be working. He tells me that he was starting off the morning with a couple of drinks. He'd have a belt of the stuff before he brushed his teeth. Then he'd have his coffee. He'd go to work with a thermos bottle of vodka in his lunch pail.

J.P. quits talking. He just clams up. What's going on? I'm listening. It's helping me relax, for one thing. It's taking me away from my own situation. After a minute, I say, "What the hell? Go on, J.P." He's pulling his chin. But pretty soon he starts talking again.

J.P. and Roxy are having some real fights now. I mean *fights*. J.P. says that one time she hit him in the face with her fist and broke his nose. "Look at this," he says. "Right here." He shows me a line across the bridge of his nose. "That's a broken nose." He returned the favor. He dislocated her shoulder for her on that occasion. Another time he split her lip. They beat on each other in front of the kids. Things got out of hand. But he kept on drinking. He couldn't stop. And nothing could make him stop. Not even with Roxy's dad and her brother threatening to beat hell out of him. They told Roxy she should take the kids and clear out. But Roxy said it was her problem. She got herself into it, and she'd solve it.

Now J.P. gets real quiet again. He hunches his shoulders and pulls down in his chair. He watches a car driving down the road between this place and the hills.

I say, "I want to hear the rest of this, J.P. You better keep talking."

"I just don't know," he says. He shrugs.

"It's all right," I say. And I mean it's O.K. for him to tell it. "Go on, J.P."

One way she tried to solve things, J.P. says, was by finding a boyfriend. J.P. would like to know how she found the time with the house and kids.

I look at him and I'm surprised. He's a grown man. "If you want to do that," I say, "you find the time. You make the time."

J.P. shakes his head. "I guess so," he says.

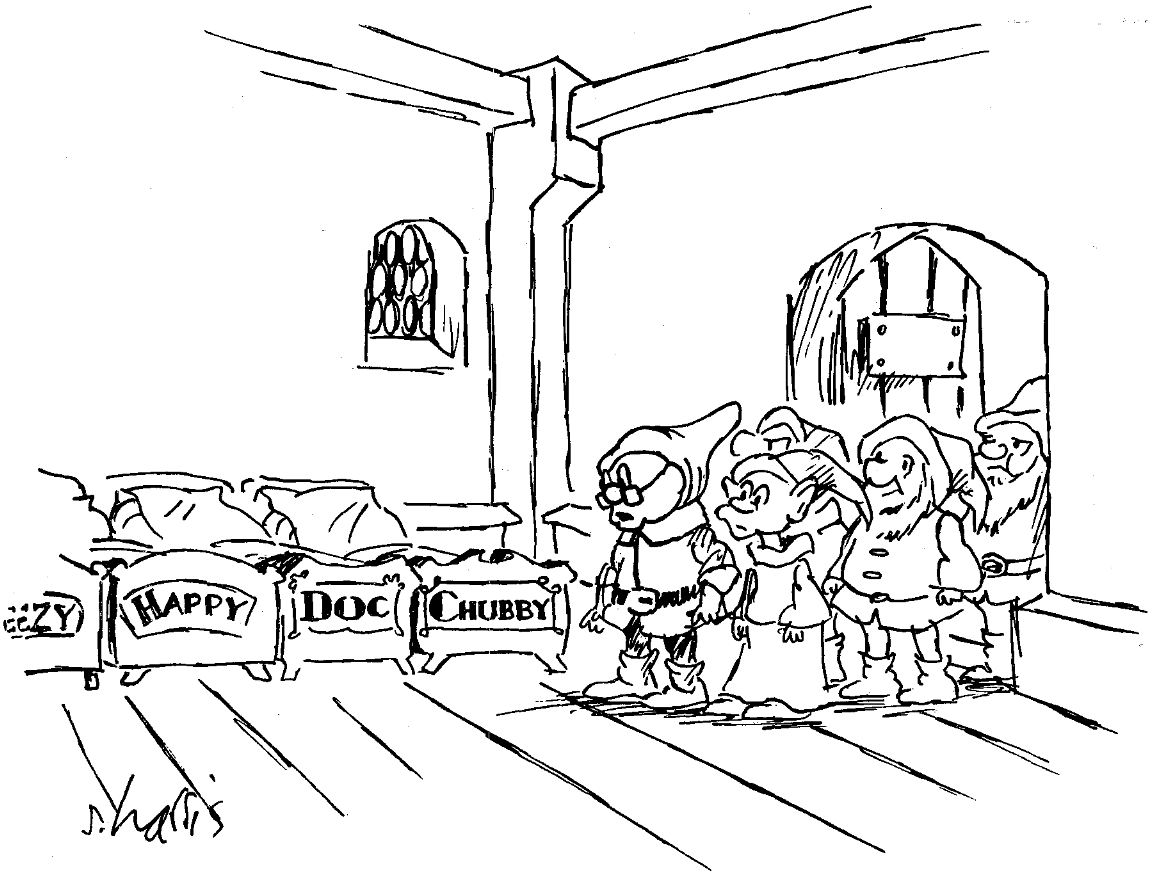
Anyway, he found out about it—about Roxy's boyfriend—and he went wild. He manages to get Roxy's wedding ring off her finger. And when he does he cuts it into several pieces with a pair of wire cutters. Good solid fun. They'd already gone a couple of rounds on this occasion. On his way to work the next morning he gets arrested on a drunk-driving charge. He loses his driver's license. He can't drive the truck to work anymore. Just as well, he says. He'd already fallen off a roof the week before and broken his thumb. It was just a matter of time until he broke his God-damned neck, he says.

He was here at Frank Martin's to dry out and to figure how to get his life back on track. But he wasn't here against his will, any more than I was. We weren't locked up. We could leave anytime we wanted. But a minimum stay of a week was recommended, and two weeks or a month was, as they put it, "strongly advised."

As I said, this is my second time at Frank Martin's. When I was trying to sign a check to pay in advance for a week's stay, Frank Martin said, "The holidays are always a bad time. Maybe you should think of sticking around a little longer this time? Think in terms of a couple of weeks. Can you do a couple of weeks? Think about it, anyway. You don't have to decide anything right now," he said. He held his thumb on the check and I signed my name. Then I walked my girlfriend to the front door and said goodbye. "Goodbye," she said, and she lurched into the doorjamb and then onto the porch. It's late afternoon. It's raining. I go from the door to the window. I move the curtain and watch her drive away. She's in my car. She's drunk. But I'm drunk, too, and there's nothing I can do. I make it to a big old chair that's close to the radiator, and I sit down. Some guys look up from their TV. Then slowly they shift back to what they were watching. I just sit there. Now and then I look up at something that's happening on the screen.

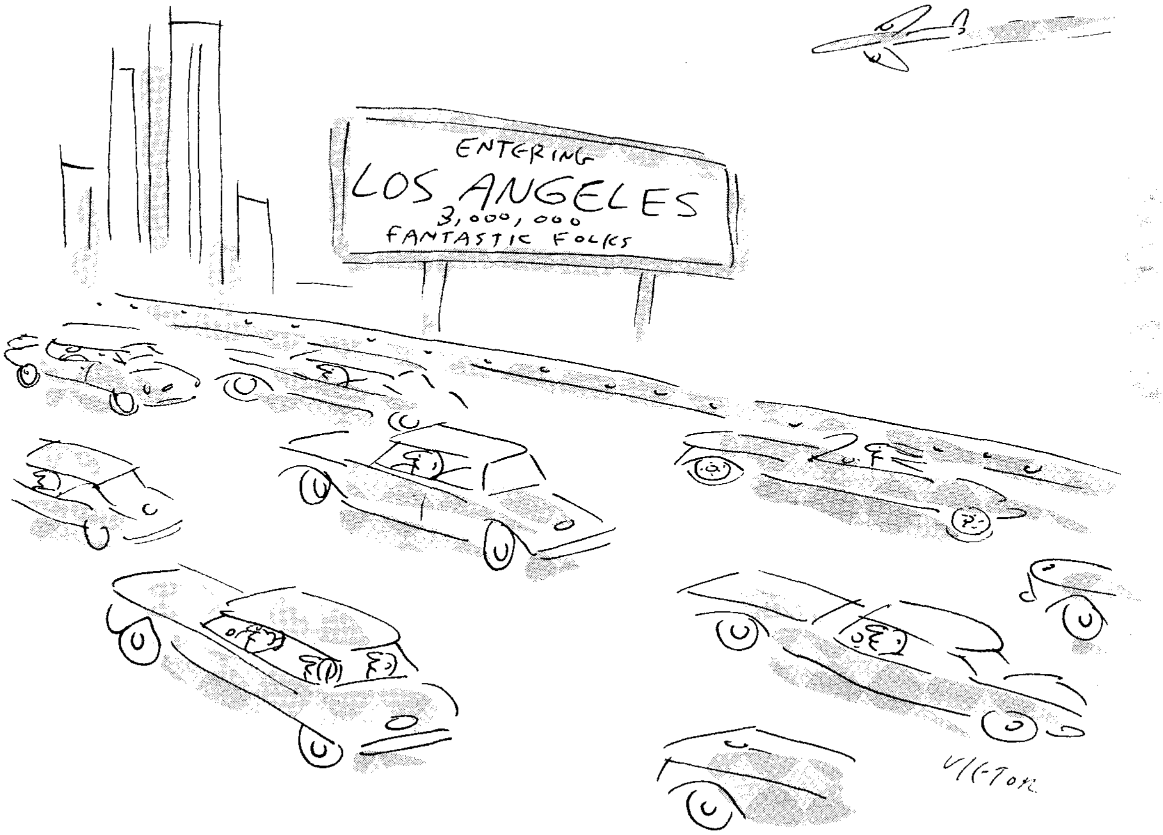
Later that afternoon the front door banged open and J.P. was brought in between these two big guys—his father-in-law and brother-in-law I find out afterward. They steered J.P. across the room. The old guy signed him in and gave Frank Martin a check. Then these two guys helped J.P. upstairs. I guess they put him to bed. Pretty soon the old guy and the other guy came downstairs and headed for the front door. They couldn't seem to get out of this place fast enough. It was as if they couldn't wait to wash their hands of all this. I didn't blame them. Hell, no. I don't know how I'd act if I was in their shoes.

A day and a half later J.P. and I meet up on the front porch. We shake hands and comment on the weather. J.P. has a case of the shakes. We sit down and prop our feet on the railing. We lean back in our chairs as if we're just out there taking our ease, as if we might be getting ready to talk about our bird dogs. That's when J.P. gets going with his story.



"Chubby! Who the hell is Chubby?"

IT'S cold out, but not too cold. It's a little overcast. At one point Frank Martin comes outside to finish his cigar. He has on a sweater buttoned up to his Adam's apple. Frank Martin is short



and heavyset. He has curly gray hair and a small head. His head is out of proportion with the rest of his body. Frank Martin puts the cigar in his mouth and stands with his arms crossed over his chest. He works that cigar in his mouth and looks across the valley. He stands there like a prizefighter, like somebody who knows the score.

J.P. gets real quiet again. I mean, he's hardly breathing. I toss my cigarette into the coal bucket and look hard at J.P., who scoots farther down in his chair. J.P. pulls up his collar. What the hell's going on, I wonder. Frank Martin uncrosses his arms and takes a puff on the cigar. He lets the smoke carry out of his mouth. Then he raises his chin toward the hills and says, "Jack London used to have a big place on the other side of this valley. Right over there behind that green hill you're looking at. But alcohol killed him. Let that be a lesson. He was a better man than any of us. But he couldn't handle the stuff, either." He looks at what's left of his cigar. It's gone out. He tosses it into the bucket. "You guys want to read something while you're here, read that book of his 'The Call of the Wild.' You know the one I'm talking about? We have it inside, if you want to read something. It's about this animal that's half dog and half wolf. They don't write books like that anymore. But we could have helped Jack London, if we'd been here in those days. And if he'd let us. If he'd asked for our help. Hear me? Like we can help you. *If. If* you ask for it and *if* you listen. End of sermon. But don't forget it. If," he says again. Then he hitches his pants and tugs his sweater down. "I'm going inside," he says. "See you at lunch."

"I feel like a bug when he's around," J.P. says. "He makes me feel like a bug. Something you could step on." J.P. shakes his head. Then he says, "Jack London. What a name! I wish I had me a name like that. Instead of the name I got."

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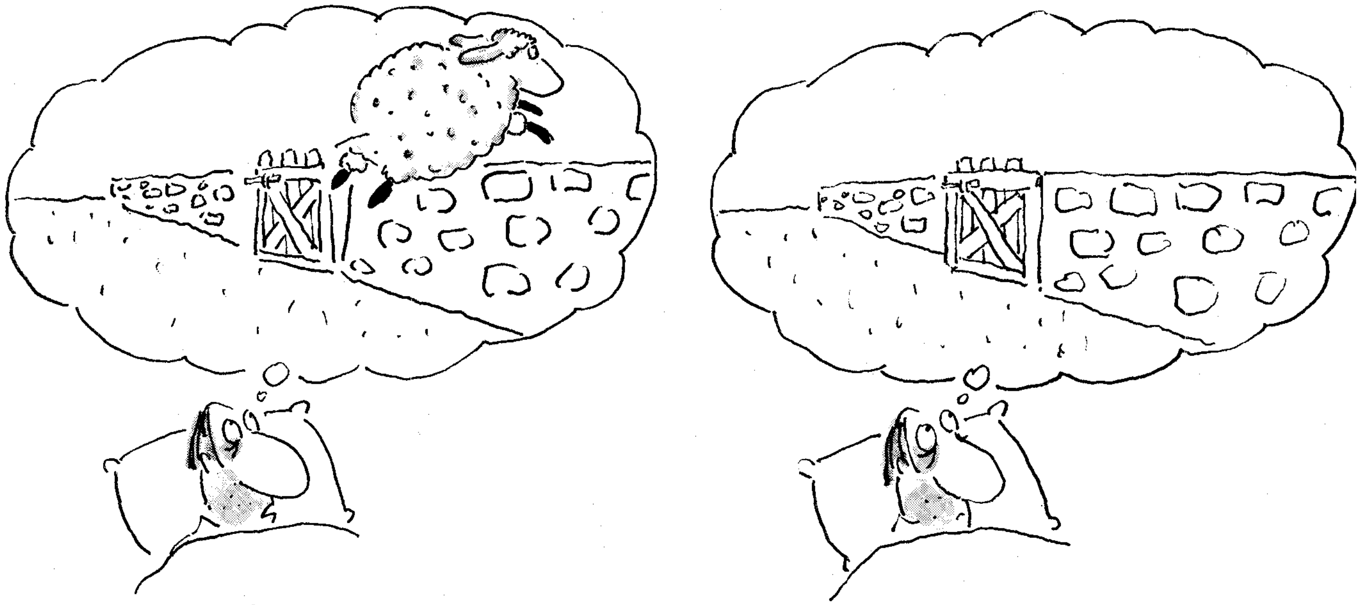
FRANK MARTIN talked about that "if" the first time I was here. My wife brought me up here that time. That's when we were still living together, trying to make things work out. She brought me here and she stayed around for an hour or two, talking to Frank Martin in private. Then she left. The next morning Frank Martin got me aside and said, "We can help you. If you want help and want to listen to what we say." But I didn't know if they could help me or not. Part of me wanted help. But there was another part. All said, it was a very big if.

This time around, six months after my first stay, it was my girlfriend who drove me here. She was driving my car. She drove us through a rainstorm. We drank champagne all the way. We were both drunk when she pulled up in the drive. She intended to drop me off, turn around, and drive home again. She had things to do. One thing she had to do was to go to work the next day. She was a secretary. She had an O.K. job with this electronic-parts firm. She also had this mouthy teenage son. I wanted her to get a motel room in town, spend the night, and then drive home. I don't know if she got the room or not. I haven't heard from her since she led me up the front steps the other day and walked me into Frank Martin's office and said, "Guess who's here."

But I wasn't mad at her. In the first place she didn't have any idea what she was letting herself in for when she said I could stay with her after my wife asked me to leave. I felt sorry for her. The reason I felt sorry for her was that on the day before Christmas her Pap smear came back from the lab, and the news was not cheery. She'd have to go back to the doctor, and real soon. That kind of news was reason enough for both of us to start drinking. So what we did was get ourselves good and drunk. And on Christmas Day we were still drunk. We had to go out to a restaurant to eat, because she didn't feel anything like cooking. The two of us and her mouthy teenage son opened some presents, and then we went to this steak house near her apartment. I wasn't hungry. I had some soup and a hot roll. I drank a bottle of wine with the soup. She drank some wine, too. Then we started in on Bloody Marys. For the next couple of days I didn't eat anything except cashew nuts. But I drank a lot of bourbon. On the morning



"One."

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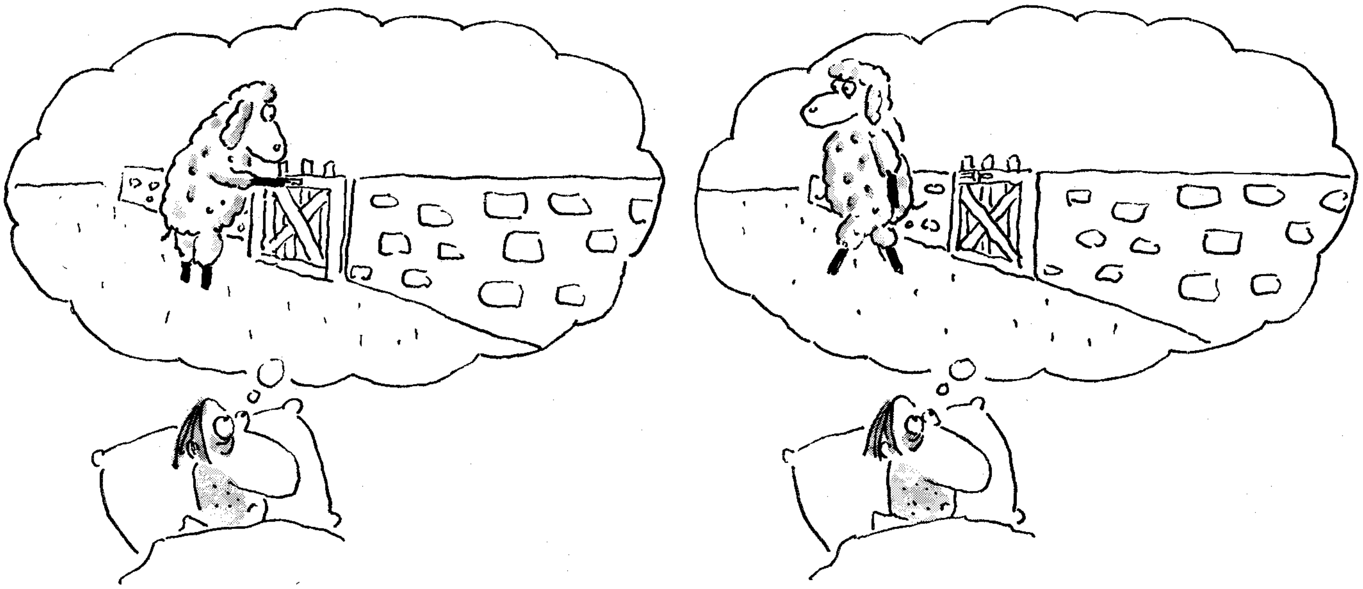


of the twenty-eighth I said to her, "Sugar, I think I'd better pack up. I better go back to Frank Martin's. I need to try that place on again. Hey, how about you driving me?"

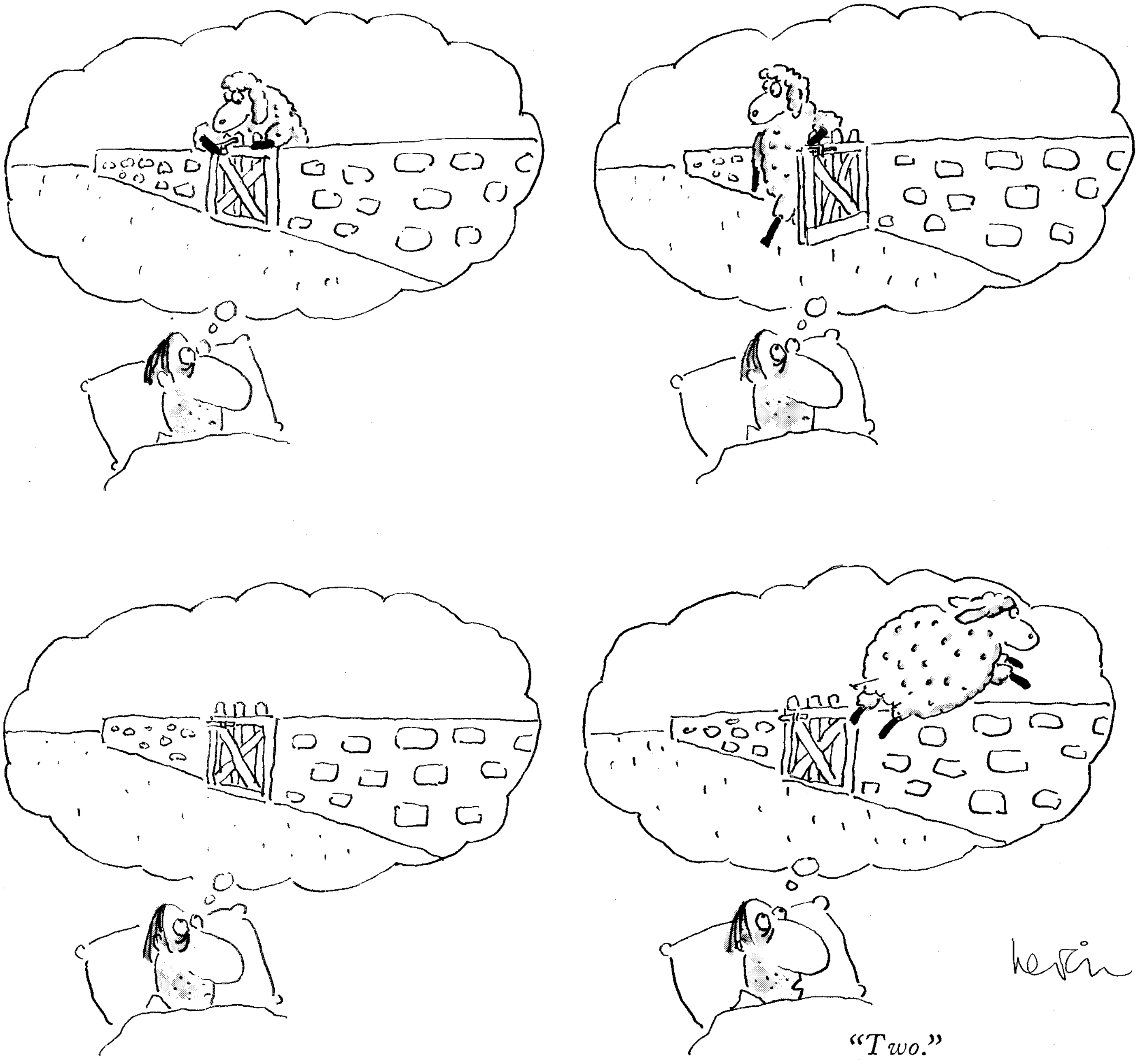
She tried to explain to her son that she was going to be gone that afternoon and evening, and he'd have to get his own dinner. But right as we were going out the door this God-damned kid screamed at us. He screamed, "You call this love? The hell with you both! I hope you never come back. I hope you kill yourselves!" Imagine this kid!

Before we left town I had her stop at the liquor store, where I bought us three bottles of champagne. Quality stuff—Piper. We stopped someplace else for plastic glasses. Then we picked up a bucket of fried chicken. We set out for Frank Martin's in this rainstorm, drinking champagne and listening to music on the radio. She drove. I looked after the radio and poured champagne. We tried to make a little party out of it. But we were sad, too. There was that fried chicken, but we didn't eat any of it.

I guess she got home O.K. I think I would have heard something if she hadn't made it back. But she hasn't called me, and I haven't called her. Maybe she's had some news about herself by now. Then again, maybe she hasn't heard anything. Maybe it was all a mistake. Maybe it was somebody else's test. But she has my car, and I have things at her house. I know we'll be seeing each other again.

They clang an old farm bell here to signal mealtime. J.P. and I get out of our chairs slowly, like old geezers, and we go inside. It's starting to get too cold on the porch anyway. We can see our breath drifting out from us as we talk.

NEW YEAR'S EVE morning I try to call my wife. There's no answer. It's O.K. But even if it wasn't O.K., what am I supposed to do? The last time we talked on the phone, a couple of weeks ago, we screamed at



"Two."

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each other. I hung a few names on her. "Wet brain!" she said, and put the phone back where it belonged.

But I wanted to talk to her now. Something had to be done about my stuff. I still had things at her house, too.

One of the guys here is a guy who travels. He goes to Europe and the Middle East. That's what he says, anyway. Business, he says. He also says he has his drinking under control and doesn't have any idea why he's here at Frank Martin's. But he doesn't remember getting here. He laughs about it, about his not remembering. "Anyone can have a blackout," he says. "That doesn't prove a thing." He's not a drunk—he tells us this and we listen. "That's a serious charge to make," he says. "That kind of talk can ruin a good man's prospects." He further says that if he'd only stick to whiskey and water, no ice, he'd never get "intoxicated"—his word—and have these blackouts. It's the ice they put into your drink that does it. "Who do you know in Egypt?" he asks me. "I can use a few names over there."

For New Year's Eve dinner Frank Martin serves steak and baked potato. A green salad. My appetite's coming back. I eat the salad. I clean up everything on my plate and I could eat more. I look over at Tiny's plate. Hell, he's hardly touched anything. His steak is just sitting there getting cold. Tiny is not the same old Tiny. The poor bastard had planned to be at home tonight. He'd planned to be in his robe and slippers in front of the TV, holding hands with his wife. Now he's afraid to leave. I can understand. One seizure means you're a candidate for another. Tiny hasn't told any more nutty stories on himself since it happened. He's stayed quiet and kept to himself. Pretty soon I ask him if I can have his steak, and he pushes his plate over to me.

They let us keep the TV on until the New Year has been rung in at Times Square. Some of us are still up, sitting around the TV, watching the crowds on the screen, when Frank Martin comes in to show us his cake. He brings it around and shows it to each of us. I know he didn't make it. It's a God-damned bakery cake. But still it's a cake. It's a big white cake. Across the top of the cake there's writing in pink letters. The writing says "Happy New Year—1 Day At A Time."

"I don't want any stupid cake," says the guy who goes to Europe and the Middle East. "Where's the champagne?" he says, and laughs.

We all go into the dining room. Frank Martin cuts the cake. I sit next to J.P. J.P. eats two pieces and drinks a Coke. I eat a piece and wrap another piece in a napkin, thinking of later.

J.P. lights a cigarette—his hands are steady now—and he tells me his wife is coming to visit him in the morning. The first day of the New Year.

"That's great," I say. I nod. I lick the frosting off my finger. "That's good news, J.P."

"I'll introduce you," he says.

"I look forward to it," I say.

We say good night. We say Happy New Year. Sleep well. I use a napkin on my fingers. We shake hands.

I go to the pay phone once more, put in a dime, and call my wife collect. But nobody answers this time, either. I think about calling my girlfriend, and I'm dialling her number when I realize I don't want to talk to her. She's probably at home watching the same thing on TV that I've been watching. But maybe she isn't. Maybe she's out. Why shouldn't she be? Anyway, I don't want to talk to her. I hope she's O.K. But if she has something wrong with her I don't want to know about it. Not now. In any case, I won't talk to her tonight.

AFTER breakfast J.P. and I take coffee out to the porch, where we plan to wait for his wife. The sky is clear, but it's cold enough so we're wearing our sweaters and jackets.

"She asked me if she should bring the kids," J.P. says. "I told her she should keep the kids at home. Can you imagine? My God, I don't want my kids up here."

We use the coal bucket for an ashtray. We look across the valley to where Jack London used to live. We're drinking more coffee, when this car turns off the road and comes down the drive.

"That's her!" J.P. says. He puts his cup next to his chair. He gets up and goes down the steps to the drive.

I see this woman stop the car and set the brake. I see J.P. open the car door. I watch her get out, and I see them embrace. They hug each other. I look away. Then I look back. J.P. takes the woman's arm and they come up the stairs. This woman has crawled into chimneys. This woman broke a man's nose once. She has had two kids, and much trouble, but she loves this man who has her by the arm. I get up from the chair.

"This is my friend," J.P. says to his wife. "Hey, this is Roxy."

Roxy takes my hand. She's a tall, good-looking woman in a blue knit cap. She has on a coat, a heavy white sweater, and dark slacks. I recall what J.P. told me about the boyfriend and the wire cutters—all that—and I glance at her hands. Right. I don't see any wedding ring. That's in pieces somewhere. Her hands are broad and the fingers have these big knuckles. This is a woman who can make fists if she has to.

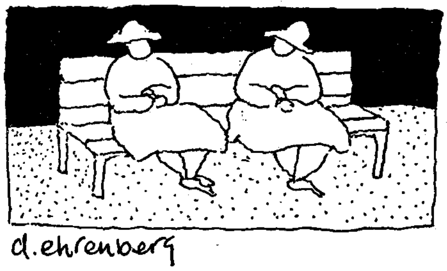
"I've heard about you," I say. "J.P. told me how you got acquainted. Something about a chimney, J.P. said."

"Yes, a chimney," she says. Her eyes move away from my face, then return. She nods. She's anxious to be alone with J.P., which I can understand. "There's probably a lot else he didn't tell you," she says. "I bet he didn't tell you everything," she says, and laughs. Then—she can't wait any longer—she slips her arm around J.P.'s waist and kisses him on the cheek. They start to move toward the door. "Nice meeting you," she says over her shoulder. "Hey, did he tell you he's the best sweep in the business?" She lets her hand slide down from J.P.'s waist onto his hip.

"Come on now, Roxy," J.P. says. He has his hand on the doorknob.

"He told me he learned everything he knew from you," I say.

"Well, that much is sure true," she says. She laughs again. But it's as if she's thinking about something else. J.P. turns the doorknob. Roxy lays her hand over his hand. "Joe, can't we go into town for lunch? Can't I take you someplace for lunch?"



J.P. clears his throat. He says, "It hasn't been a week yet." He takes his hand off the doorknob and brings his fingers to his chin. "I think they'd like it, you know, if I didn't leave the place for a little while yet. We can have some coffee inside," he says.

"That's fine," she says. Her eyes light on me once more. "I'm glad Joe's made a friend here. Nice to meet you," she says again.

They start to go inside. I know it's a foolish thing to do, but I do it anyway. "Roxy," I say. And they stop in the doorway and look at me. "I need some luck," I say. "No kidding. I could do with a kiss myself."

J.P. looks down. He's still holding the doorknob, even though the door is open. He turns the doorknob back and forth. He's embarrassed. I'm embarrassed, too. But I keep looking at her. Roxy doesn't know what to make of it. She grins. "I'm not a sweep anymore," she says. "Not for years. Didn't Joe tell you? What the hell. Sure, I'll kiss you. Sure. For luck."

She moves over, she takes me by the shoulders—I'm a big man—and she plants this kiss on my lips. "How's that?" she says.

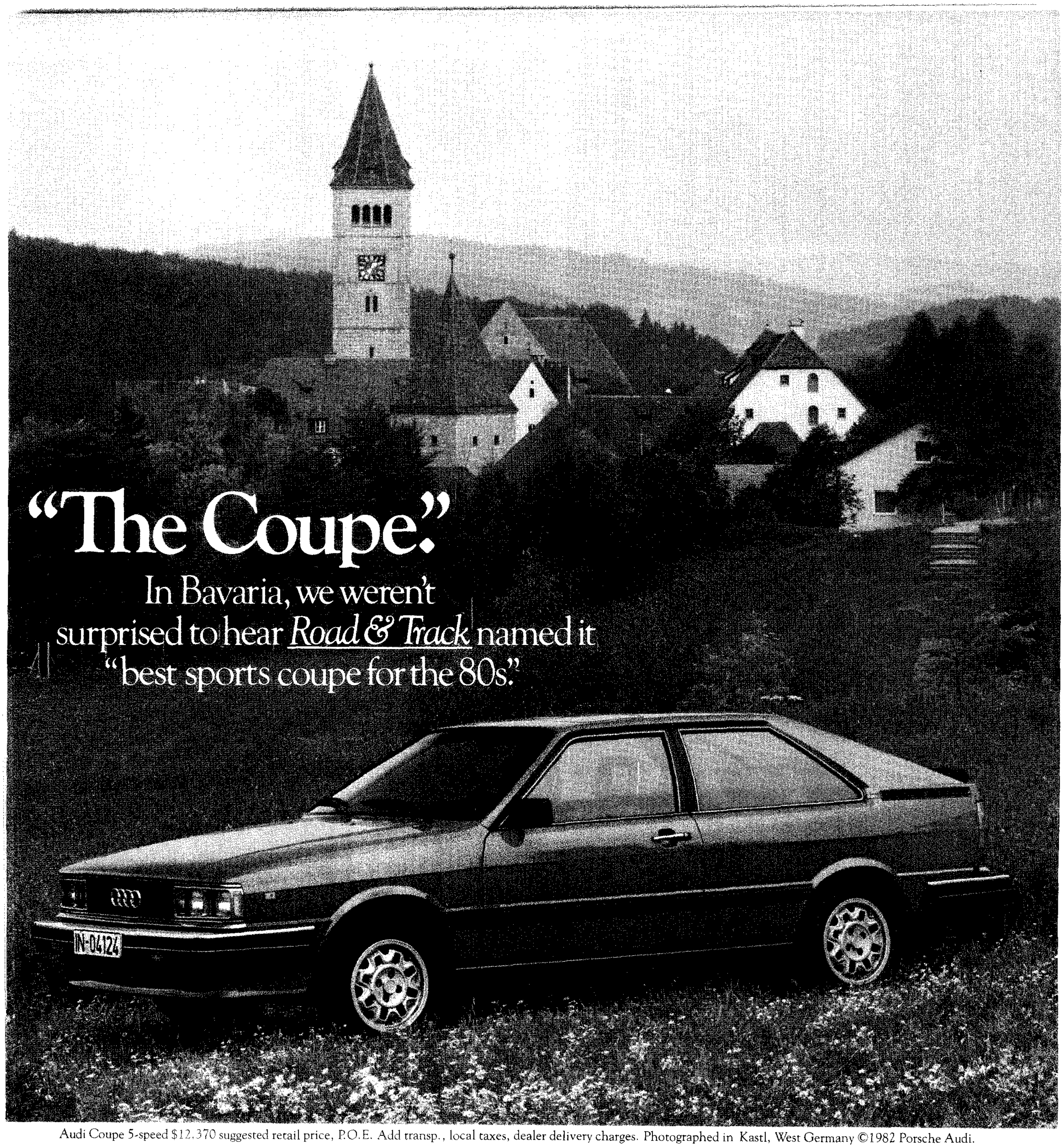
"That's fine," I say.

"Nothing to it," she says. She's still holding me by the shoulders. She's looking me right in the eyes. "Good luck," she says, and then she lets go of me.

"See you later, pal," J.P. says. He opens the door all the way, and they go inside.

I sit down on the front steps and light a cigarette. I watch what my hand does, then I blow out the match. I've got a case of the shakes. I started out with them this morning. This morning I wanted something to drink. It's depressing, and I didn't say anything about it to J.P. I try to put my mind on something else and for once it works.

I'm thinking about chimney sweeps—all that stuff I heard from J.P.—when for some reason I start to think about the house my wife and I lived in just after we were married. That house didn't have a chimney—hell, no—so I don't know what makes me remember it now. But I remember the



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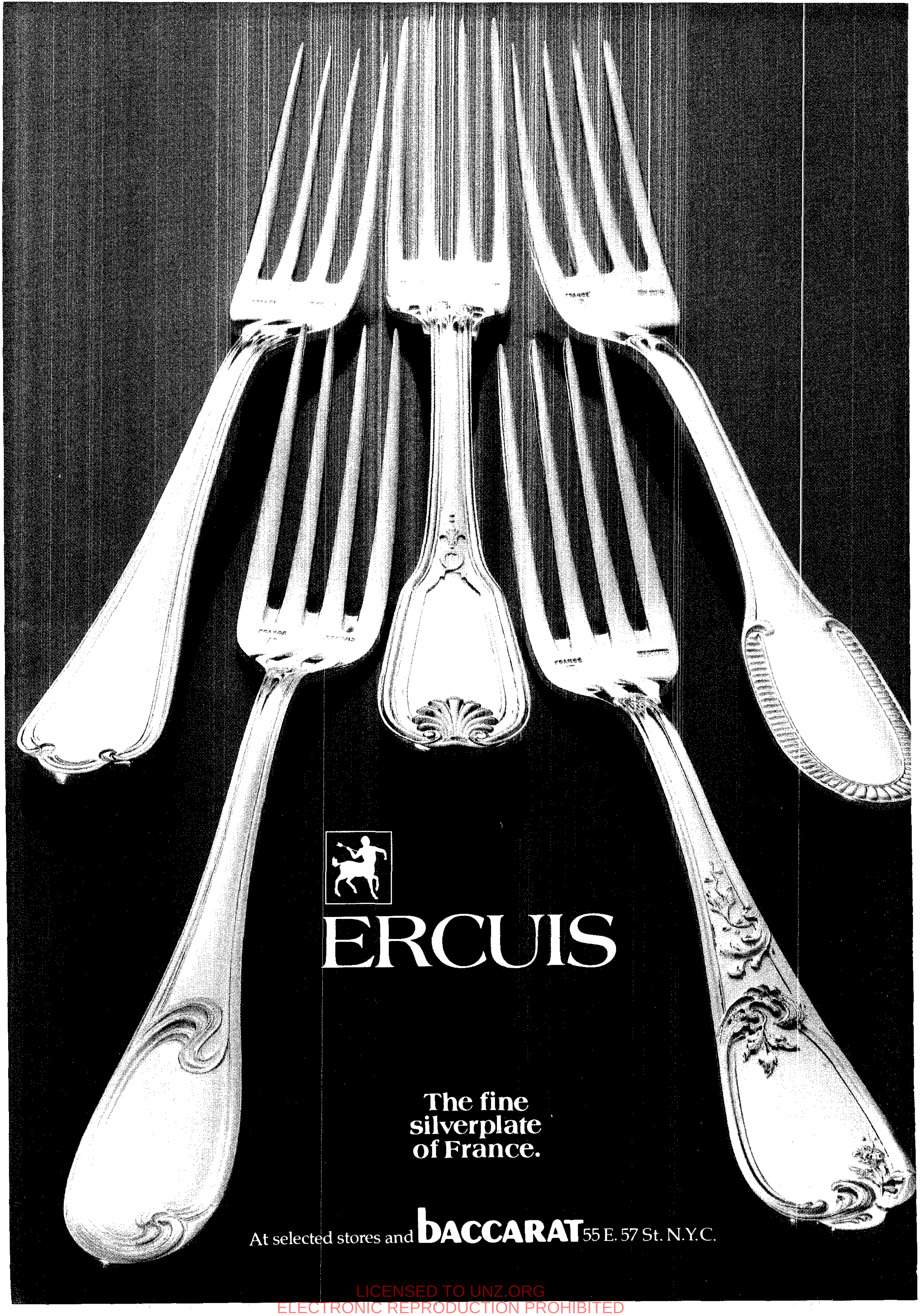

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house and how we'd only been in there a few weeks when I heard a noise outside one morning and woke up. It was Sunday morning and so early it was still dark in the bedroom. But there was this pale light coming in from the bedroom window. I listened. I could hear something scrape against the side of the house. I jumped out of bed and went to the window.

"My God!" my wife says, sitting up in bed and shaking the hair away from her face. Then she starts to laugh. "It's Mr. Venturini," she says. "The landlord. I forgot to tell you. He said he was coming to paint the house today. Early. Before it gets too hot. I forgot all about it," she says, and laughs some more. "Come on back to bed, honey. It's just the landlord."

"In a minute," I say.

I push the curtain away from the window. Outside, this old guy in white coveralls is standing next to his ladder. The sun is just starting to break above the mountains. The old guy and I look each other over. It's the landlord, all right—this old guy in coveralls. But his coveralls are too big for him. He needs a shave, too. And he's wearing this baseball cap to cover his bald head. God damn it, I think, if he isn't a weird old hombre, then I've never seen one. And at that minute a wave of happiness comes over me that I'm not him—that I'm me and that I'm inside this bedroom with my wife. He jerks his thumb toward the sun. He pretends to wipe his forehead. He's letting me know he doesn't have all that much time. The old duffer breaks into a grin. It's then I realize I'm naked. I look down at myself. I look at him again and shrug. I'm smiling. What'd he expect?

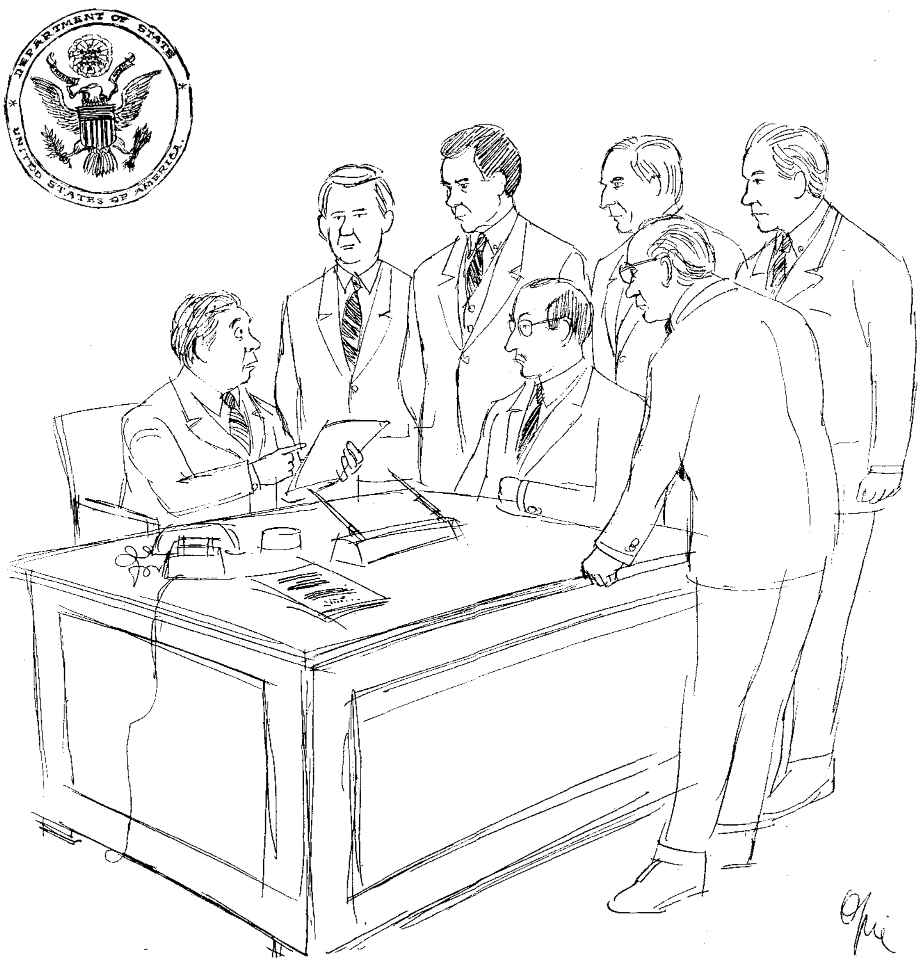
My wife laughs. "Come *on*," she says. "Get back in this bed. Right now. This minute. Come on back to bed."

I let go of the curtain. But I keep standing there at the window. I can see the landlord nod to himself as if to say, "Go on, sonny, go back to bed. I understand," as if he'd heard my wife calling me. He tugs the bill of his cap. Then he sets about his business. He picks up his bucket. He starts climbing the ladder.

I lean back into the step behind me now and cross one leg over the other. Maybe later this afternoon I'll try calling my wife again. And then I'll call to see what's happening with my girlfriend. But I don't want to get her mouthy son on the line. If I do call, I hope he'll be out somewhere doing whatever he does when he's not hanging around the house. I try to remember if I ever read any Jack London books. I can't remember. But there was a story of his I read in high school. "To Build a Fire" it was called. This guy in the Yukon is freezing. Imagine it—he's actually going to freeze to death if he can't get a fire going. With a fire he can dry his socks and clothing and warm himself. He gets his fire going, but then something happens to it. A branchful of snow drops on it. It goes out. Meanwhile, the temperature is falling. Night is coming on.

I bring some change out of my pocket. I'll try my wife first. If she answers, I'll wish her a Happy New Year. But that's it. I won't bring up business. I won't raise my voice. Not even if she starts something. She'll ask me where I'm calling from, and I'll have to tell her. I won't say anything about New Year's resolutions. There's no way to make a joke out of this. After I talk to her, I'll call my girlfriend. Maybe I'll call her first. I'll just have to hope I don't get her son on the line. "Hello, sugar," I'll say when she answers. "It's me."

—RAYMOND CARVER



"All right, Breger, you hop a plane for Israel and explain our reasons for this decision. And you, Drellman, fly over to Syria and explain our reasons to them. Hawkins, you review the background for our decision in Cairo, and you, Trent, brief NATO on our thinking. Roessler, you cover Saudi Arabia, giving our reasons for this decision there. And you, Attwater, get over to Iraq and Jordan, briefing those people. O.K.? By the way, what exactly was our decision?"

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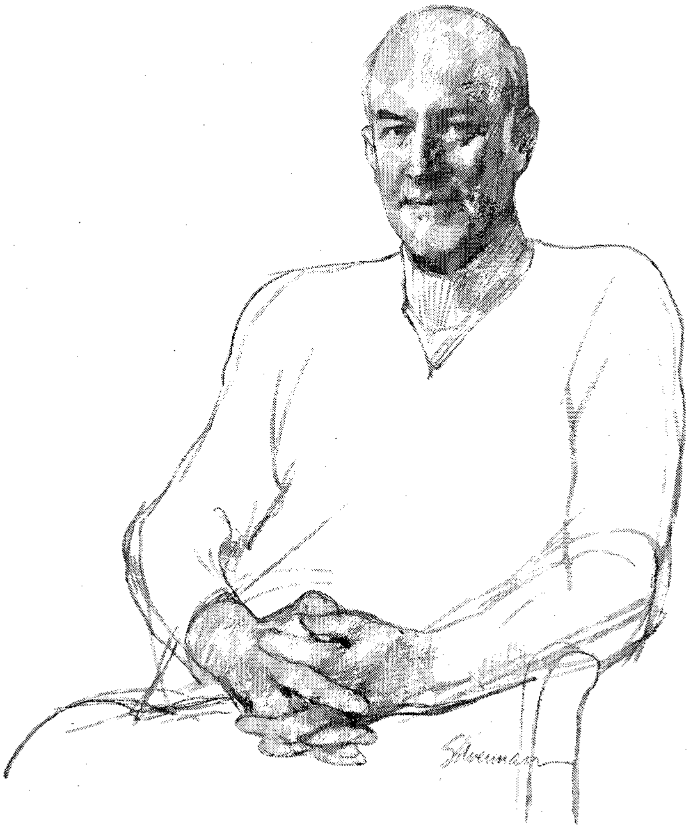
Will it bite the plumber?

PROFILES

TAKING ART TO POINT ZERO—II

To see is to forget the name of the thing one sees.—*Paul Valéry.*



ROBERT IRWIN in the fall of 1970 was a leading Southern California artist at a crucial turning point in his career. Up to that time, his work had seemed to glide sequentially through many of the major themes of postwar American art. A cartoonist for his high-school annual, he'd become a facile figurative portraitist during his years at art school in the early fifties. Following his exposure to Abstract Expressionism, at the hands of the hearty cabal of young Southern California artists who had grouped themselves around Los Angeles' avant-garde Ferus Gallery, late in the fifties, Irwin had begun concocting remarkably vigorous abstract canvases of his own. But in the sixties he embarked upon a passionate compression of his artistic vocation, initially limiting himself to lines, then to dots, then (transcending the frame) to discs and columns that seemed to dematerialize in the play of substance and shadow. By the end of the decade, he was concentrating on the modulation of what he called "presence" in virtually empty rooms.

Among other things, this evolution tended to puzzle and even distress art critics. They were constantly trying to pigeonhole Irwin as an artist of a particular sort—an Abstract Expressionist, a Minimalist, a color-field painter, a Conceptualist, an environmental artist, and so forth. "They were," in Irwin's words, "continually trying to enlist my services as a spear carrier in their own operas." But while it was true that his itinerary had often taken him into the domains of such movements, usually he was just passing through, hot on the trail of his own concerns. Critics who for years were celebrating the fact that he'd come round to their view were often disappointed as he "reverted" to some other. In fact, though, in his own terms Irwin's itinerary has been straight.

Indeed, the fundamental transformation in Irwin's art during the sixties was one not of style or media but, rather, of motive. When Irwin initially joined Ferus, he was animated principally by ambition: he wanted to be the best damn Abstract Expressionist on the block. But as he applied himself to that task something happened. He got hooked on what he was doing: simple curiosity came to supersede ambition as his principal motivation.

At first, the curiosity was rampant, unchannelled, but with time he began to concentrate his questions around the character of perception itself. He narrowed his media so as to focus his considerations. By the late sixties, he had virtually stopped making objects altogether, as he became preoccupied with the perceptual presence of the everyday situations in which he found himself all the time. Indeed, following an extraordinarily spare installation at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, in October, 1970, Irwin returned to California and completely shut down his operations as a conventionally practicing artist.

HE got rid of everything. His studio, in Venice, California, he sold to the art dealer Doug Chrismas, who quickly turned it into the Ace Gallery. The supplies he threw out. The collection of other artists' work, which he had built up over the years through a series of trades, he returned, piece by piece, to the respective artists. Then he went out on the boardwalk, and for a long time he just sat there. Did nothing. Didn't even think about what to do next. In fact, began having a hard time thinking at all.

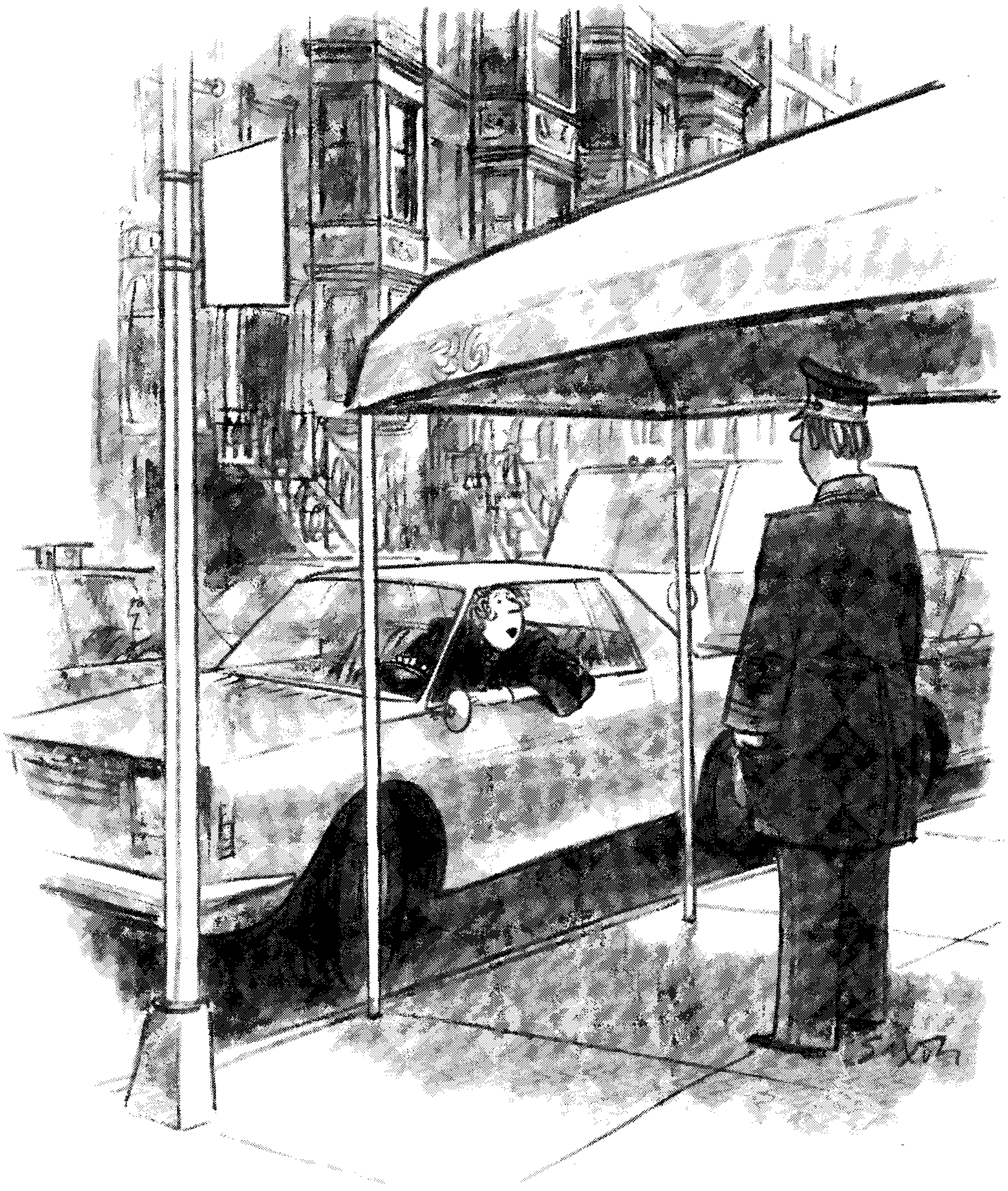
"You know what the biggest loss was in giving up the studio?" Irwin asked me one day. "It wasn't the loss of my art-world identity. It wasn't the scuttling of my economics. No, it was the loss of a way of thinking, it was the loss of the physical things themselves. For twenty years, I'd thought in terms of making objects; I'd worked out my ideas by working on physical things. I'm a very tactile person—I think by feel. And not having anything tangible to handle really threw me for a while. I mean, I understood how I'd got myself into that predicament—the questions simply mandated it—but I just didn't know how to deal with it. I had to train myself to think in a new way."

He would go to the races. He would hang out at hamburger joints. He would skip town and drive out into the desert—and it was in the desert that he picked up the trail once again. "For some reason, I started heading out into the Mojave—early-morning drives out of the city to the end of the road," he said. "At first, just a day at a time. And then, later, on out into Arizona or south toward Mexico. And I began pursuing a line of inquiry—or, anyway, retrieved the one I was already on. The Southwest desert attracted me because, I think, it was the area with the fewest kinds of identifications and connotations. It's a place where you can go along for a long while and nothing seems to be happening—it's all just flat desert, no particular events, no mountains or trees or rivers. And then, all of a sudden, it can just take on this sort of—I mean, it's hard to explain, but it takes on an almost magical quality. It just suddenly stands up and hums, it becomes so incredibly beautiful. The presence is *so* strong. Then, twenty minutes later, it will simply stop. And I began wondering why—what those events were really about—because they were so close to my interests in the quality of phenomena."

It wasn't that Irwin had suddenly become some sort of nature fanatic. He never packed a sleeping bag; he would usually stop, come evening, in some seedy roadside motel. He seldom hiked far off the road. He didn't become consumed with curiosity about the spare adaptations of plants and creatures, nor did he start reading up on geckos and iguanas. Irwin's only resources were still his own perceptions. "In the beginning, I proceeded in an awkward and obvious way. Say, for example, there are a lot of things that visually contradict your expectations: they just will not fall into perspective—foreground becomes background, background becomes foreground, or the land seems to stand up on end rather than lie flat, the way you logically know it's supposed to. So I began simply to mark those events—to put down sight lines, in a way. And I found that there were certain continuing situations. If I returned a year later, I could find the place, and essentially the same energy would be there. I'm not talking about some sort of spiritual or mystical activity. I'm simply talking about my ability to perceive what was going on around me—to perceive that there was something tactilely, tangibly existent in this one particular area, something that was simply not present two miles down the road. So originally I marked these places, quite literally. I laid a small concrete block flush with the ground at the place where I was standing, and stretched a stainless-steel piano wire out toward the horizon. It might go off a mile; it simply pointed in a direction. And that was the piece. All of which now seems really corny, and I don't do that anymore—though I do still head out into the desert occasionally. I understand why I did that at first, but it soon became clear to me that the mark was a distraction—it was about me, about my identity, my discovery, whereas all that really mattered in such a situation was the place's presence. In other words, if I'd taken you out to a place like that, what you would have perceived was yourself perceiving. You would have been the one dealing with it, and my hand would have been a distraction. Furthermore, I suddenly had this terrible fantasy of thousands of artists coming out and graffitiing the landscape with their initials. So I stopped leaving traces.

"Still, I had the problem of how any of this could be turned into art. How was I going to deal with these situations? Was I going to take photos? Well, that didn't really make any sense. Make plans, draw maps? That wasn't critical. How about loading people onto buses and dragging them out there to show it to them?"

Irwin couldn't do what, say, Michael Heizer was doing around that time—taking his desert experiments back to



"May I park here just long enough to deliver a get-well present?"

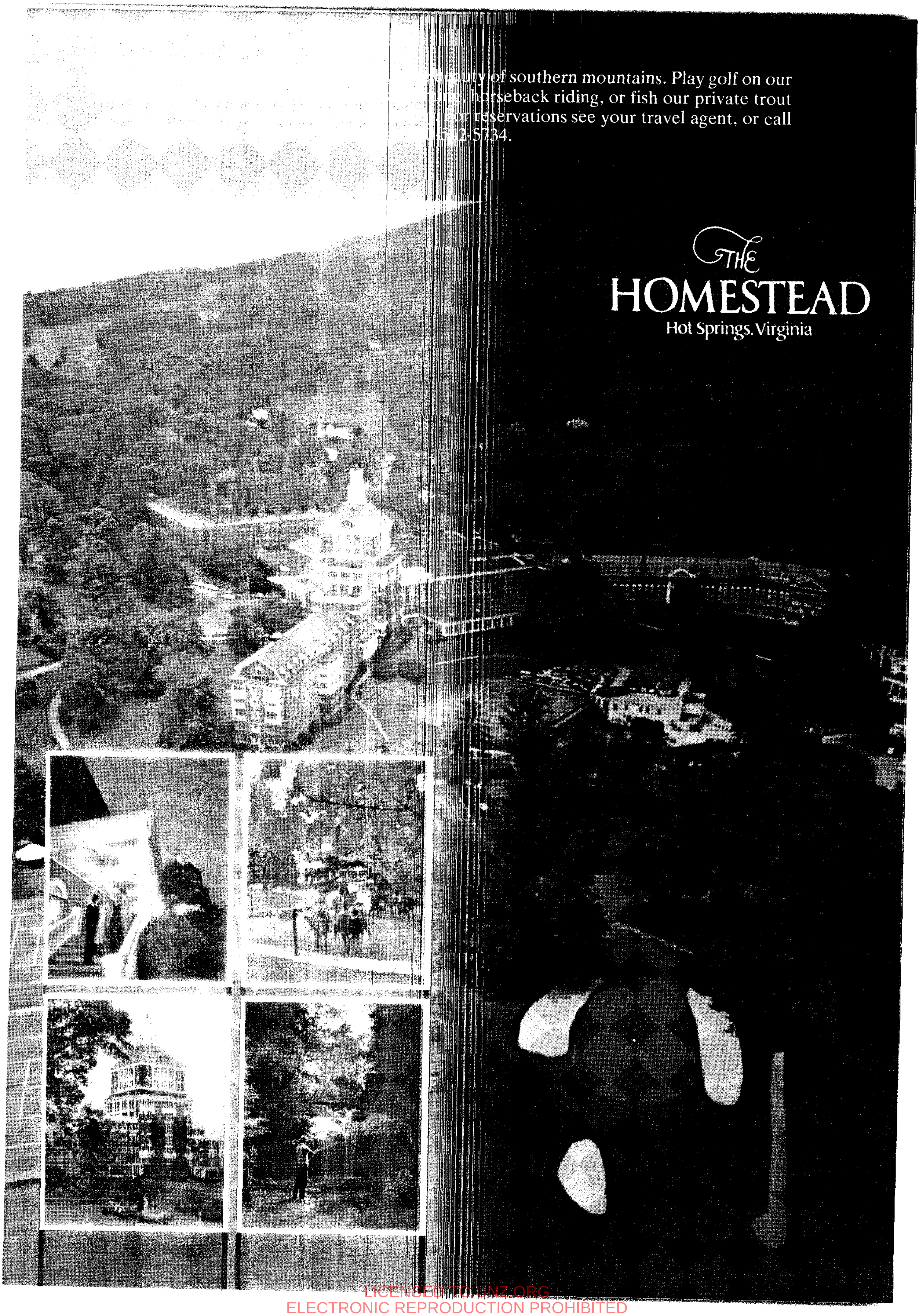
"I want national recognition for the problems I've had with him."

New York in the form of giant photomurals to be shown in elegant galleries. Somehow, everything that was really important got lost in that kind of translation. Nor was Irwin interested in the kind of earth art that was then beginning to be fashionable, in which people like Heizer and Robert Smithson and Walter De Maria applied massive machinery to desert sites and transformed them into art—spiral jetties and carved buttes, that sort of thing. "Somehow, to me," Irwin continued, "art in nature is completely arbitrary. I mean, nature is overwhelmingly beautiful and overwhelmingly aesthetic, and the necessity for altering it is simply not there, except when we start talking about our own identities."

What Irwin ended up doing with his desert situations was nothing. He didn't even take his friends out to see them. "I don't even describe them to anyone," he said. And he certainly didn't try to transpose them into galleries in the form of photo-installations. Indeed, the comparison with Heizer's photomurals is particularly apt, because Irwin, too, was interested in how he might re-create in a gallery that uncanny sense of presence. But instead of literally pasting the desert vista to the walls of such spaces Irwin chose to absorb the lessons of the desert and apply them, on a site-by-site basis, to each new room whose presence he would be confronting and trying to modulate in the coming years.

ALTHOUGH the desert offered Irwin lessons in presence, it didn't solve his problem of how to proceed from there on a daily basis or how to continue to think without the use of physical means. "So what I did," he recalls, "simply as a way of getting myself out of the dilemma I was in, was to say I would go anywhere, anytime, for anybody, for anything. I made myself very available—and available virtually for free. And I meant just that." The result was what has become known as Irwin's "project of general peripatetic availability"—a program he maintained in an active way through 1976 and, in a more limited fashion, has continued to this day. "I just sort of let it be known that I was available, the way I'm saying it to you. I mean, I didn't put out any ads or anything, but word got around. And you could be, let's say, up at U.C.L.A., and you'd say, 'Well, let's take advantage of that. We'll have him come up and talk to the students.' And that's what I'd do. Or 'We'll have him come up and do a piece in the patio.' And I would just come and do that. There's an important distinction to be made here between organizing and proselytizing, on the one hand, and responding to interest, on the other. I was and continue to be available *in response*. I mean, I don't stand on a corner and hand out leaflets. I'm not an evangelist—I'm not trying to sell anything. On the other hand, if you ask me a question you're going to get a half-hour answer. It doesn't make any difference whether or not it's a sophisticated question—only whether you have a genuine interest in it."

For a long time, nobody responded. Nobody knew what to make of the offer, and Irwin was no help: he didn't have a clue. "Curators would ask me, 'If we invite you, what are you going to do?' and I would have to say, 'Well, I don't know what I'm going to do. I'll just spend some time there and then decide.' They'd say, 'Well, could you send us a plan? What's it going to cost?' Well, I wasn't going to charge them anything for my time (sometimes I'd ask them to pay my fare), but there was still the question of how much the materials would come to. In other words, we had no connection, because they kept needing something tangible and I kept saying, 'I don't know.' Which also put into these situations the possibility of failure. I could go to the Walker Art Center, let's say, in Minneapolis, and they'd set up an exhibition, with all their catalogues and press releases and everything—and there was a risk that when I got there I wouldn't be able to come up with anything." Within a couple of years, however, Irwin was almost continuously on the road, caroming from one small Southern or Midwestern college to another—Iowa, Oklahoma, Nebraska, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee—and then up the Atlantic seaboard and back over to the Northwest. At each stop, he might



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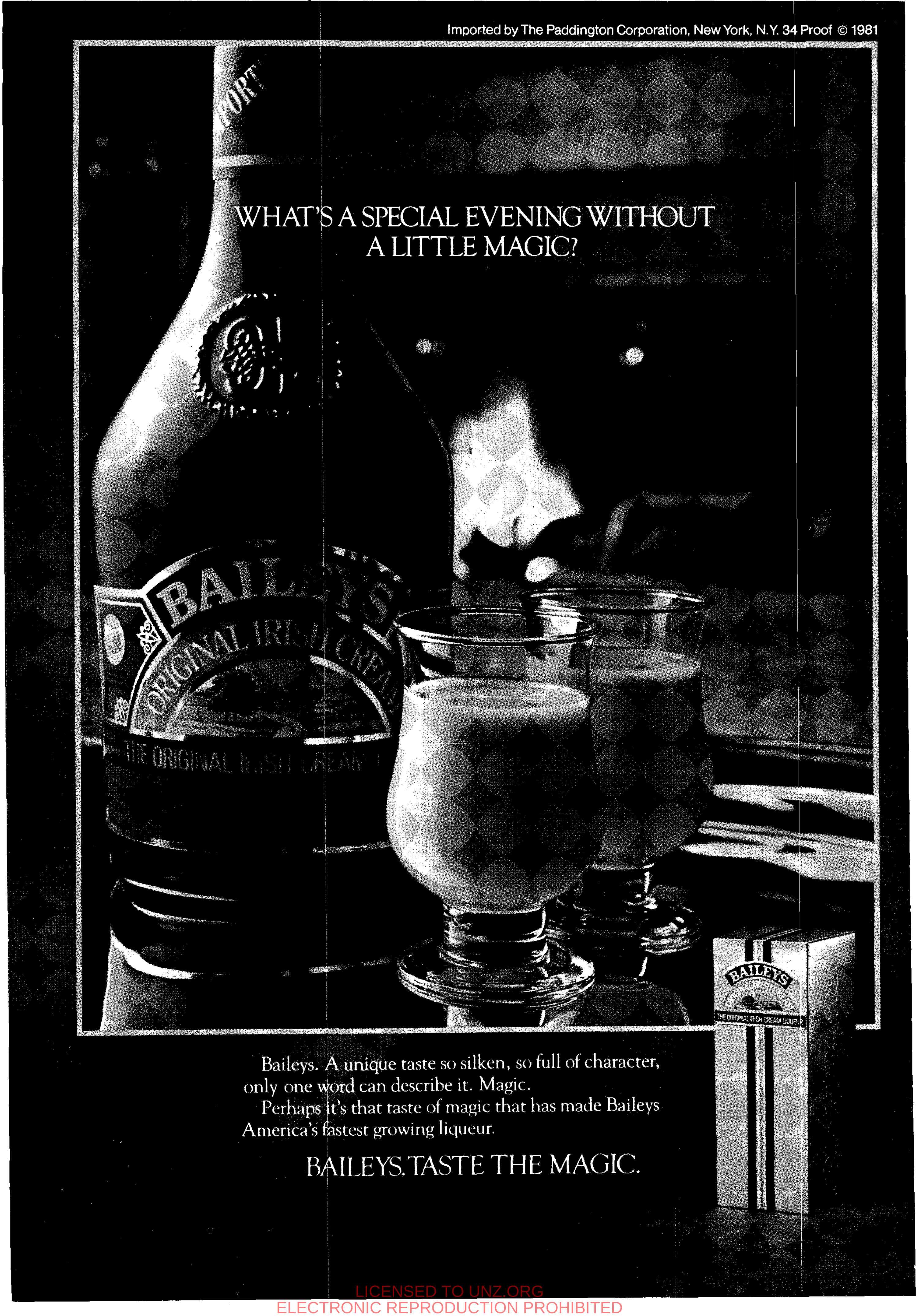
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"At any rate, gentlemen, that's my *view. But, of course, it's not carved in stone, ha, ha."*

stay a week—talk with students, contrive an installation, stir things up, and then be gone. For many young art students in the vast middle reaches of this continent during the pale middle reaches of the past decade, Irwin's road show constituted a first exposure to perceptual art.

But, useful though Irwin's road shows may have been to those who were exposed to them, they were perhaps more useful to the artist himself. For one thing, they helped keep him grounded in reality during a period when his primary researches were becoming increasingly abstract and ethereal. "The ideas I came to be dealing with during that period were getting really obscure, even for me—to the point where I was beginning to wonder exactly what and how I practiced in the world. There were some critics who from a political perspective attacked that obscurity as a kind of élitism. That charge bothered me, and I tried to address it through this posture of availability. To me, the crucial difference between obscurity and elitism is availability. Élitism is the private use of ideas for personal gain or power. And although the kind of inquiry I was doing at times seemed fairly rarefied, I made every effort to anchor it in the world by staying open to every possible invitation. The thing about what I do is that I allow myself total excess: I'm self-indulgent in terms of my art, and I'm becoming more so. I do things which from any social or political view are utterly outrageous. I mean, they absolutely ignore all the social issues of the day. And there are times when I feel the discomfort of that, too. But my way of balancing that out is by doing one thing I can do that has immediate social value, and that is this kind of constant talking with people. So I don't demand any set fee—I don't want to put economics on it at all. That was a particular issue on campuses when I first started travelling, because those were the years of all that tension, and the first thing people wanted to know was what you were doing there and how much you were making: 'Oh, they're giving you a thousand dollars—well . . .' So I simply eliminated that: 'I'm just here, period. You can either ask questions or not ask questions. I'm not making money on this, and I've got no ambitions for you other than to encourage you to do what you're doing.' "

Irwin is sometimes troubled by the isolation his work places him in. Through these forays, he is allowed a sense that his work has a certain immediate resonance in the world—that he isn't just off spinning in some vacant metaphysical corner. He doesn't appear to need much of that kind of reassurance, but he does need some, and these travels give him all he needs. Not only that: sometimes it's through the exchanges his travels engender that Irwin achieves breakthroughs in his own inquiries. Irwin's audiences often include curious onlookers from all sorts of tangential disciplines, and a simple comment from one of them can redirect the course of Irwin's thinking for weeks. Irwin now finds himself being invited to symposia on medicine, psychology, physics, systems analysis, urban renewal, theology, and any number of other arcane disciplines.

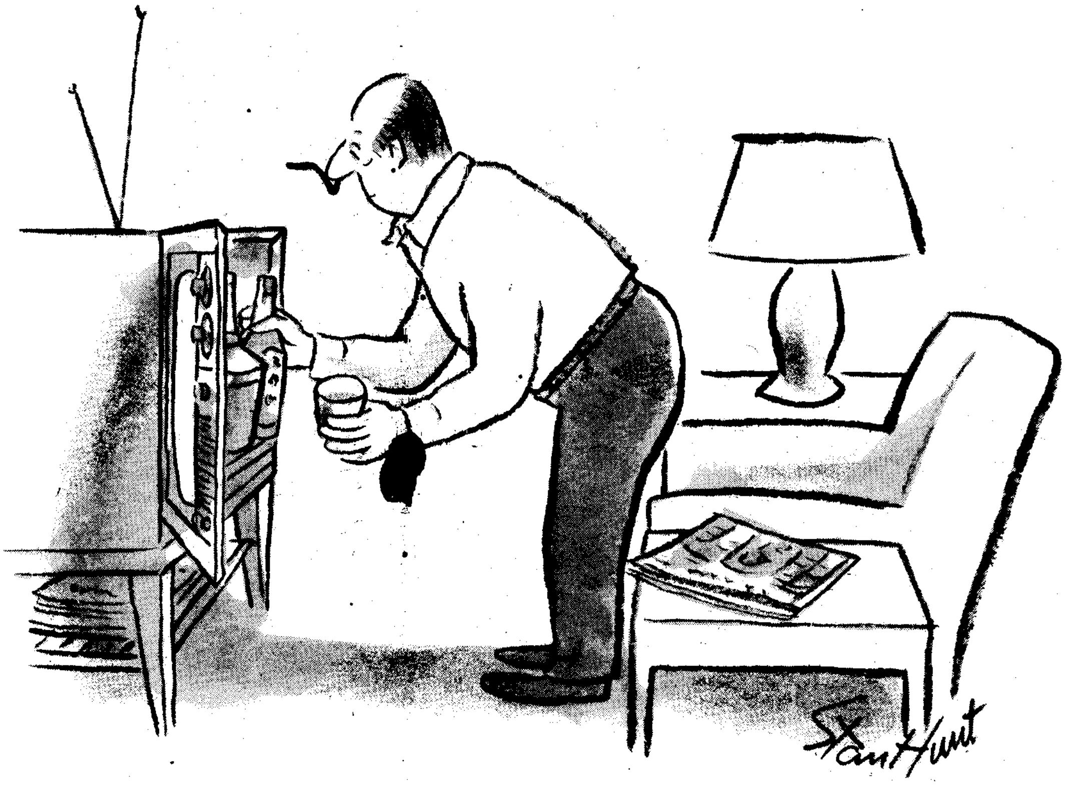
Furthermore, when Irwin started his travels the kind of work he wanted to produce, keyed as it was on presence, could be done only in response to some specific situation. "One of the things about the kinds of things I'm doing now," Irwin told me, "and it's one of the reasons I'm so often on the road, is that they don't exist secondhand; either you get to see them firsthand or you don't get to see them at all. I can't talk to people in Iowa City about what I did in Minneapolis—I have to do it in Iowa City."

If Irwin's aesthetic development between 1957 and 1970 can be likened to the narrows of a surging river, the work after 1970 is oceanic. By 1970, Irwin had arrived at the two great preoccupations of his life: the explication of presence and an awareness of perception. Everything since then has been an exploration of these themes. One difficulty in describing Irwin's installations of this period is that you had to be there. Their effect, their success or failure, depended entirely on presence—temporal, spatial—so in considerable measure any descriptive report on their character or intention betrays their nature. That which in its most fundamental essence was *here* and *now* undergoes an inevitable fall into *there* and *then*. Even by descending into the past tense—and, as I write, virtually none of Irwin's pieces from the past decade still exist—I find myself caught up in a syntactical contradiction. Irwin would only smile at my dilemma, since it constitutes the writerly analogue to the core paradox that he himself has been living on a daily basis ever since he abandoned his studio.

"The art world has evolved such sophisticated systems of orthodoxy," Irwin said to me one afternoon. "And they're so beautifully developed—not just the orthodoxies of painting and sculpture but the superstructures of museums, galleries, collecting, criticism, and so forth—that when you decide to try and operate outside of those systems you really have a problem. Because everything is set up to induct that which is already within the paradigm or within the orthodoxy. And if you should ever question these orthodoxies the first thing you have to face is that there is no process by which your information can be inducted. So you're forced to operate in a contradiction: if you want to deal with the culture at all, you end up having to deal at least in part with its present currency. For example, I'll go out and engage people in dialogue, although on another level dialogue is a complete contradiction of what I'm really interested in, which is the process of unmediated perception. Or I'll use a museum space to try and show the irrelevancy of the museum situation. You have to use all the currencies, all the processes that are already operative, and argue against their inclusiveness even while you're using them, and that is a funny place to be. And your argument is not always convincing, since you're contradicting yourself even as you make your case."

DESPITE these difficulties, it may still be instructive to attempt a survey of some of the types of work Irwin has engaged in over the past decade. There was, to begin with, a whole series of situations in which Irwin had recourse to what might be seen as his favorite medium of the period, a sheer whitish, translucent material known as scrim. He first encountered the material in Holland, while installing some of his disc paintings for a show at the Stedelijk Museum, in 1969. "You walk down the streets in Amsterdam," Irwin told me, "and they're all lined with these terrific windows, which they take incredible care of. And it seems as if every lady in Holland makes curtains out of the stuff." What particularly fascinated Irwin about scrim was its capacity for, as it were, giving shape to light. The material was transparent and yet not quite—light seemed to catch in the interstices, to catch and hold, to take on volume. Irwin ordered bolts of the material, and over the next several years there was a regular traffic in scrim from Amsterdam to Los Angeles and then from Los Angeles to wherever Irwin was working. Its possibilities seemed unlimited. Preparing a show at the Pace Gallery, in New York, for example, Irwin stretched a taut "soft wall" of the material, from floor to ceiling, twenty-four inches in front of and parallel to the rear gallery wall. At the Walker Art Center, in Minneapolis, he contrived a "Slant Light Volume" at the far end of a low and wide dark space by stretching an expanse of scrim, at an angle of roughly forty-five degrees away from the viewer, down from the ceiling to the floor, and then allowing an intense white light to fall on the far side of the scrim. There were many other scrim modulations, but they all partook of the artist's intention of somehow rendering light palpable.

Irwin's palette in the seventies was not limited to the deployment of scrim. Often the effects he sought were even more subtle and his transformations even less obvious. One such case occurred in 1971, when Irwin was invited to participate in a four-artist show at the U.C.L.A. Art Galleries titled "Transparency, Reflection, Light, Space." "In preparation for that show," Irwin said, "I spent a lot of time looking around the gallery, and for some reason I couldn't figure out anything to do in the formal spaces. Not that anything was wrong with them—I just couldn't get a handle on what was unique about those rooms, if anything. Then I ran into a utility stairwell, connecting the two floors, that presented a very interesting situation. There were a couple of things that were very nice about it. The front stairwell was very formal, with floating steps and everything, and was the architect's attempt to be very 'designed,' very artistic, in a way—I didn't like it particularly—whereas this utility stairwell was simply that: a utility stairwell. It had the minimum. It met all the legal requirements. Nothing else. How steep it was—I don't think it could have been any steeper. It had institutional railings. It was the simplest kind of concrete shaft—I mean, in terms of architecture, there was no attempt to modify that space or make it interesting at all. Institutional light fixtures—the whole thing, just by the book. But there was one funny thing about it: the architect, in wanting to continue his illusions about the building from an architectural point of view, did not want the exterior façade of the building to stop at a certain point; so he continued it on to include this utility stairwell. Which was very funny, in a way, because it had nothing to do with the stairwell at all; it had everything to do with his idea about façade. In other words, he ran a series of



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windows the entire length of the building so as to fit his modular conception. But the unintended result of all that was that the utility stairwell was quite a nice place. One of the things that were very nice about it was that, because of its position in the building, all the light in there was reflected light. Only in the morning was there a little slit of direct light, but most of the light was reflected. And, interestingly enough, in this situation it was reflected off an awful lot of different kinds of surfaces—a very red building across the way, some very strong green grass. What color the stairwell was depended on the time of day you were there. I mean, it was subtle. Most people would probably have said it was white all the time, but I'd walk in there and to me at a certain time of day it was violet and another time of day it was green and another time of day it was a subtle mixture of colors. It was a very loaded kind of situation.

"So I did a lot of things in that stairwell. I changed a lot of things. I neutralized things and blocked things and removed things. I fooled around with the covering of the baseboard. I made one of the windows look as though it continued where in fact it didn't. All sorts of things like that, which no one really saw—which, by the way, they weren't intended to see. It was just the presence of the situation which I liked. Then, I think, I probably made an error, and it probably had a little bit to do with my not being on top of the situation. I put a piece of scrim material up near the second floor, up high, and stretched it out flat. It did a nice thing—I mean, it did work in the room in a way. But in a way it also defeated me, in the sense that the few people who did deal with the stairwell at all finally said, 'Oh, that's it,' and pointed—dealt with the scrim as though it were the art, whereas it was simply a device that I had used in a hopeful attempt to get the situation maybe a little more strongly identified. Without the scrim I don't know if anybody would have seen it—maybe one or two people. And—a funny thing—when the show eventually came down I went back there and found that a number of the things I had done had not been removed. They either didn't notice them or didn't know that I had put them there. But, in a funny way, even with a lot of the things removed that stairwell was still doing exactly what it did so successfully. It didn't need my

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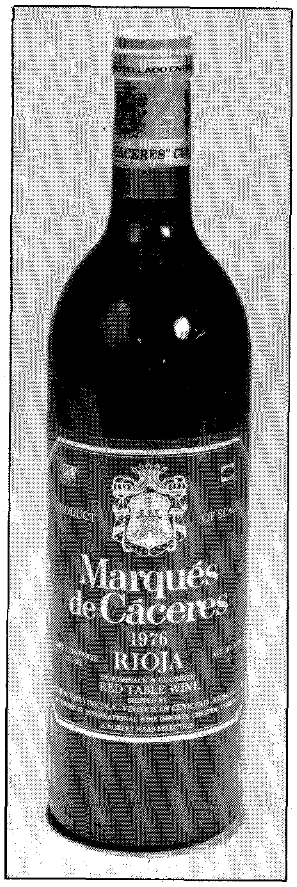

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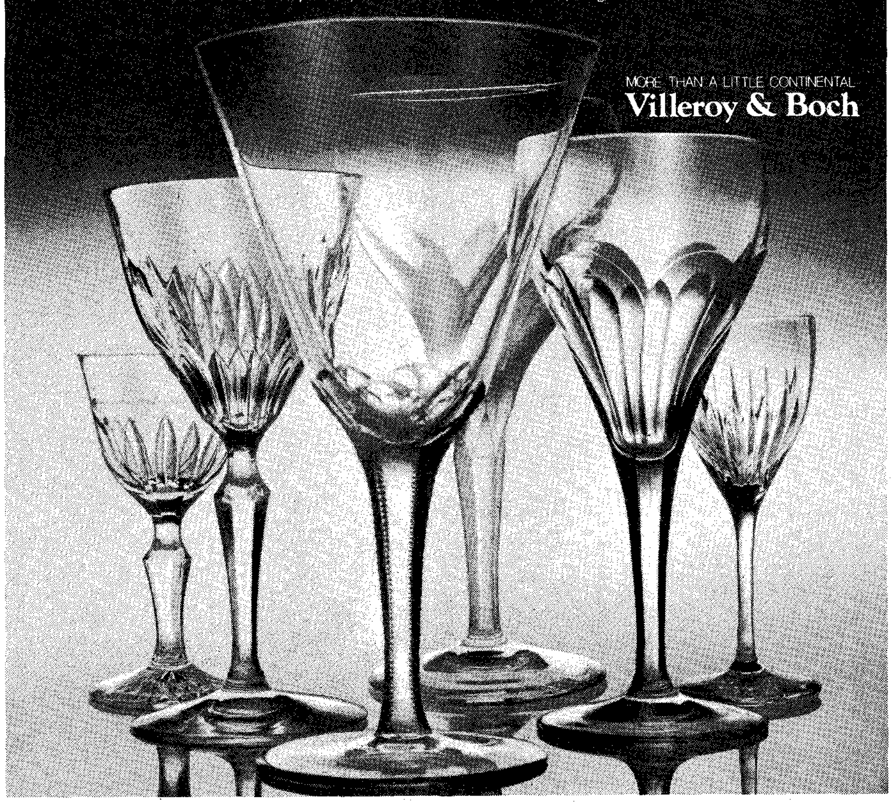

scrim. And, in a funny way, maybe it didn't need any of the details I added. What was really essential was going on there anyway."

The point of these exercises, it sometimes seemed, was to achieve the maximum transformation with the minimum alteration. Or, at any rate, it was on that basis that Irwin often came to gauge the success of his installations, and on that basis that he cites his 1975 show at Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Art as one of his most satisfactory. The Chicago show included a retrospective selection from Irwin's entire oeuvre, along with two on-site installations. One of these was a complex scrim modulation, running the length of a large hall. The other, tucked away in an unpromising space in the back, was much simpler.

"We had pretty much finished installing the show," Irwin told me, "when, on that last day, I began to try and figure out what could be done with this awkward space in the back. Basically, it was a three-walled rectangular space, which you entered at one end, where there was no wall—it was just an open-ended room. And the space had three fairly interesting qualities. First of all, the light diffused out of a bright, hivelike modular ceiling, which was actually kind of ugly. Secondly, in the center of the space was this square post left over from the previous uses of the building. The building had been a bakery and, as such, was not particularly designed for aesthetic appeal, and this post was just a structural support. The post was totally arbitrary; it sat dead in the center of the room and pretty much interfered with any view that you might have of the walls. Any time you hung a show, for instance, you had to look around this post to see the paintings. So this room had a white ceiling, white walls, a whitish floor, and a white post in the middle, and the only other element in the room was the kickboard—a molding that skirted the edge of the three walls. It's the kind of thing they have in most museums so that when the janitors mop the place they don't get the wall dirty. And this kickboard was painted jet black. So you had white and white and white and white, and one very strong six-inch black line going around and dividing the space, which is about as powerful an element as you're going to find. What I did in that situation is that about ten feet into the space I took a piece of black tape, about five inches wide, and laid it out across the floor, so

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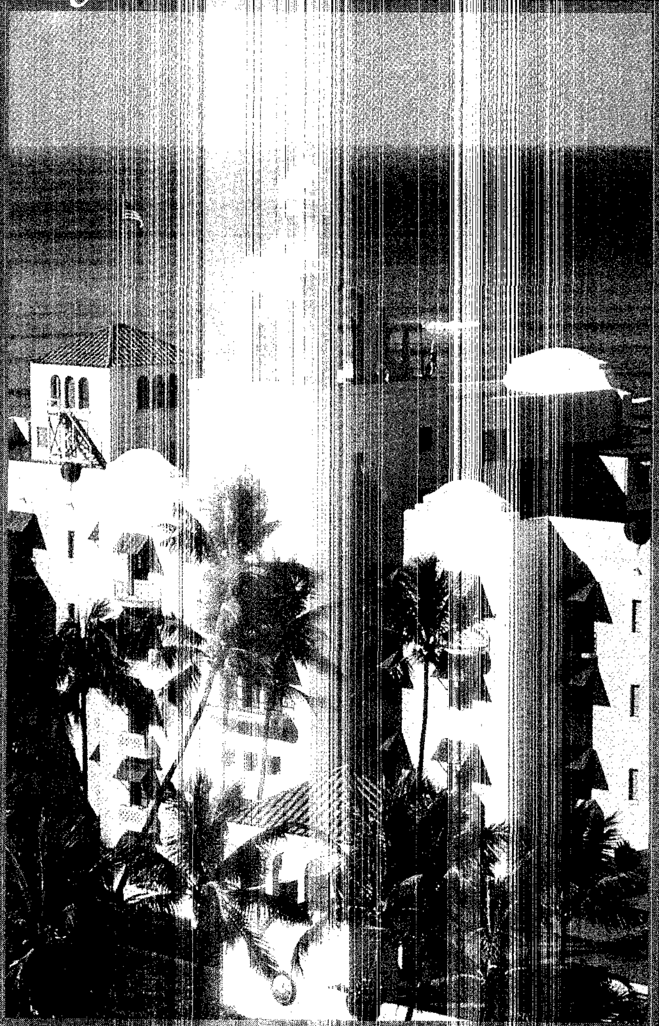

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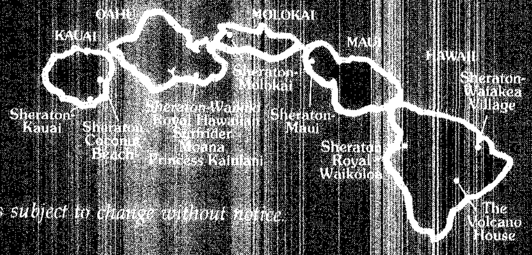
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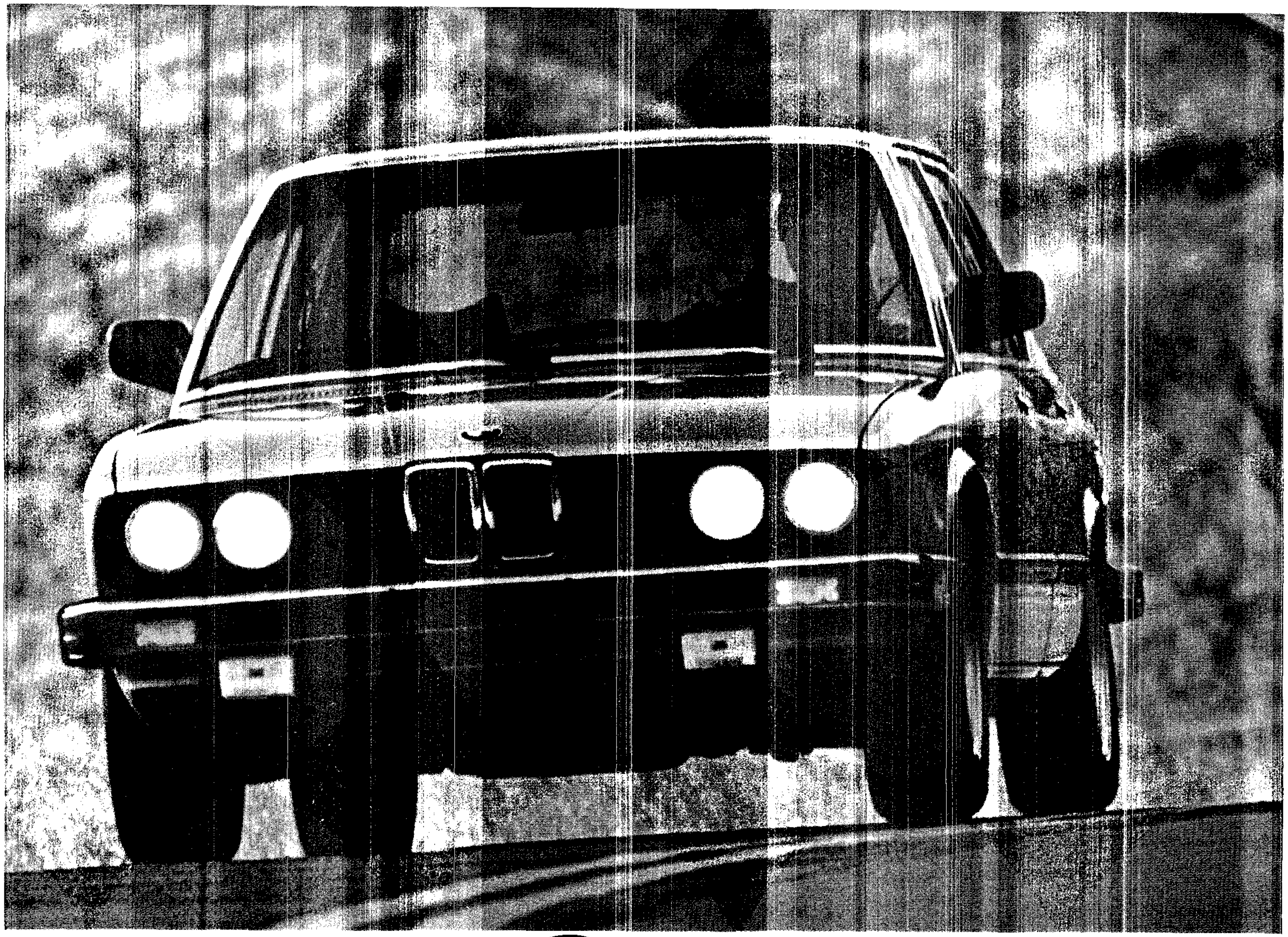

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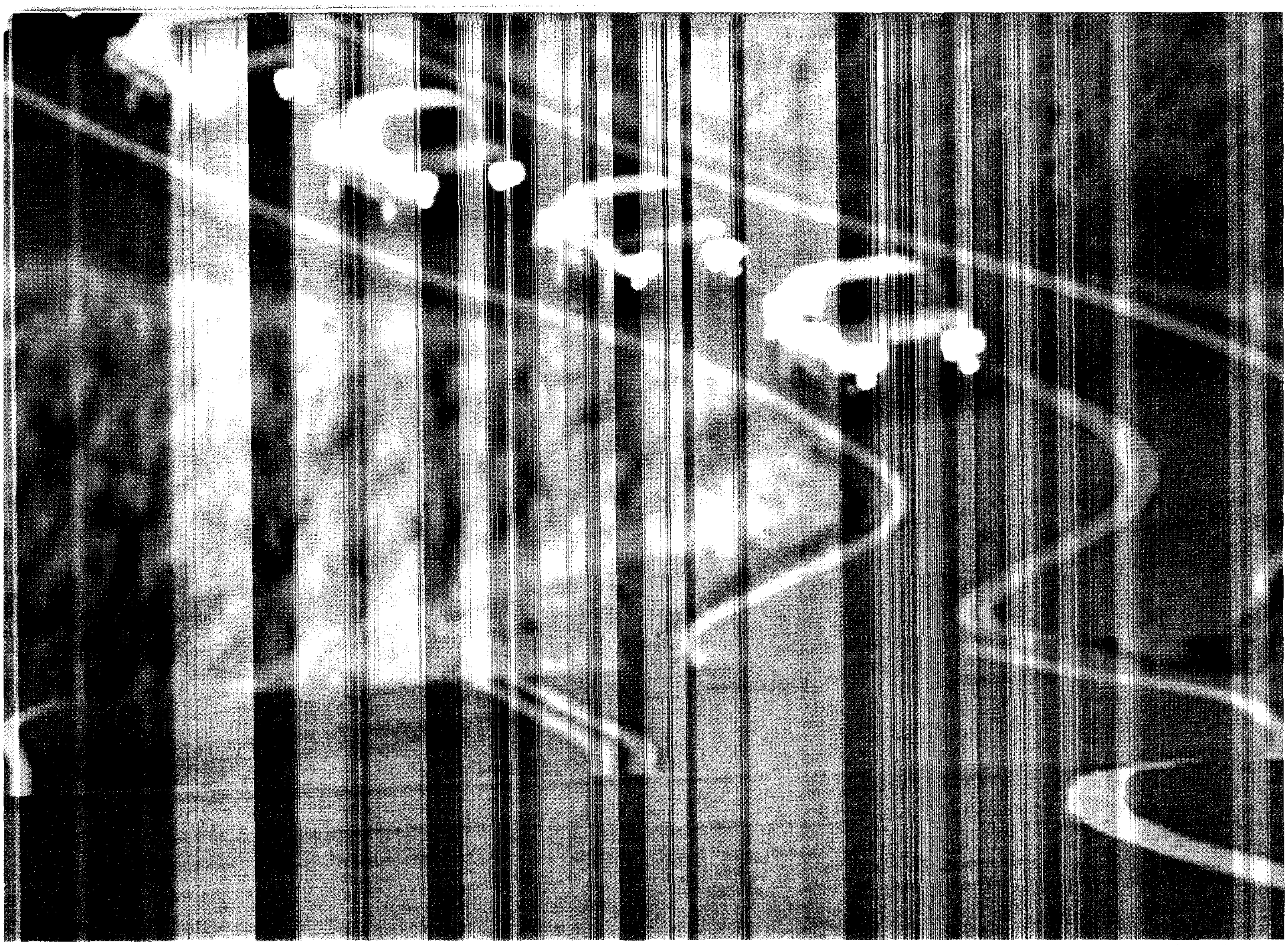

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Deep within the engine, where the important fuel efficiency decisions are made, another BMW innovation makes sure those decisions are always made in favor of maximum performance.

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The resulting agility is complemented by its steering, highly responsive in the manner of all BMW's (a legacy of its racing forebears). On the road, it is one of the most obedient cars in the world.

Inside, it is a model of the "new" science of ergonomics, a recent discovery with some car makers and a tradition at BMW.

The interior is an elegant continuum of driver and automobile created by easily accessible controls, contoured seats and many other functional amenities.

But despite all this, no claim is made for the 528e as the Car of the Future.

It is not a car designed for mass-market accolades, but rather for a finite number of serious drivers—enthusiasts who've watched the performance characteristics of cars diminish in tandem with the world's fuel supply.

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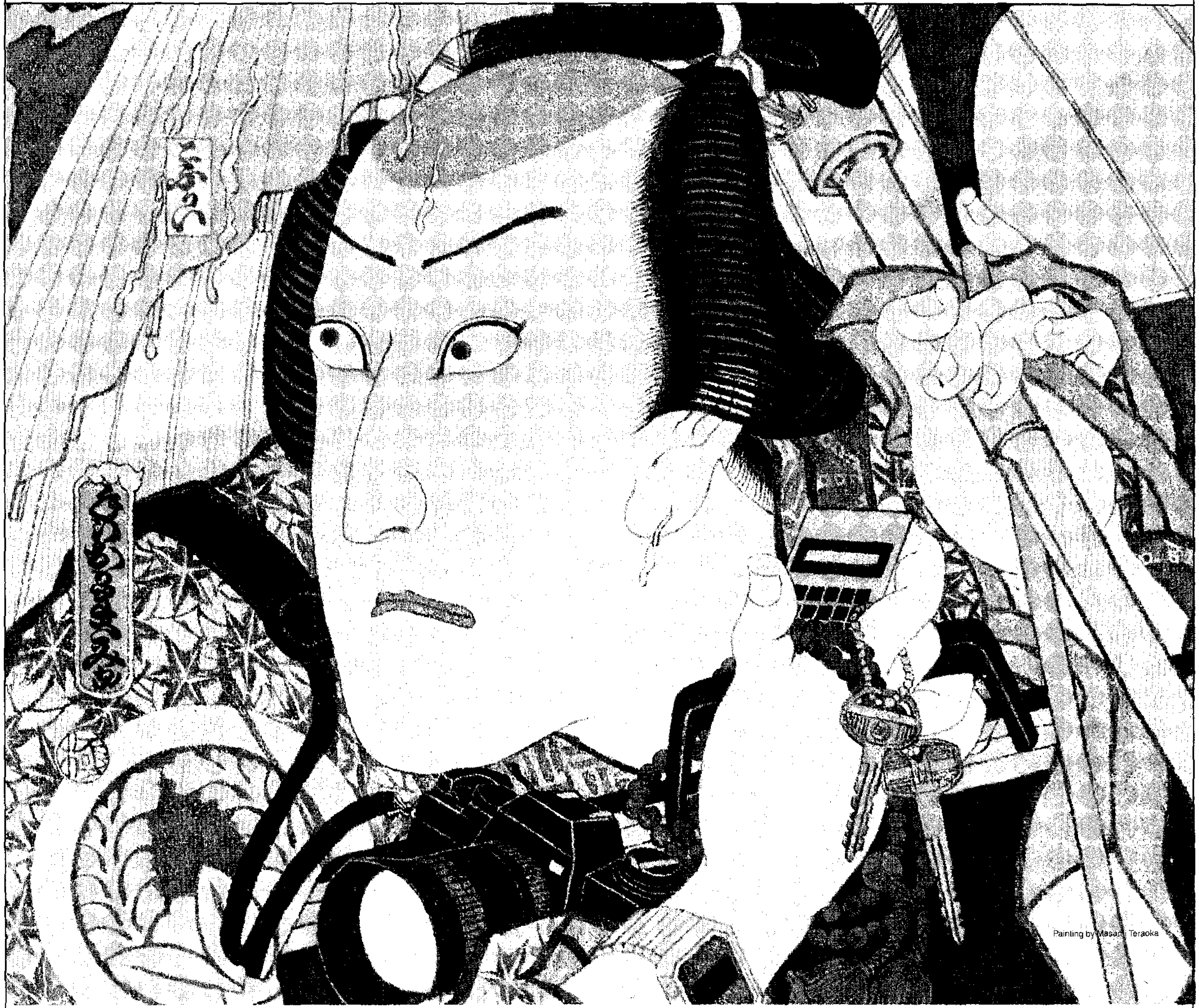
TIME


Painting by Masami Teraoka

Orient express.

Japan's industrial triumphs are not so inscrutable after all. They're based on philosophies that worked wonders for America before we turned our backs on them.

Few things demonstrate so well the uniqueness of TIME Magazine as the recent cover story on the swift and spectacular success of Japanese products in America. It's the commonest of common knowledge. We've all heard that it's happening, why it's happening, why it's good, why it's bad. What's left to tell? A great deal, when TIME explores the subject.

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that it picked up the black line and created a rectangle, using the three sides of the kickboard and then drawing it across the front. And that was it."

Roberta Smith, a sensitive art critic who experienced Irwin's Chicago installation, tried to describe its impact in a review for *Art in America:*

> The resultant black rectangle was not what you "looked at"—there was actually nothing to focus on—but soon it brought the space into focus with a distinct visual snap. From inside, the light in the area seemed different, more substantial, and the wall color began to shift ambiguously. From outside the area, the tape seemed to lift the plane of the floor upward in your field of vision, and it also made the room seem wider and shallower than it really was. Consequently, a person moving toward the back wall was soon out of whack perspectivally. . . . The area was transformed into a separate volume; it seemed to lift out of the museum and become so exclusively visual that it could have been almost any size; it could even have been a small box-like model of Renaissance space. It is hard to know whether the tape was actually doing all this or whether, having become visually conscious enough to see the black rectangle, you simply continued to experience the room with this heightened awareness.

Irwin told me that, perhaps because of the inclusion of his earlier works in the Chicago retrospective, "people approached that room in the back very unsure of the ground they were on." He continued, "Some people would not cross the line. Many people weren't sure what the line physically represented—a lot of people actually stuck a hand out to make sure they weren't going to bump into something, as if there were a glass pane there, or as if the room space were somehow solid. The fact of that single swath of tape having that much impact was very interesting. Also, when you watched people walk across the line into this space, it was very interesting to see how aware you were that they diminished in size—which is something that, of course, goes on all the time with our vision. Most of the time, we don't fix on it; there are too many other distractions. But here you became really conscious of the people changing in size. And when you were inside the space you were very conscious of just that, of being inside a specially defined situation. I think probably the best definition of how the piece worked, though, is that of the ten people who worked there at the museum, and who had been working there for five years or more, four asked me if I'd built the post—this post that had been in the room all along. Which

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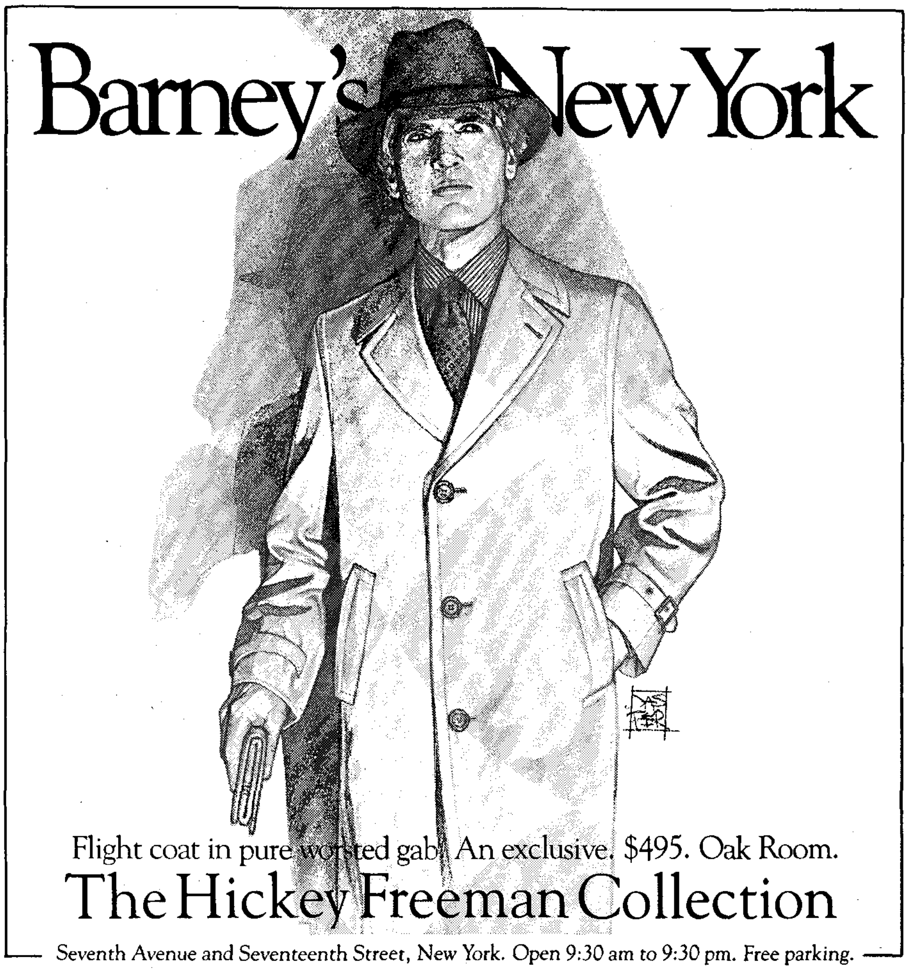

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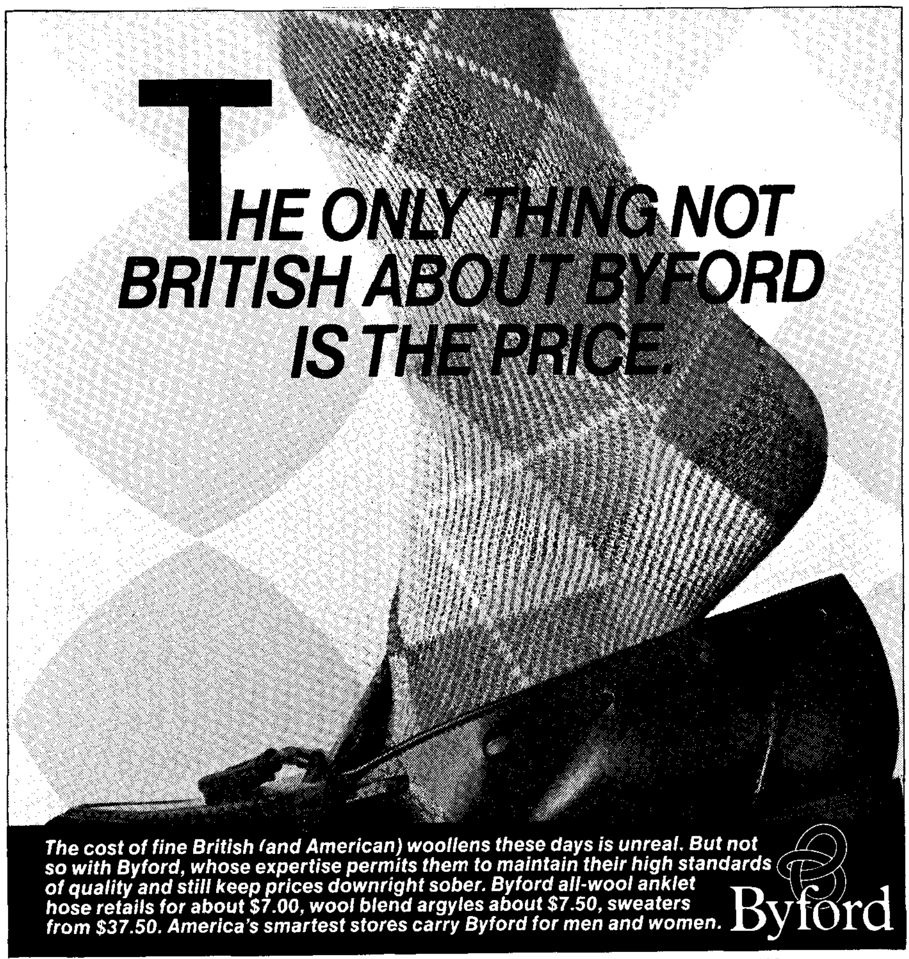

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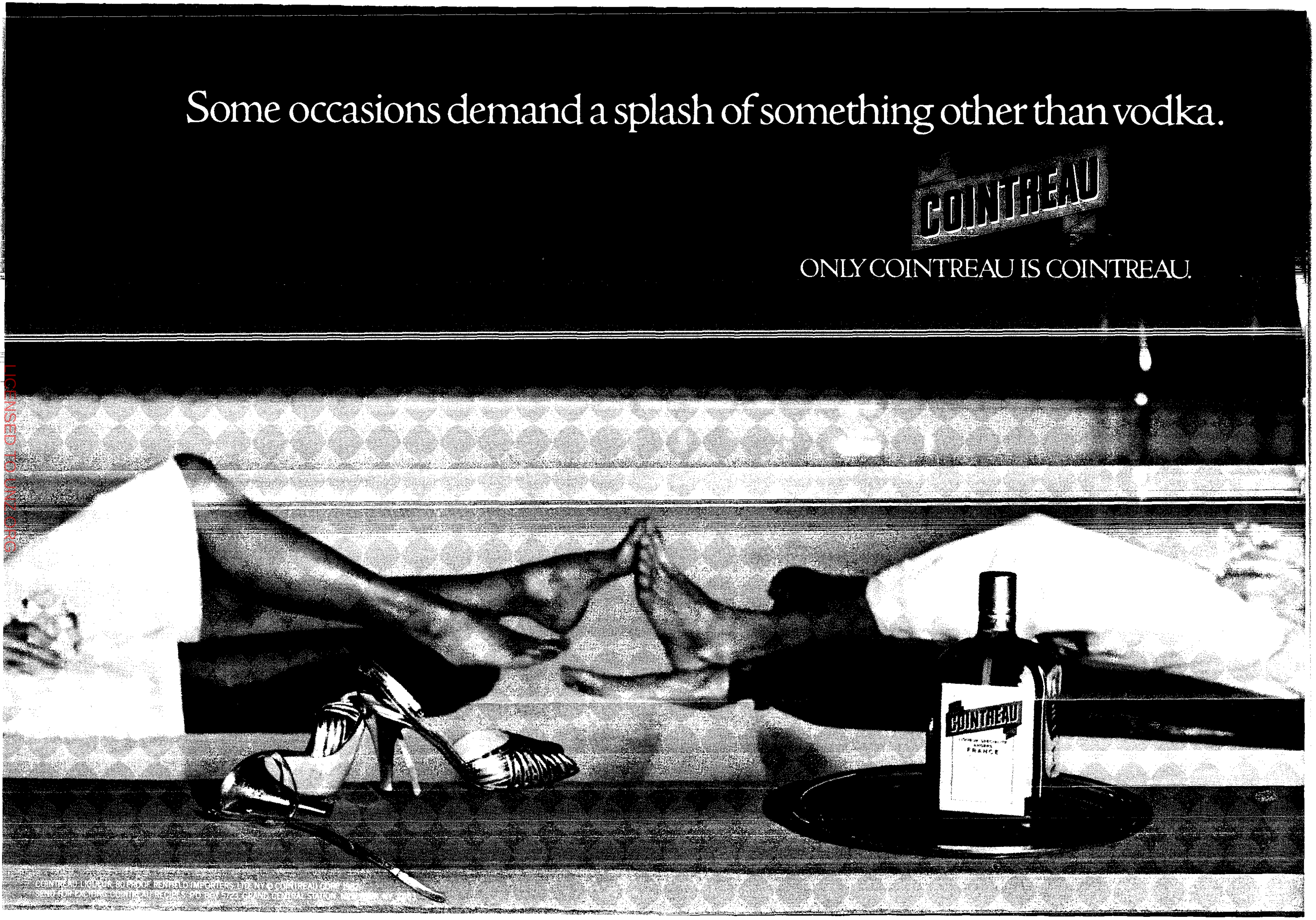
was simply saying that they were seeing this room for the first time."

Irwin smiled, relishing his triumph. "Now, what I did," he continued, "had a minimal physical or intellectual being, no literate meanings, no symbolic references, and no art-world content; and yet you were clearly conscious of a presence. When you turned around to walk out of the space, you suddenly became aware of the post in the next room, which you hadn't been aware of before. The point is, you became aware of all those so-called incidentals—those things which were real aspects of the room but which you had cancelled out by some mental process. The tape had almost no being on a physical level, very little importance in terms of objectness, and little demand in terms of an idea; there was nothing really interesting or clever or complicated or difficult in the act itself, but the act had a tremendous effect on what went on around it—a tremendous effect on the area that it acted in, and a tremendous effect on the people who came and participated in the situation. So that one strip of black tape, I think, was probably the best trade-off I've had so far."

Compared with some of the work he was doing a few months later, even the spare swath of black tape in Chicago seemed heavy-handed. As his principal contribution to the United States Pavilion at the 1976 Biennale in Venice, Italy, Irwin merely outlined, with a piece of string stretched into a taut rectangle, the dapple of tree-filtered light on a patch of ground. He deployed the string not so much because he needed to leave a trace of himself as because he needed to mark that particular corner of ground as in some sense a heightened field. But many people mistook the string itself for the art act ("When I point my finger at the moon, don't mistake my finger for the moon" is a Zen aphorism that Irwin is fond of citing), and by mid-1976 Irwin was prepared to jettison—along with figure, line, focus, permanence, and signature—the idea that *any* overt activity is a necessary prerequisite for artistic viability.

NOT long ago, I was speaking with a woman who had had occasion to interview Irwin during the mid-sixties, and she mockingly recalled what she referred to as his "macho ignorance"—the way, for example, he would have had her believe that, despite the advanced Minimalism of his dot canvases, he had never heard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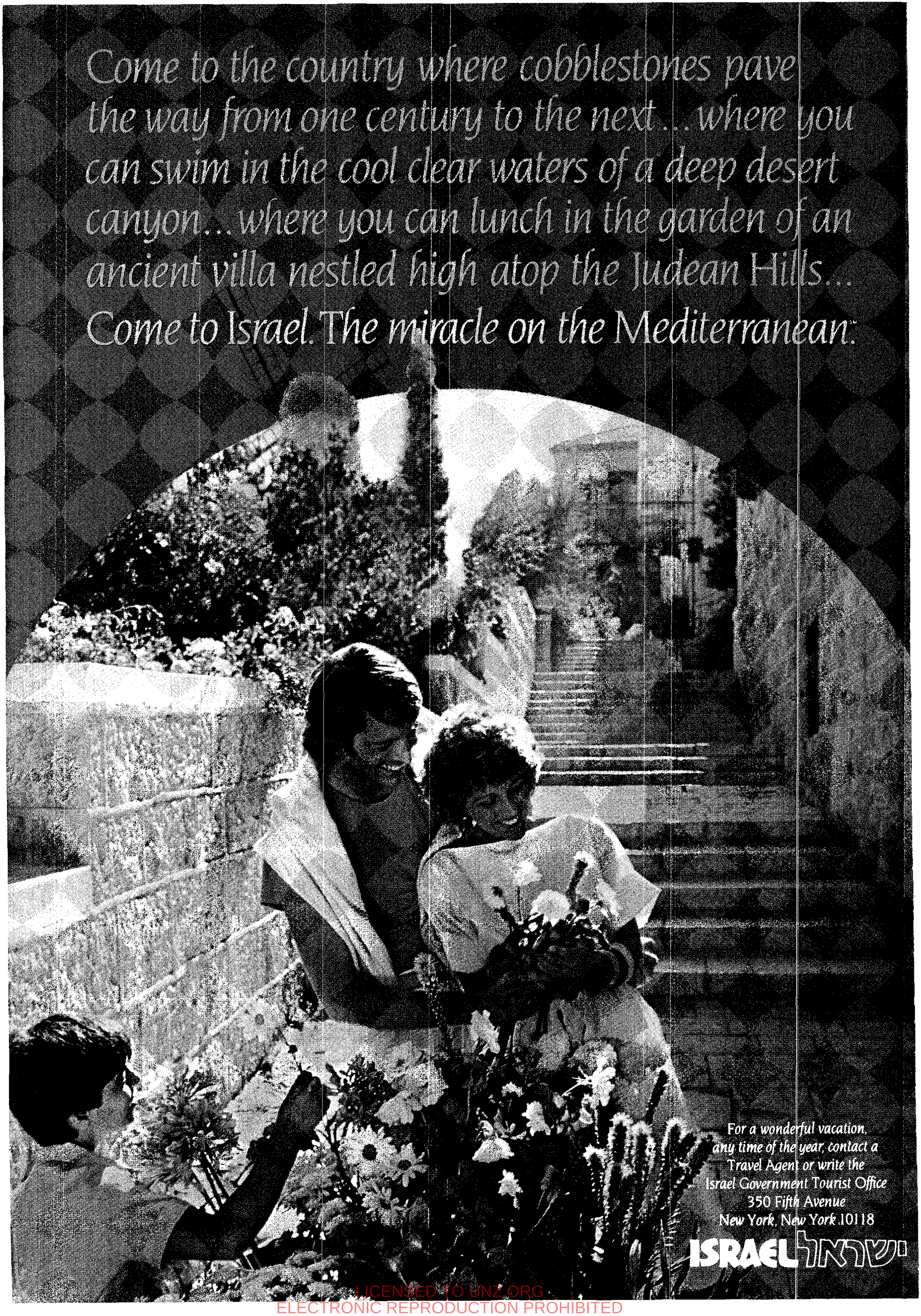

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of Kasimir Malevich. She didn't believe him then, and she still doesn't. Another critic who spent time with Irwin during the late sixties—Jan Butterfield, whose transcripts of their conversations were subsequently published in *Arts Magazine*—recently told me how she and Irwin had once gone several rounds over her attempt to defend the validity of philosophical and critical speculation. "Look, there are other ways to explore this field of inquiry which you are probing—philosophy, aesthetics, criticism," she told Irwin. "They may not have value for you, but they are not without value." Irwin dismissed her contention out of hand.

It wasn't until the early seventies that he began to entertain the possibility that the tradition of philosophical speculation might have any bearing on his own concerns. Once he got a glimpse of this possibility, however, he pursued it with single-minded enthusiasm. Descartes, Hegel, Kant, James, Merleau-Ponty—during the mid-seventies, whenever Irwin wasn't off responding to lecture invitations or contriving on-site installations, he was back at his home, in the Westwood area of Los Angeles, poring over works of philosophy and aesthetics. At the opening of one of his finest installations, a philosophy professor walked over to him and whispered, "This place is crawling with Wittgenstein." The next morning, Irwin was delving into the "Tractatus."

What first attracted Irwin to these thinkers was not so much the purport of their arguments as the scale of their ambition. "The idea of being reasonable!" I once heard him exclaim rhapsodically. "To me, that's the real jewel in the human crown. And part of being reasonable is being responsible. To tackle something mammoth and then to accomplish something of real consequence—that's the only thing that matters. Fame, money, position—none of that stuff comes near. And when I see someone make that kind of commitment, whether he succeeds or not, I'm touched. I'm touched by somebody who really puts it on the line in terms of making that kind of contribution and assuming that kind of responsibility. When I first read Hegel, that was my first take on the thing. I was really touched by the aspiration—*sentimentally touched* by the fact that somebody would aspire to something so huge. Or like Kant—I mean, what a spectacular effort!"

The ambition lured him, the rea-

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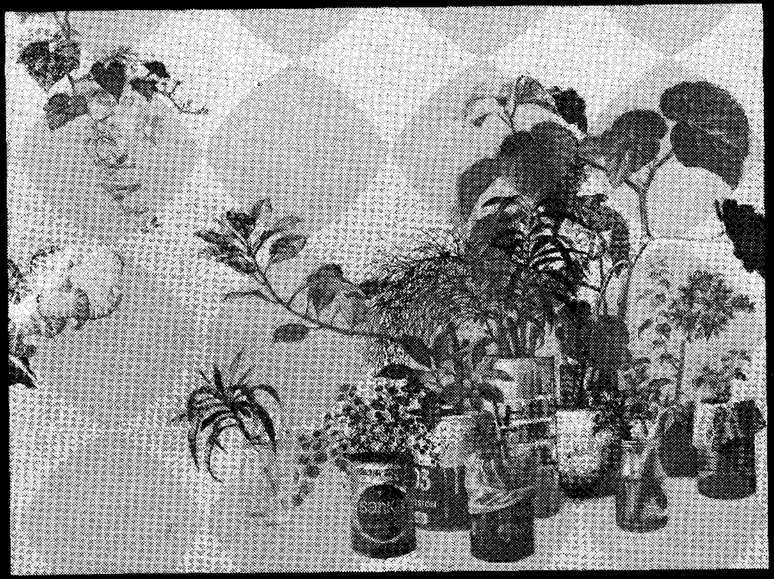

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soning held him. He became increasingly rapt. For months at a time, he abandoned his artistic interactions altogether. He read with heartrending deliberation: five, six, eight hours a day; two, three pages. He stubbornly puzzled over each turn of phrase, never giving an inch, evaluating each move as if it were part of a poker game. "I'm not going to let him get away with that!" he crowed to me one afternoon, catching Wittgenstein in an apparent inconsistency. "No way. This guy's really crafty—you gotta be careful." Next to the volume he was reading he kept a notebook; in his right hand he clutched two felt-tip pens—a green and a red. The green was for recording what the philosopher said, the red for his own comments—often, for his refutations. Husserl, Wittgenstein, Sartre, Schutz . . . It was not an elegant dialogue. The style of discourse was utterly foreign to Irwin, and his steps were often clumsy, lurching, leaden. He mistook passages, shaved nuances, mauled subtleties. But his understanding of the philosophers progressively improved, and in the process his own *thinking* was being honed. To Irwin, grappling with these books wasn't so much an occasion for the correct elucidation of the course of Western philosophy as an adjunct to the continued refining of his own inquiry. In this context, it didn't matter that he continually called positivists and behaviorists "structuralists" or referred to Maurice Merleau-Ponty as "Ponty." What mattered was how he distilled a particular tenor of thinking into his own.

Fired by his reading, Irwin began to try to articulate his concerns through writing of his own. The texts that resulted, notably the intricate "Notes Toward a Model," which he offered as the core of the catalogue for a retrospective show of his works at the Whitney Museum in 1977, were often as dense and turgid as his talk could be swift and clear. Irwin's prose is occasionally brightened by aphoristic insight (e.g., "Human beings living in and through structures become structures living in and through human beings"), but more often the writing plods along laboriously. Formulas are offered, then modified, confounded, convoluted. Irwin is not easy to read, whereas he's a delight to listen to. One explanation for this contrast may lie in the character of Irwin's presence in the two situations. When he speaks, he speaks in response to a particular audi-

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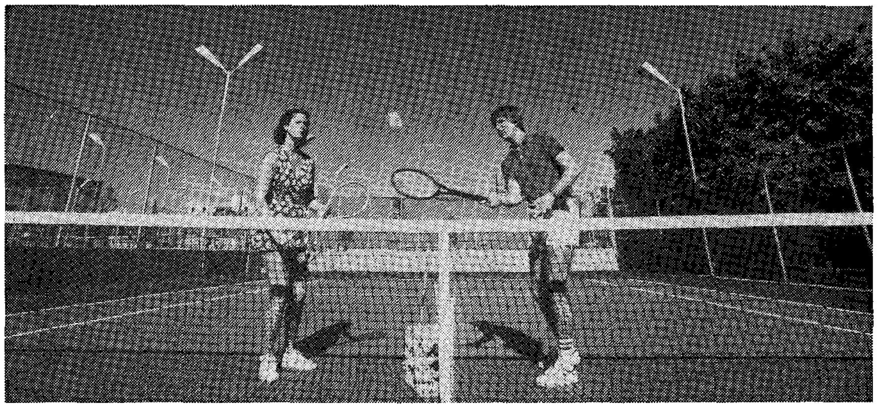

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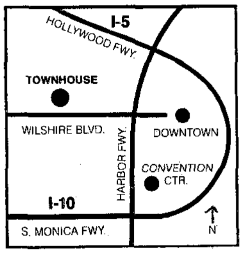

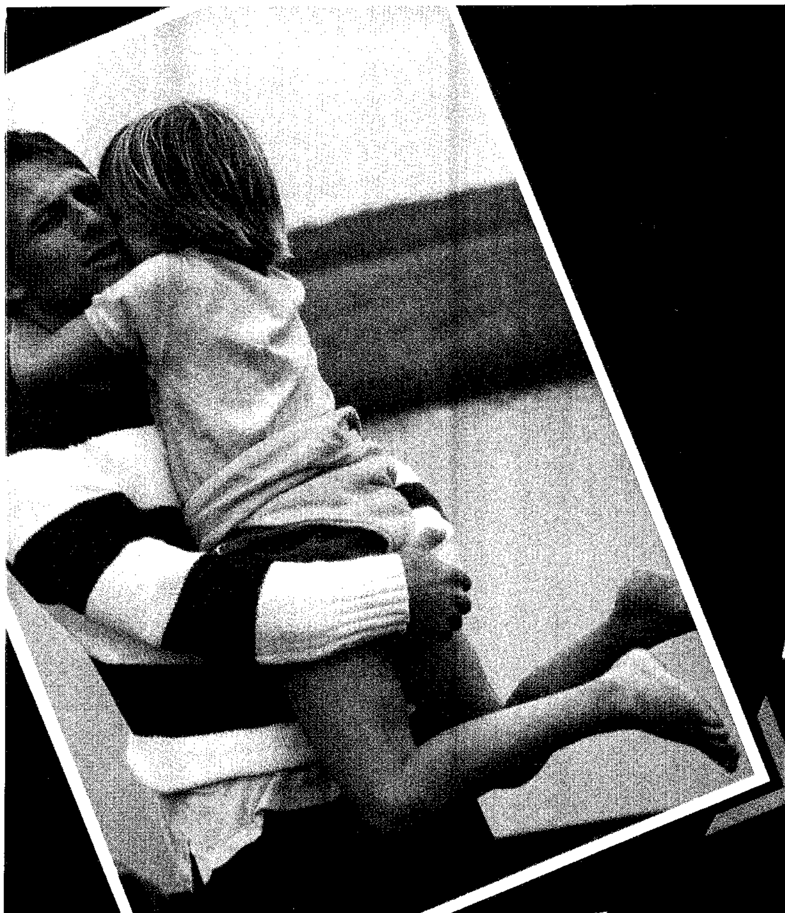

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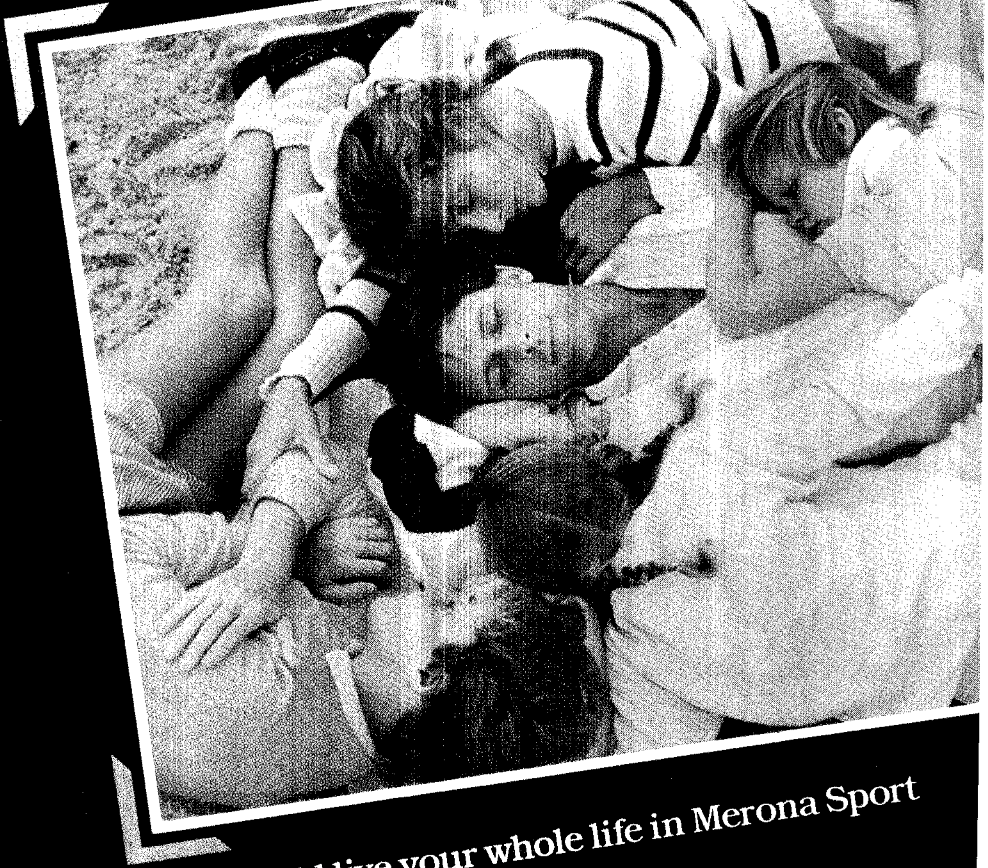

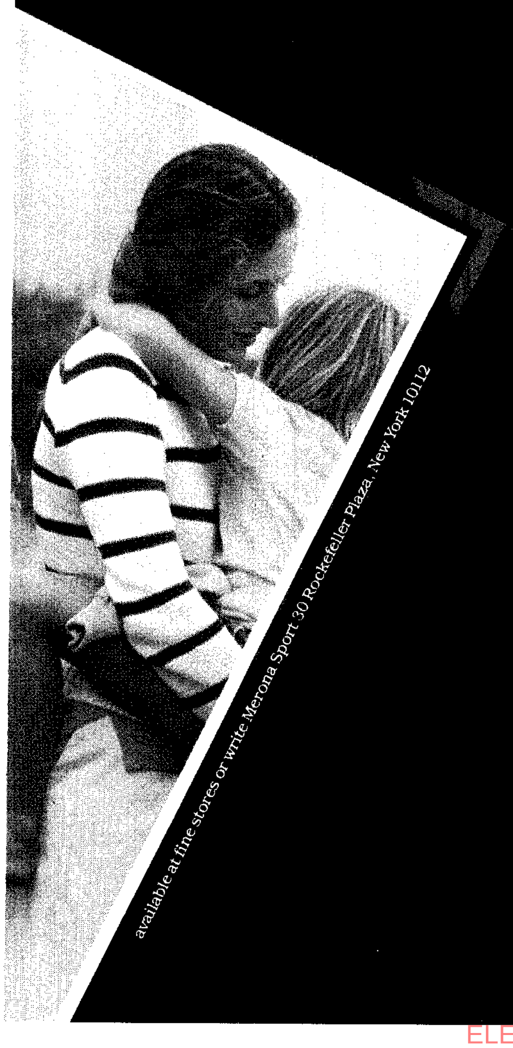

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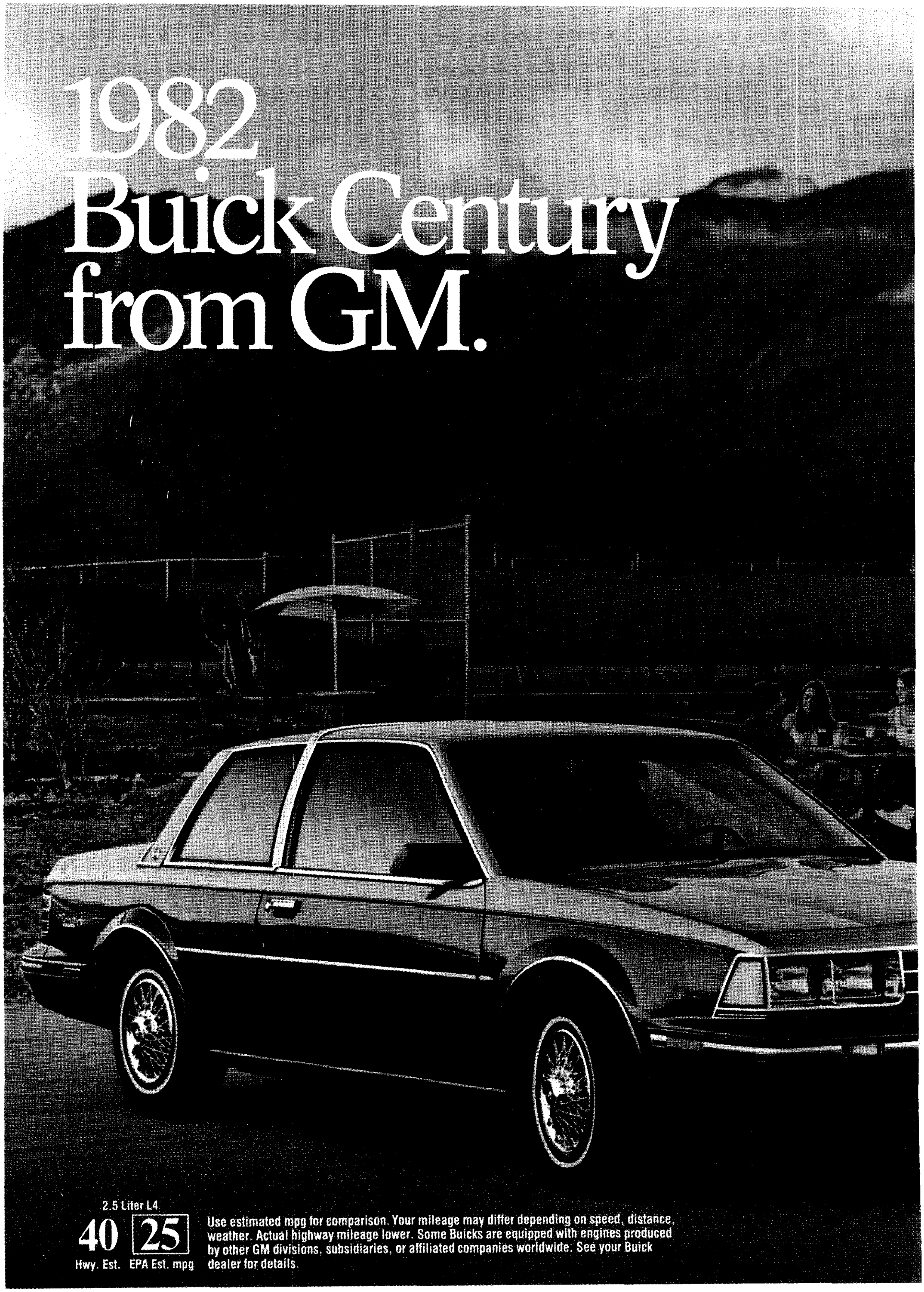
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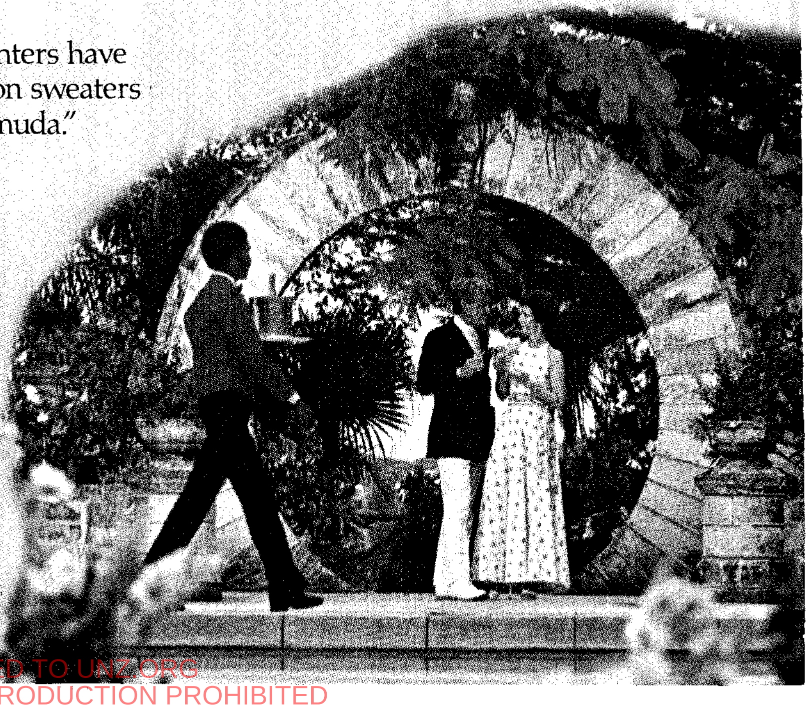

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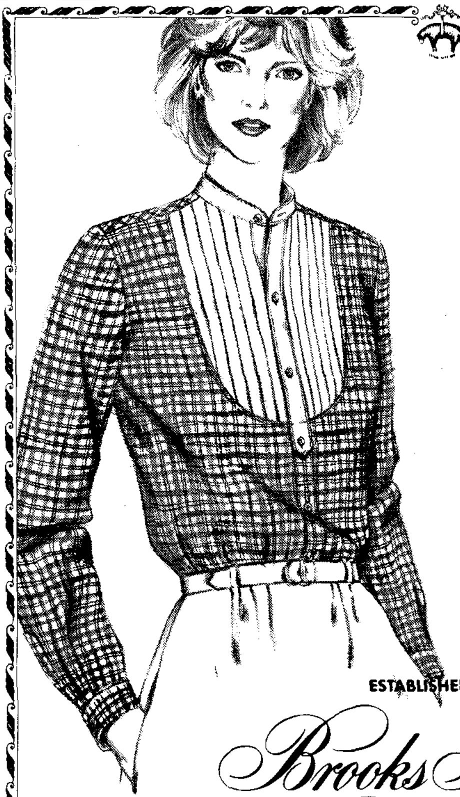
ence, within a specific context. When he writes, he must avail himself of an utterly anonymous medium. He earnestly buttresses every assertion with anticipations of every conceivable response. His sentences clot. Addressed to no one in particular, his language tends to become disembodied. His passionate defense of the experiential sags under the weight of an intellectualizing style—something that seldom happens with his speech.

Problems of style notwithstanding, it was during this period of intensive reading and writing that Irwin began to frame an intellectual superstructure for the argument he had heretofore pursued by purely intuitive means. The most fundamental assertion remained that of the primacy of perception. Irwin has become increasingly convinced that perception precedes conception—that every thought or idea arises within the context of an infinite field of perceptual presence, which it thereupon rushes to delimit. To phrase it somewhat more technically, Irwin feels that prior to the Cartesian "*cogito*" there is, as it were, a "*precogito*," which is the originary, *pre*mediated perceptual field, and that all thinking lays designs across this field. Irwin's perplexing challenge to us is that we think about that endless moment of precognitive perception.

Irwin's most sustained theoretical exposition to date of the foundations for this contention comes in a portion of his Whitney essay which he entitled "The Process of a Compounded Abstraction." Over five difficult pages, Irwin traces a sixfold progression from "perception," through "conception," "form," "formful," and "formal," to "formalism." The text requires extraordinarily careful reading—and conversations with Irwin himself are immensely useful in helping to elucidate its meaning—but the six stages can be summarized as follows: Irwin defines "perception" as the individual's "direct interface with the phenomenally given." He is speaking here of the overbrimming synesthesia of undifferentiated sensations—they are not even defined yet as sounds versus colors, and so forth: they exist as the plenum of experience. With the next stage, "conception," the individual (who now, for the first time, arises as a being differentiated from his surroundings, a "*cogito*," an "I") isolates, through the operations of his mind, zones of focus—this splash, that tree, that horizon, this car, and so forth. And yet at this stage these



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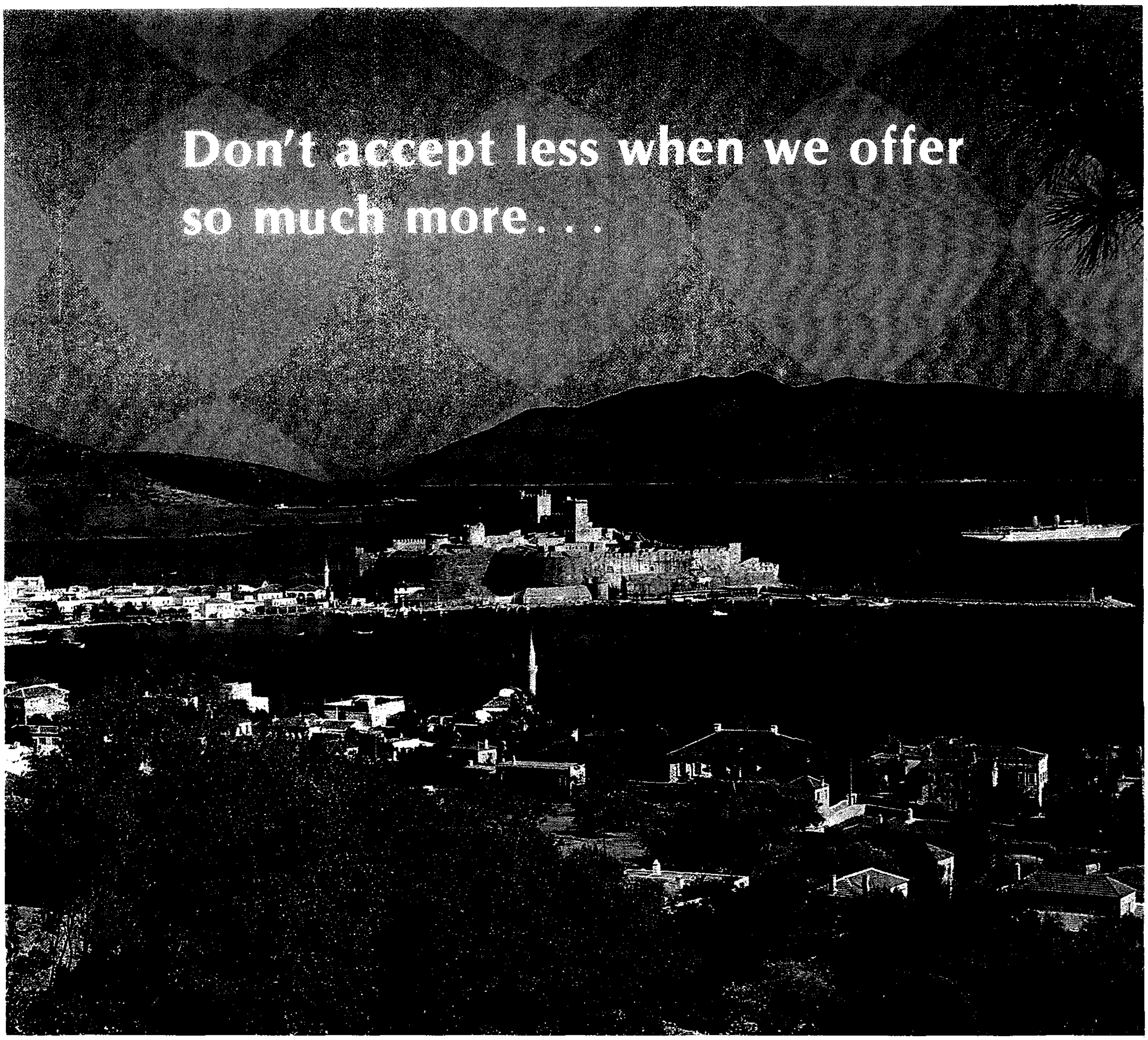
zones, though isolated, remain unnamed. Naming comes at the next stage, "form," in which that tree becomes "that tree." With naming, and the myriad parallel operations, it is possible for individuals to communicate with each other; community comes into being. At Irwin's next stage, "formful," the named things begin to be deployed through relational patterns—day and night, hot and cool, loud and soft, and so forth. At the next stage, "formal," the patterns become standardized into the more efficient deployments of social usage—clock time, calendars, color wheels, temperature readings, and so forth. At the final stage, "formalism," it is these standardized measures which, according to Irwin, begin to dictate our behavior—a behavior that has now become utterly estranged from direct perceptual experience, as we shuttle ourselves through a world of nine-to-five jobs, daylight-saving time, thermostatic controls, and so forth. This process of compounding abstraction is not so much a temporal progression as a phenomenological one. At any given moment, for any given individual, all six phases are operating simultaneously, and yet the earlier phases continue to exist prior to the later ones, in the sense that they ground them, they constitute the source from which the compounded stages emerge. In this sense, Irwin argues, perception is originary—the foundation of everything. And yet, like the bottommost stratum at an archeological dig, perception is the hardest to get to.

Irwin's theory of compounding abstraction is the basis of his entire aesthetics and accounts for the course his art has taken. In exploring the movement from an immediate perception of chaotic sensations through their conception and formation—for example, the conception of those sensations as a palisade at sunset—to their final, formalized characterization as this particular palisade at 7:52 P.M. Pacific Daylight Saving Time, Irwin sees a complete re-presentation of the whole at every stage. He further argues that "each new whole is *less* than the sum of its parts"—that what is perhaps gained in practical efficiency and social utility is lost in real information. Precisely because Irwin insists that each progressive abstraction from perception to formalized truth implies a loss rather than a gain, he sees his own progressive deletions of the formalized requirements of the art object as a gain



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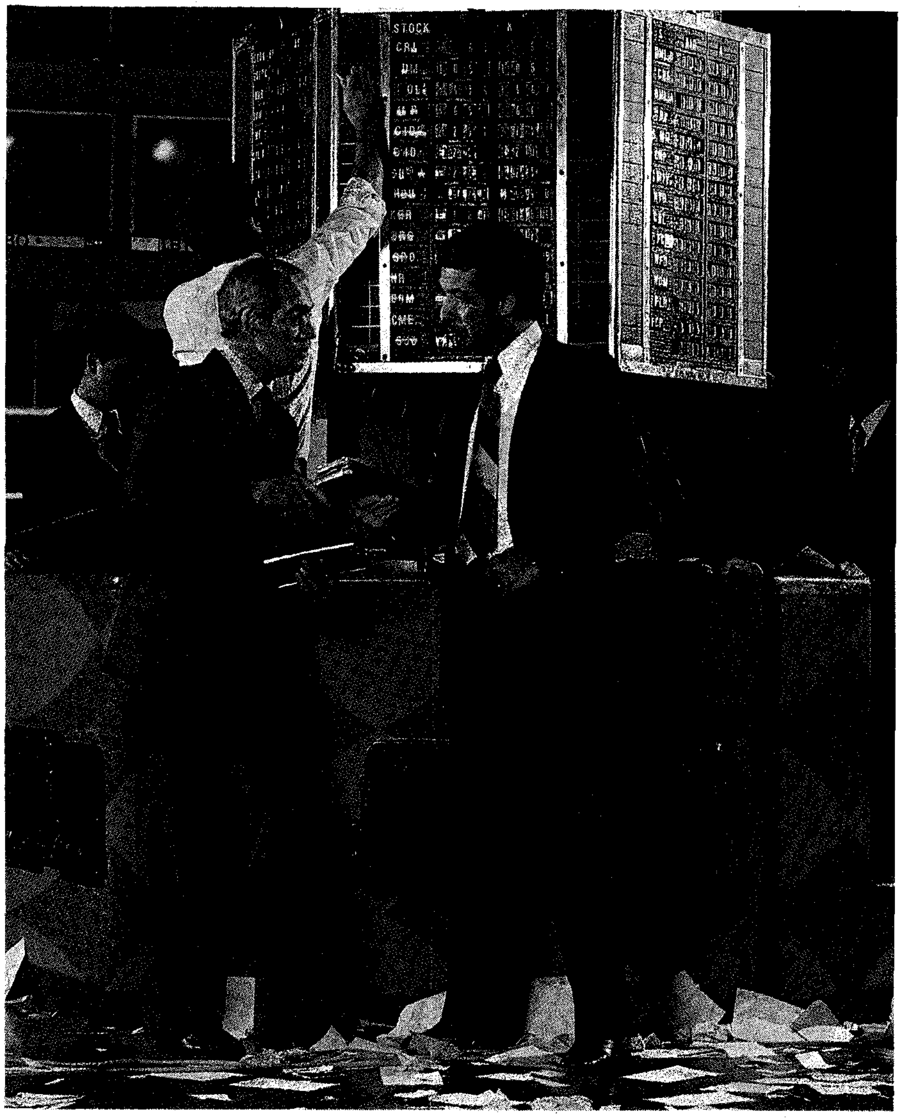
rather than a loss. With his retrospective at the Whitney, in 1977, Irwin was to take that progression in terms of his art just about to Point Zero—or, as he might have preferred to characterize it, to Point Infinity.

As the elevator doors eased open onto the vast, empty room on the fourth floor of the Whitney, you were immediately in the thick of it, the thin of it. For a fragile moment, all your expectations were suspended and the world itself seeped in. Already, as you walked out of the elevator, you were triangulating, calibrating, trying to take a fix, to mend the tear in the fabric of your mundane anticipations. But even as you were doing so you were newly aware of the way in which that's something you do all the time. Nor was the room all that easy to put back together again: the optics were slightly skewed, such that just as you began to figure out how the effect had been achieved your calculations were melting in the uncanny undertow of immediate perceptions. The only light was the natural light of day streaming in from a large, peculiar window over to the side and unfurling the length of a hauntingly sheer scrim piece that bisected the room longitudinally, suspended from the ceiling down to eye level. Also at eye level, a thin black line skirted the walls of the room, describing a huge rectangle and then flashing out along the base of the bisecting scrim. The pearlescent scrim was by turns utterly transparent and pristinely opaque—both, and then neither. As you walked around the space, under the scrim, into the corners, along the walls, the room itself seemed to hum. Things that had always been there—the even, modular hive of the ceiling, the dark rectangular grid of the floor—you noticed as if for the first time. There was a sense of great excitement in all of this, but at the same time an evenness, a lightness, almost a serenity.

Still, some people didn't get it at all. The elevator doors slid open; they peered out, stepped back in, pushed the button, and were gone. "When people walk into a gallery where I've installed some of the kinds of things I've been doing recently, a lot of them just say, 'Oh, it's an empty room,' " Irwin said to me over Cokes down in the Whitney's basement coffee shop the morning after the show opened. "The question then, of course, is 'Empty of what?' What they do is come into this room with expectations and deal with



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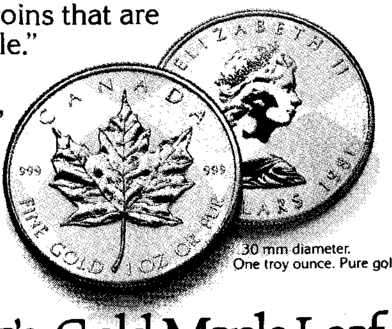

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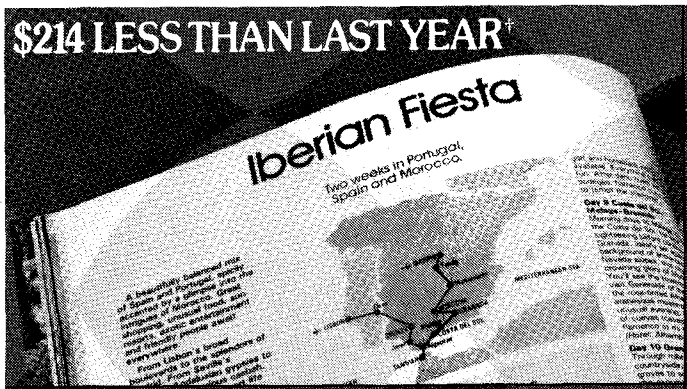
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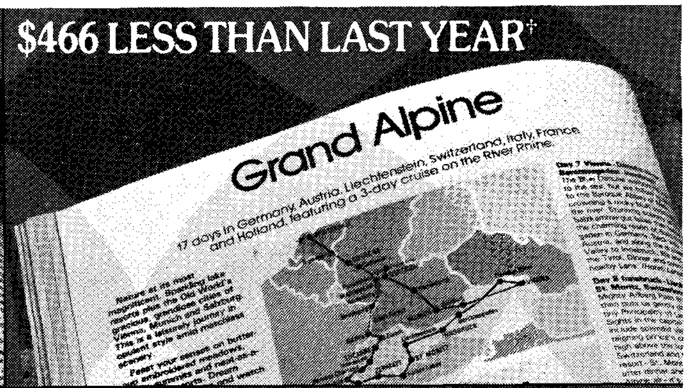
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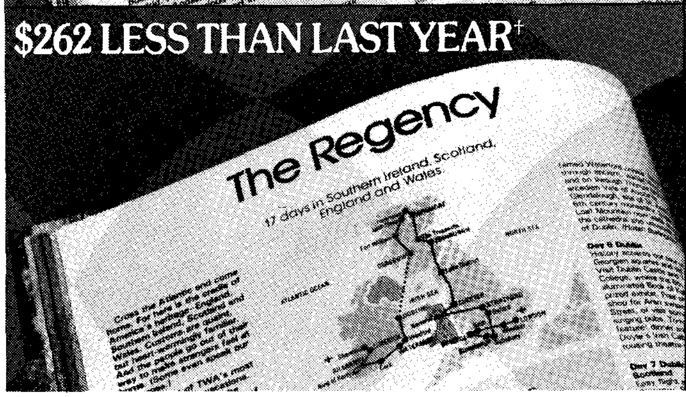
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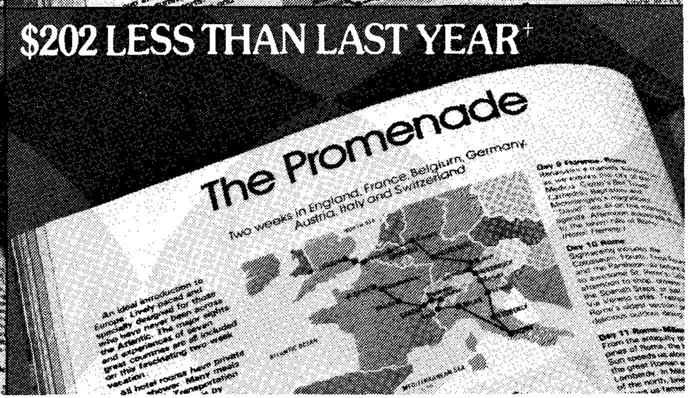
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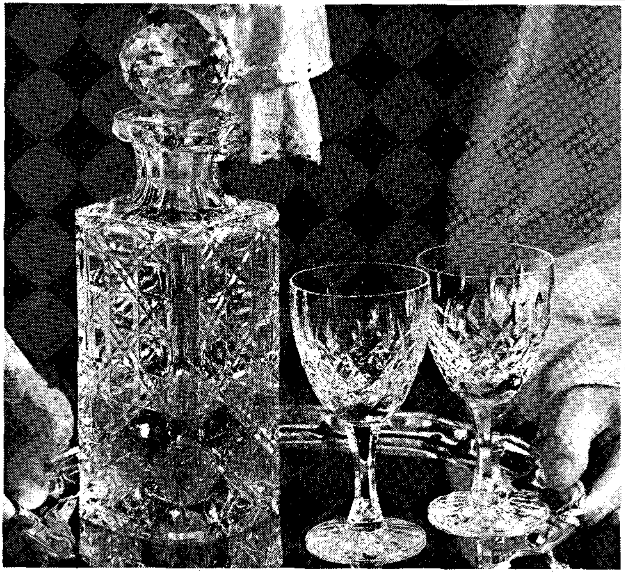

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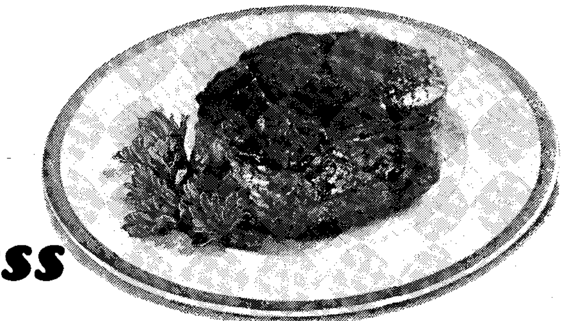

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whatever it is they think the room is supposed to be occupied by. What they are indicating by saying that it's an empty room is that all the things going on in that room—all that physicality in that room—somehow don't exist for them. For actually the room is not empty at all. On any kind of perceptual level, it's very complex. It's loaded with shapes, edges, corners, shadows, surfaces, textural changes. What I'm really trying to do with these things is draw people's attention to—my attention to—looking at and seeing all those things that have been going on all along but have previously been *too incidental or too meaningless* to really enter seriously into our visual structure, our picture of the world."

Many critics didn't get it at all, either. As had been the case with most of Irwin's work since he undertook his sequence of reductions, there was a tendency among many art cognoscenti to interpret the empty room as either a nihilistic Dadaist gesture or a whimsical Conceptual stunt. Hilton Kramer, in his somewhat high-strung review in the *Times*, blasted the Irwin show as a "repudiation" of art and life. And almost everyone who wasn't reacting to the room as a nihilist affront was mistaking it for the main effort of the project. (In a few cases, critics restricted their reviews entirely to an analysis and celebration of the room.)

For Irwin, however, the room on the fourth floor was intended as only one stage in a progression of aesthetic discovery. He hoped to transform the usual ritual of historical documentation into a fresh opportunity for aesthetic praxis. Over to one side, to be sure, there were the retrospective rooms (they were arrayed beyond the wall on the far side of the large scrim room), with representative offerings of Abstract Expressionist canvases, and early and late lines, dots, discs, and columns. From this progression, it was easy to see how he had arrived at the large empty space. "But that fourth-floor room, for me, is seven years ago," Irwin observed to me that morning. "That room is merely a recapitulation of the piece at the Modern. It's maybe a little better realized, because I've had more practice. And it sets up some interesting thematic parameters for the rest of the show. But the only thing I'm interested in *now* is the stuff it opens out onto."

Irwin's true aspiration for the Whitney project was laid out in one paragraph, which he placed innocuously on the ground-floor wall oppo-

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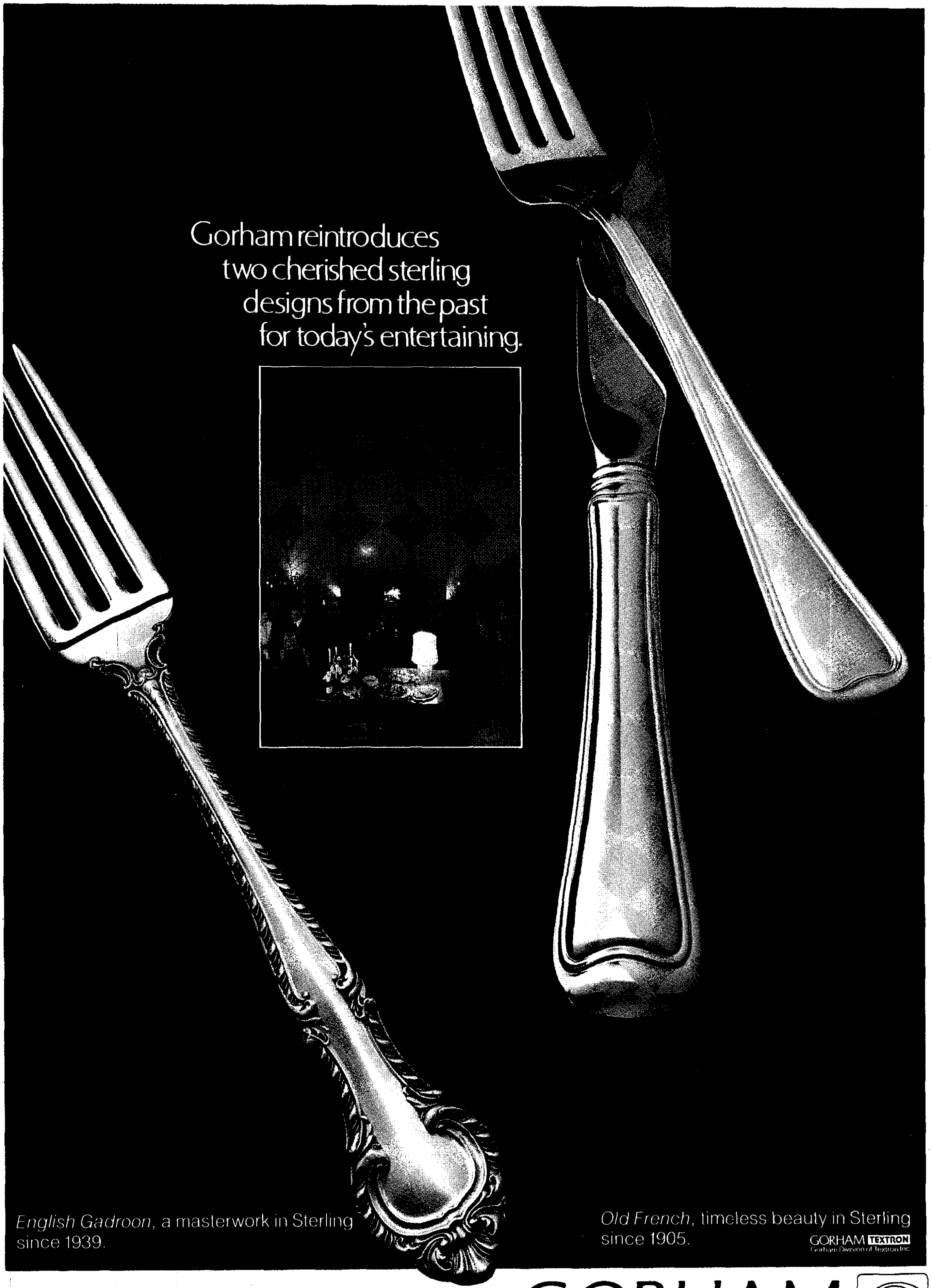

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site the elevator. (Most visitors noticed it, if at all, on their way out.)

New York Projections, this Whitney Museum project, is intended to act out (in on-site installations), illustrate (in aerial photographs of New York), and develop the argumentation (in the catalogue essay) for perception as the essential subject of art. Assuming that context is not only the bond of knowledge but the basis for perception/conception, this exhibition has been developed contextually. By holding the most essential contextual thread (those elements taken from perception and used in "art," i.e., line, shape, and color, etc.) and removing in turn each of the additional contextual threads (imagery, permanence, method, painting, sculpture, etc.) which have come to be thought of as usual in the recognition of what is art, we arrive at the essential subject of art. In effect, this is accomplished by a principal change in the relationships of the indicator (object of art) and what it is that is indicated (subject of art), from their acting as one in the object to their being one in the aesthetic perception of the observer/individual.

The Whitney show invited the viewer to recapitulate the process—the progressive removal of contextual threads—that had brought Irwin to his current phase, and then encouraged that viewer to join the artist in taking the progression on to its next stage. For years, Irwin had harbored doubts about the compromise of working in museums, because, in effect, all that happened in such situations was an expansion of the frame—from the canvas to the entire room, or even the entire museum—without a truly fundamental suspension of the posture of focus or frame itself.

Therefore, by 1977—and at the Whitney especially—Irwin was using his museum pieces to raise questions that were then aimed at the surrounding world into which the major work had already broken out. Seen in this light, the large empty room at the Whitney, far from claiming center stage in Irwin's project, seemed almost to cancel itself out in the transcending movement of his aesthetic intent. Impressive as it was to some viewers, his Whitney installation was intended primarily to function as a catalyst. The great floating rectangle and the way it brought out the modulation of the ceiling and the reticulation of the floor established the predominant theme of the *grid;* and just as many museum visitors experienced, as if for the first time, the hegemony of right angles within the room, so they were now invited to translate this reclaimed vision out into a city where the grid of clean horizontals and verticals is so pervasive as to have become almost invisible. The room seduced the sym-

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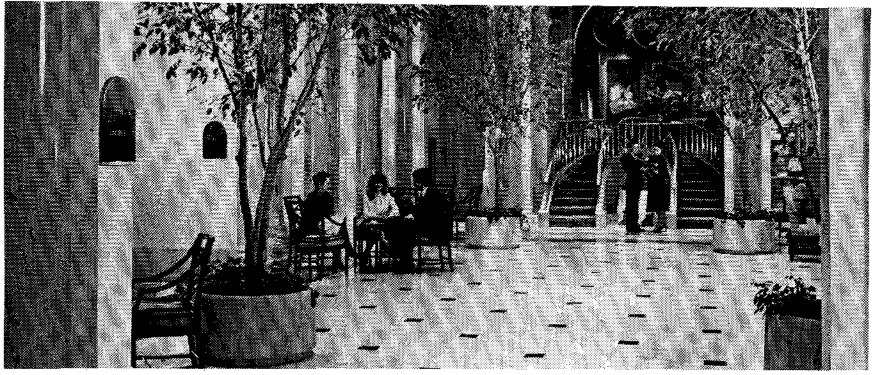

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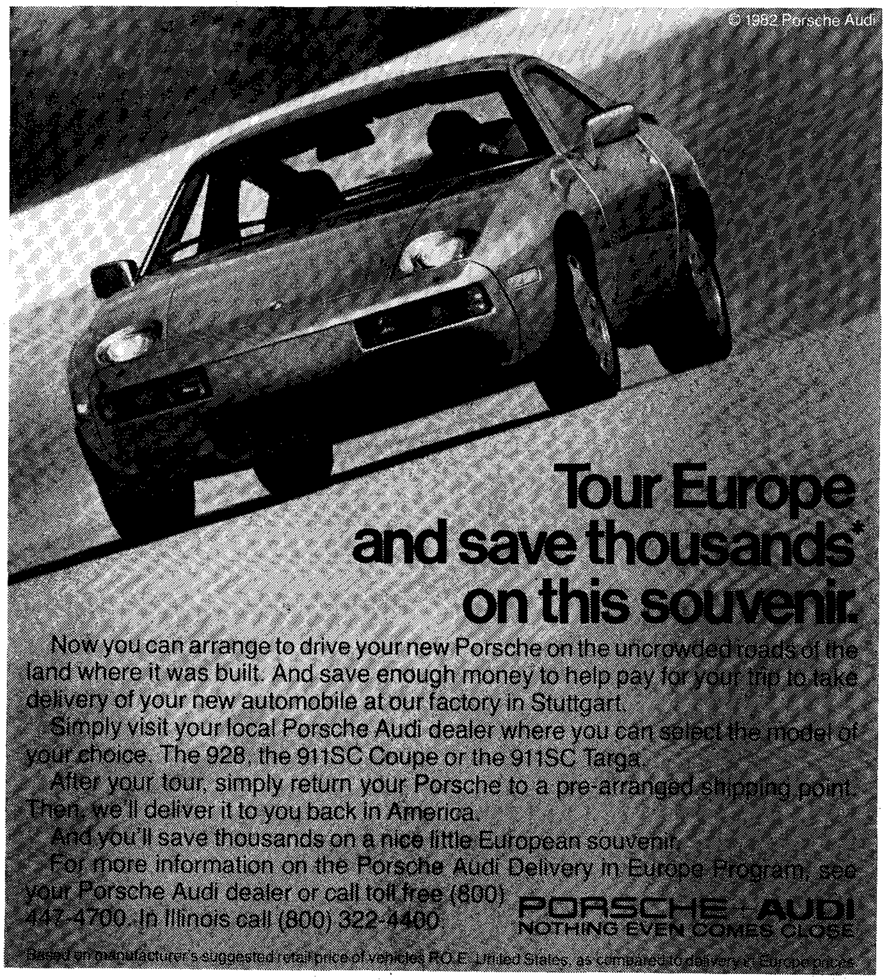

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pathetic observer into a certain attitude of perception, a heightened attention, and this heightened vision was available for transposition into the world. To someone walking out of the museum onto Madison Avenue, Sotheby Parke Bernet, diagonally across the street, looked entirely different from the way it had before; both it and the look had been reclaimed.

This movement outside was not just implicit, however; Irwin himself led the way, with two on-site installations in the city and a sequence of highly suggestive aerial photographs of Manhattan Island. Once again, the two on-site installations were interesting not so much for themselves as because they were penultimate steps in a line of aesthetic argumentation. This fact was made especially clear in a sequence of unfolding images displayed on successive pages in the catalogue of the show. The photograph of Irwin's "Black Plane, Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street" (Irwin had black paint spread over the entire square defined by the crosswalks at that intersection) is immediately followed by an extraordinary aerial shot titled "Black Planes—Shadows, Park Avenue" (Park Avenue is revealed as a succession of black building shadows interslit by thin strips of canyon light). The photograph of the "Line Rectangle, World Trade Center" (a ground view looking up at a rope rectangle Irwin had provided to define the space between two low buildings with the sleek twin towers bracketed beyond them) was followed by an aerial photograph of "Rectangle—Mercury-Vapor Lamps, Central Park" (an image of the vast luminous rectangle of street lamps bordering the park at night). It was as if Irwin were saying, "I can paint this square here at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, and doing so creates a remarkable perceptual space, but why bother? There are hundreds of shadow squares just as remarkable. The point is to attend to *them*."

And that, of course, was just about as far as you could go along that particular line of aesthetic inquiry, for it implied not only the dematerialization of the art object but the virtual evaporation of the artist's role qua artist. And Irwin was willing to say as much. Sitting there in the Whitney's coffee shop, he pointed through the glass wall up at the play of shadows on a façade across the street, and said, "That the light strikes a certain wall at a particular time of day in a particular way, and it's beautiful—that, as far

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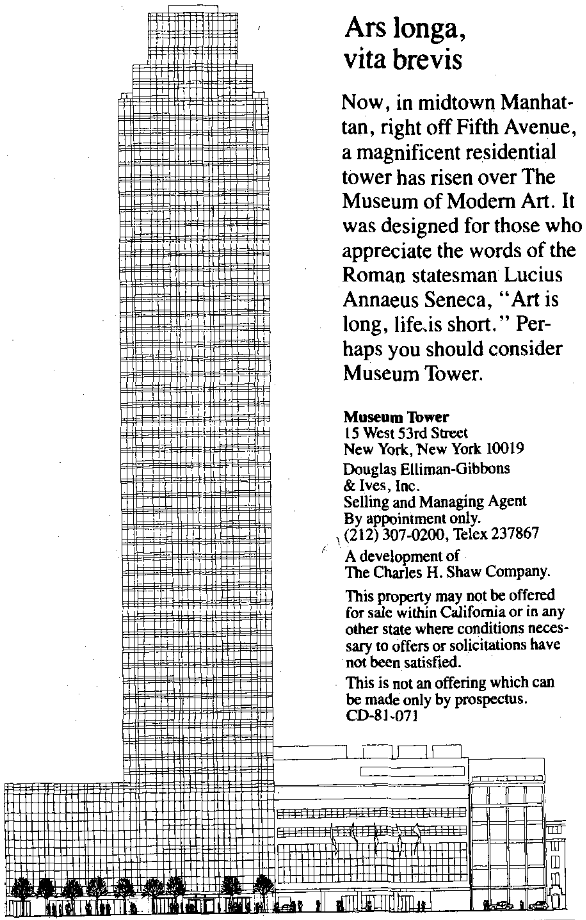

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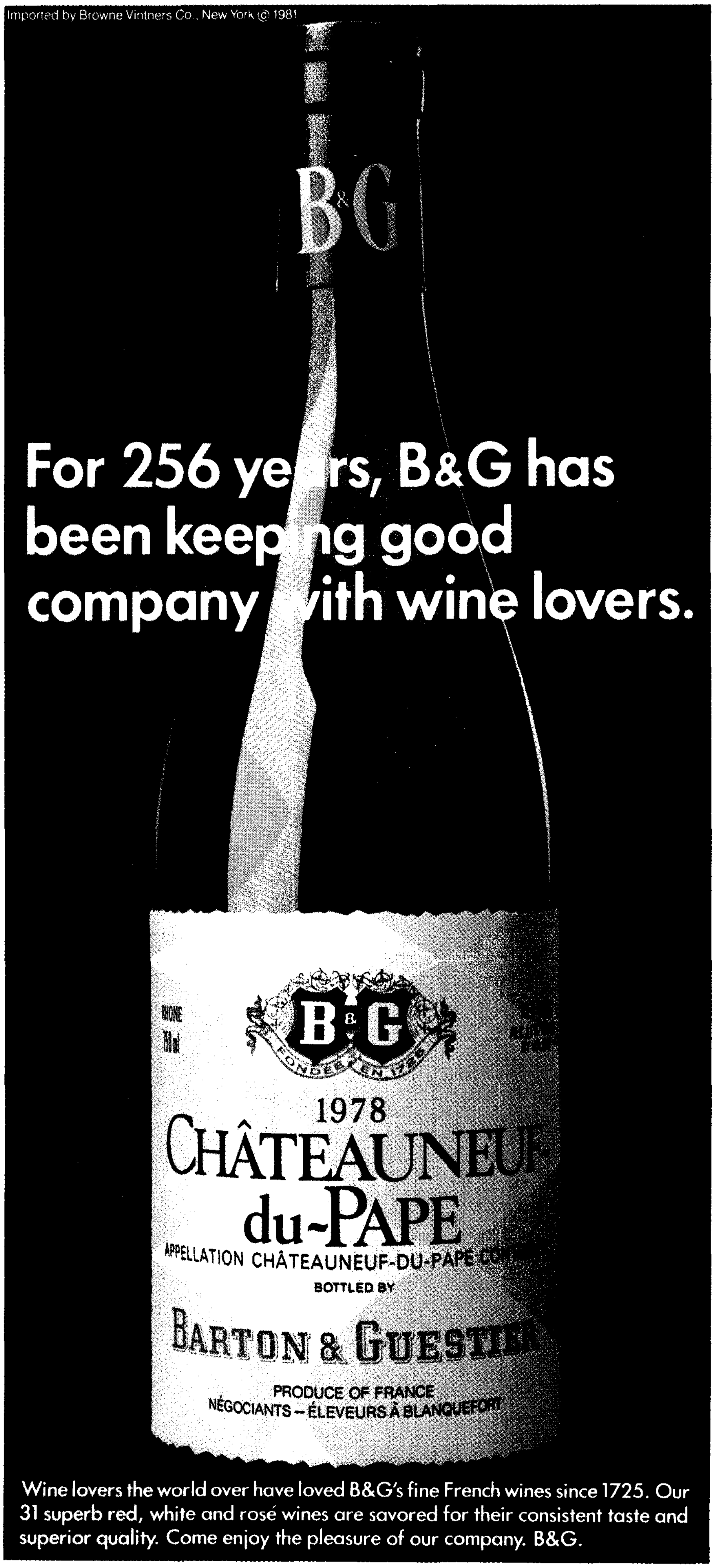
as I'm concerned, now fits all my criteria for art." At the terminus of Irwin's itinerary, when all the inessentials had been stripped away, came the assertion that aesthetic perception itself was the pure subject of art. Art existed not in objects but in a way of seeing. And that, for a man who had spent twenty-five years as a practicing artist, had some fairly profound implications. A few months before the Whitney show, Irwin described his situation in terms of a tense, if coy, analogy. "It's like I'm on the trapeze now, and I'm swinging in the dark. Everything feels correct, and I'm telling myself that at the top of my swing, if I let go and reach out, there'll be another rung out there, and I'll just swing off onto that one. But only a fool lets go and reaches out until he has somehow thoroughly weighed the consequences of letting go."

A few days after the Whitney show had opened, Irwin, back in Los Angeles, seemed satisfied with the weighing. He seemed entirely at ease, mildly curious about what would come next, but content with the possibility that he might have just staged his last gesture as an artist. "The issue of my possibly no longer being involved in the art world is not really a complicated one for me," he said. "I don't like the art world very much anymore. It's not what I thought it was; it's not nearly as interesting as I thought. I'm not faulting anyone or anything. It's just how I've come to feel. I don't know exactly what else I would do at this point, but I'm not wedded to that world at all anymore." In the course of our conversation, I asked Irwin why, given all of that, he'd gone to so much trouble in preparing and realizing his Whitney project, and he smiled as he replied, "Let's just say that that show provided me with an opportunity to mark an X at the point where I jumped off."

THREE years after the Whitney show, Irwin and I were talking in his study, in Westwood. His worktable was overflowing with architectural plans, aerial photographs, topographical maps. Mailing rolls were arrayed along the back wall, prepared for dispatch to places like Dallas, Columbus, Berkeley, Lake Placid, Cincinnati, New York, and Seattle. Irwin was in town for only a few days; then he would be off to survey a new site in Houston. Our conversation was interrupted by calls from Washington and San Francisco. Over the past six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months, he had submitted proposals for large, permanent on-site installations at more than a dozen locations, and they were easily the most ambitious undertakings of his career. I asked him, "What happened? I thought you'd been fixing to jump off the ledge."

"Hah!" He laughed. "Let's just say I hit an outcropping about ten feet down." He was palpably pleased with the image. "It was great—really dramatic and everything. I looked good going over the edge, looked good to everybody behind me, but I hit this rock ledge about ten feet down, and all that happened was I scratched myself up a little."

The question about his almost frenzied activity was a serious one, however, and it was one Irwin had been thinking about a good deal lately. In trying to account for the transformation, he recalled the example of Marcel Duchamp. (Duchamp "bluntly illustrated that any object could be art, if so called," Roberta Smith had written in 1976. "Irwin's work has suggested, with increasing insistence, that any situation is art, if so *experienced*.") "When Duchamp reached a certain point," Irwin said, "he just stopped, and theoretically everybody had a sense of Duchamp's having stopped. In one sense, we two were very similar at that point. Of course, as we now know, Duchamp didn't stop. He couldn't. He continued doing things in his closet, right up to the very end. But even if you take Duchamp's cessation seriously there are other possibilities at that point. And one of them is that that thrust, that progression, is something that, like a wave, comes again and again and again. You step back and you start over and you do it another way, taking it down to the same point and then repeating. And each time it's articulated it becomes more visible.

"After the Whitney, I might have just disappeared, and, in a way, that would have been nice. But, as it turned out, I couldn't. And maybe it's for the same reason I've never been comfortable with the argument from certain spiritual quarters about enlightenment. I don't doubt that those Zen people and the Krishnas and all the rest of them attain an altered state of consciousness—that they are in a different place, and, in a sense, a nicer place. But this is not an enlightened world. And the world always draws you back. The fact that I can go off and stand there by myself just thinking for

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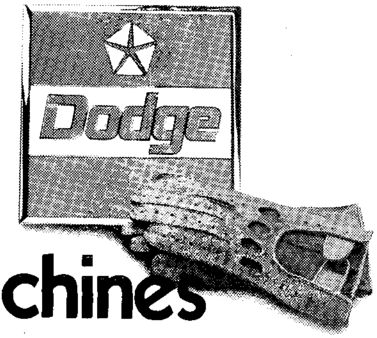

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two hours or two days or two months doesn't negate the fact that in two minutes I'm going to have to drive a car, listen to the news, buy a Coke—and every one of those things draws me back into the world. There's a tendency to think that the ordinary has been weighted down by all the biases that ensnare it—but in another sense it was never part of those biases. The presence of something, anything, everything, is untainted. The ordinary, could we but see it, is just as extraordinary as the highest consciousness imaginable. And, in a way, the Whitney, far from launching my disappearance, poured me back *into* the world. It gave me more work than ever."

For about nine months after the Whitney show, Irwin continued to entertain the possibility of performing no further art activities. He returned to his books—Wittgenstein, Kant, and, for the first time, Plato—and he tried to elaborate on the writing in his catalogue essay. "But somehow there wasn't the urgency," he said. "I was having ideas, but there wasn't the BANG—where they just have to be expressed. The past few years have been a take-in time for me. Even though all these things I'm doing appear to be outgoing, they're really just allowing me to participate in the world and to take things in. Maybe later on they'll jell into some writing or some philosophical model-building, but not now." Irwin paused, considered his formulation. "Actually," he resumed, "to tell you the truth, I don't have the slightest idea why I'm doing these things now. I'm doing them because right now they seem like the right thing for me to be doing."

All through the months after the Whitney, Irwin continued to receive invitations to examine sites and propose installations. After a fallow period, he simply started accepting them again. Basically, Irwin's renewed activities took up where the Whitney had left off: outside. Irwin would be invited to visit a site where a certain amount of money had been set aside for a piece of public sculpture. For example, the city fathers in Cincinnati opened a competition for a piece of commemorative sculpture in a park along the Ohio River waterfront. What they apparently had in mind was a bronze grouping of some pioneer family gazing out west. Irwin visited the park. "And it's an interesting place," he told me. "Within a half mile or so, four bridges span the river—one's yellow, another's blue. And I just suggested that we arch a thin—say, three-foot—bright-red arch out over the water, eight hundred to a thousand feet, soaring low in a gentle curve, and anchoring down into the shore on the other side. Nothing else—just this arc. I mean, that'd be real clean and entertaining."

For Fort Worth's Trinity River Park, Irwin proposed another river project. There a sequence of parallel freeway bridges similarly span the river, which in this case is negotiating a soft, lazy S-curve. Irwin suggested a piece that would be visible principally to the people in the cars crossing the bridges, and then only peripherally so. As he conceived it, at a point along one shore near one of the bridges, a thin gleaming aluminum bar would rise about a hundred feet straight into the air. A few dozen yards downshore, a similar bar would rise, but flexed slightly toward the middle of the river, held taut by an invisible guy wire. Farther still, another bar would rise, curved even more. And so forth, until one bar arched clear across the river and tapped the other shore. On that shore, another sequence of bars, continuing downstream, would reverse the progression, ending up with a straight, gleaming vertical. Drivers speeding across the bridges would be only momentarily aware of a peripheral snap, at the edge of their consciousness—almost like a cartoon of a pole vaulting across a river. Once aware, they might try to focus on it, but the experience would already be past. What would be left, Irwin hoped, would be that shiver of perception perceiving itself.

For a snowbound slope at the Winter Olympics in Lake Placid, Irwin proposed a tumble of large, rectangular glass panes—six by eight feet—each plate cemented to the ground at one corner and seeming to fall forward toward the next, which it overlapped. For downtown Los Angeles, Irwin proposed seeding all the vacant lots in a ten-square-block area of partial redevelopment with a deliriously colorful array of wild flowers. For the surface of a claustrophobic Seattle square, an awkward space surrounded by tall municipal buildings, Irwin proposed a maze of raised, circular grass troughs.

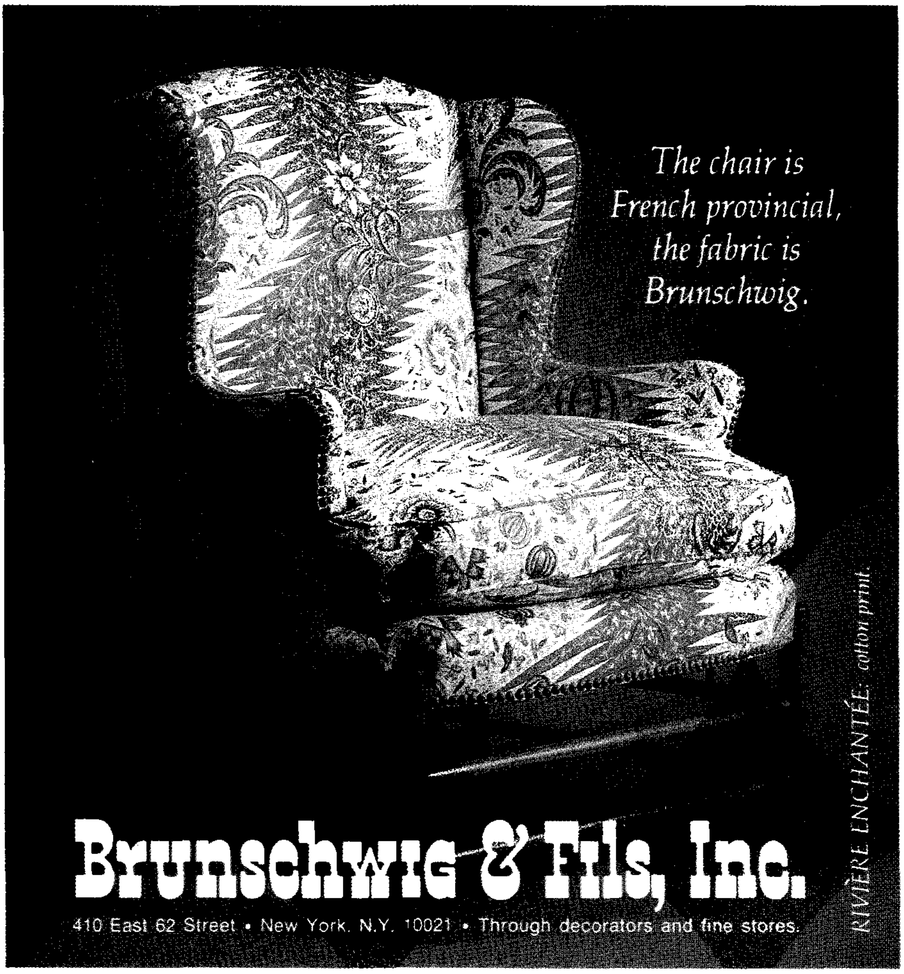
For a gently sloping, tree-lush, leaf-filtered dell, on the shores of Lake

Waban, at the Wellesley College campus, in Massachusetts, Irwin proposed a hundred-and-twenty-foot-long, two-foot-high, half-inch-thick stainless-steel screen, polished with abstract sworls à la David Smith and intercut with lyrical leaf shapes à la Matisse. "That Wellesley site was so lovely and pastoral," Irwin explained after he returned. "It really didn't require anything additional from me. All I was trying to do with my gesture, in the most subliminal fashion I could manage—and thanks to the reflectivity of the steel and the shimmer of the lake beyond it, the screen often did seem to just disappear—was to in a sense underline the beauty and perceptual vitality of the site as it already existed."

For all of Irwin's travels and planning, however, at the decade's end only a small number of his large-scale proposals were actually being realized. Of the proposals I've described so far, for example, only the Lake Placid and Wellesley pieces were ever undertaken. Not that Irwin particularly minded: as far as he was concerned, realization was a completely incidental adjunct to conception. "I have all my fun just going to the place, sitting there, taking a fix, and coming up with my response," he insists. "It doesn't matter if the pieces actually get made. In fact, realization usually seems to hinge on somewhat capricious factors."

In Dallas, to cite one example of this kind of capriciousness, Irwin was once invited to submit a proposal for a small circular park between a freeway and a new hotel development. He went, surveyed the site, came home, worked up his proposal, and returned to Texas with his presentation, only to discover that the government agency that had solicited the proposal had no authority in the matter—that the park was essentially the domain of the hotel's two developers.

"And one of the developers already knew what he wanted," Irwin told me the day he got back from his second visit. "He's been sponsoring this artist who is off in Spain right now hacking up horses to learn about their anatomy, because he wants him to do a sculpture of a mustang. To this guy, Mustangs . . . Are . . . Texas. Right? And he's already got his artist. So along comes me, this guy from California who's suddenly been thrown in bed with the two of them—not because they want me but because of some complication with federal financing—and they're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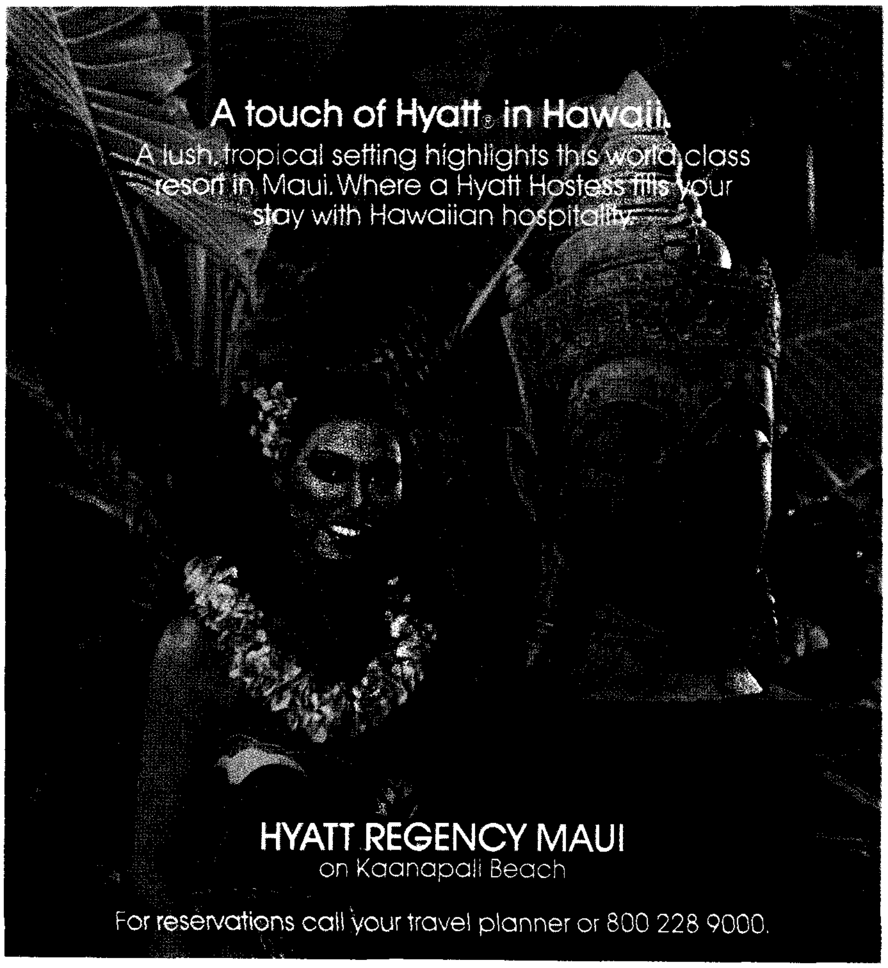
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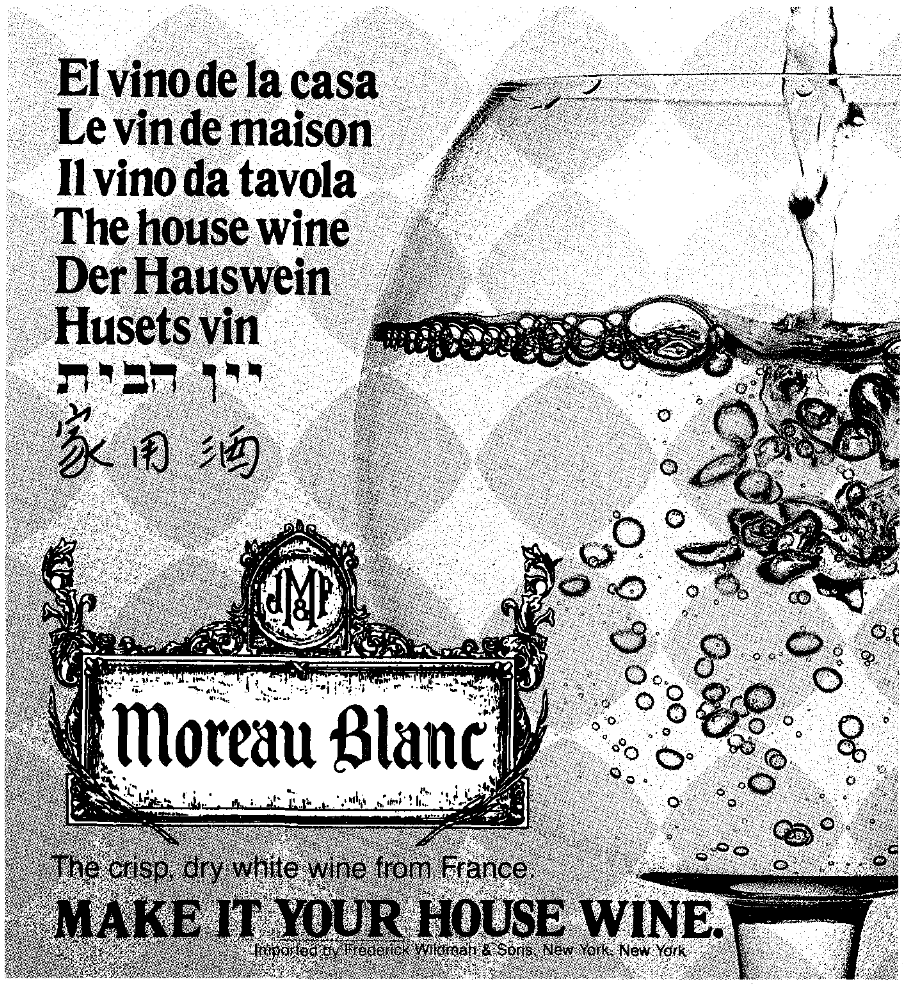
going to have to at least listen. I walk into the room, and these guys are just businessmen, and they don't give a damn about art, for two reasons: they don't know art, and, furthermore, this is business and has nothing to do with art. They're building a hotel, and they need a park between the hotel and the freeway, and the park needs a sculpture. I walk in the room, and they've already made up their minds. They're going to give me a little time, because they're stuck with me—they've got no alternative—but it shouldn't take more than ten minutes."

Irwin quickly spread out his maps, drawings, and clay models on the table in front of the two businessmen. Basically, he was proposing that a thin, level screen of Corten steel slice clear through the park, about eight feet high (although the rising and falling slopes in the park would cause the actual height of the screen to vary relative to the ground), interslit at a few points by walkways—a clean, simple gesture that would serve to heighten the dynamic surge of traffic and cross-purposes swirling around the park.

"The two developers looked at my model for about three minutes," Irwin said, "and then they said, 'Yeah, hey, that's all right. O.K., fine.' I couldn't believe it. I mean, to me it was simply an exercise. You show up because that's what you do. I no more thought they were going to go along with it than— I wouldn't have given you a nickel for a dollar. As far as I was concerned, it was off the boards in Vegas. But they just said, 'Yeah, O.K., that looks real interesting.' Somehow, they didn't have any trouble with it at all. Now, if I'd gone in there talking art, there would have been no way we could have made a connection. But I wasn't talking art. I was talking that particular little park, and somehow it all seemed O.K. to them."

Even so, Irwin's park screen almost ran aground of subsequent complications. One of the new realities with which his recent aesthetic confronts Irwin is the requirement that he intermesh his perceptual imagination with the pragmatic concerns of bureaucrats, contractors, architects, and engineers. In this case, the contractor who had been hired by the city and the business people to supervise erection of the park screen was apparently trying to defraud everybody of thousands of dollars. While the case snaked its way toward court, some of the Corten-steel sheets that had been piled at the site



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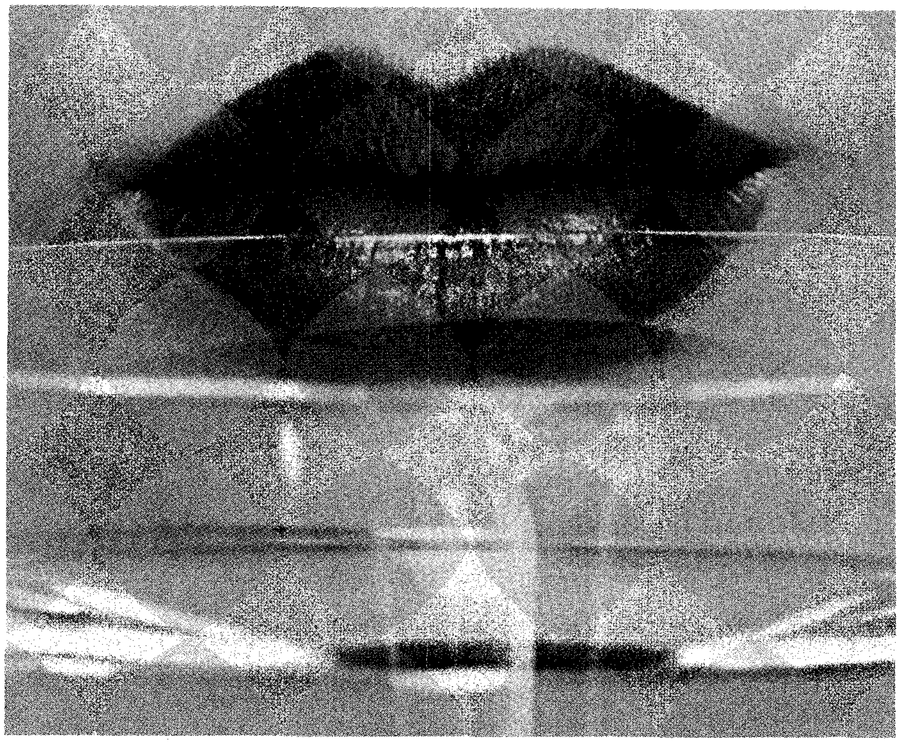

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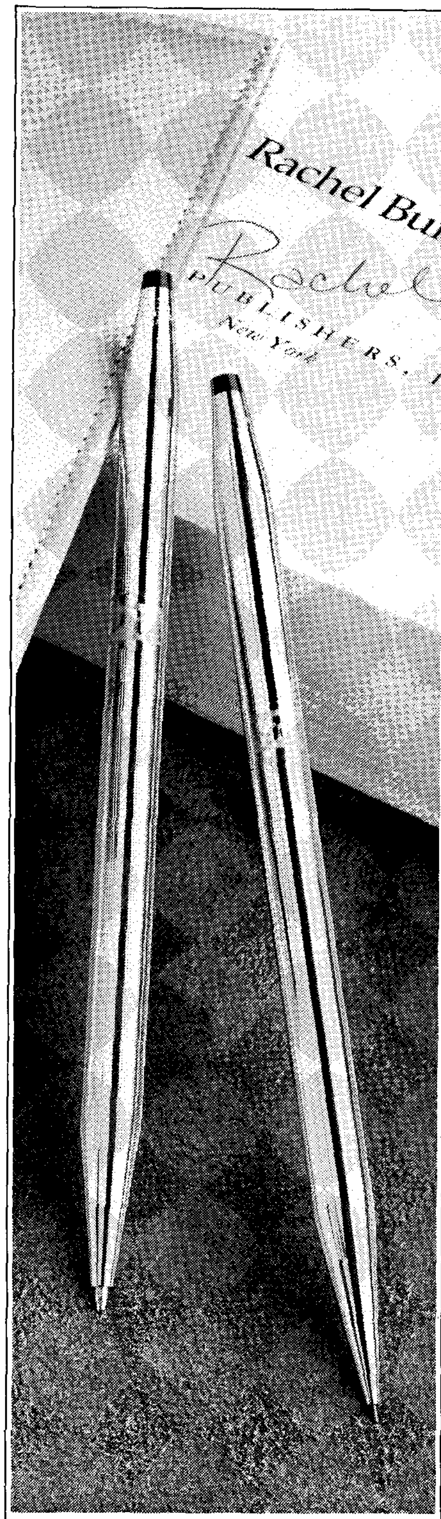

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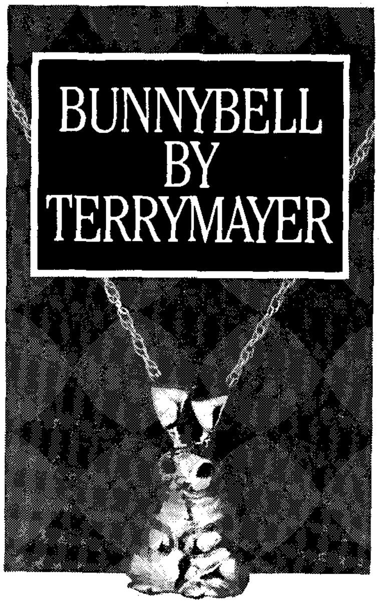
baked and warped in the glare of a Texas heat wave. There was a considerable delay, during which everything had to be started over as if from scratch, before the piece was finally completed. None of this, however, seemed to matter much to Irwin, who, undaunted, was soon back on the road, surveying sites and parcelling out his proposals.

Just recently, in New Orleans, the city fathers sponsored a competition for proposals on what to do with a large, flat, dilapidated triangular wedge of park in the middle of the town's civic center, surrounded by government buildings. They wanted something big, something with real snap, something that could serve as a civic symbol—something like the St. Louis Arch. Irwin came in with his biggest proposal yet, winning the competition but completely baffling the city leaders. Basically, he proposed a gently angled pyramid, rising above the entire triangular wedge and consisting of compacted, grass-covered earth toward the base and then close-knit nylon mesh for the upper two-thirds. The base would be landscaped with very formal, French-garden-style promenades. The pyramid would be hollow; inside, visitors would find a lush, tropical rain forest and an aviary populated by a dazzling array of birds: flamingos, parrots, hummingbirds, birds of paradise. A pedestrian skyway would vault out from the nearby Superdome, across parking lots and city streets, and angle gently downward, piercing City Hall itself at the level of the second floor (just to the side of the mayor's office, which would be visible through a window), emerging from the other side of the building, and continuing across the street and into the upper reaches of the aviary, where it would slowly descend to ground level at the far end of the pyramid. "Now, that," Irwin says, "would be *real* entertaining." The mayor, however, was not amused, and the proposal currently languishes.

Birds, glass panes, wild flowers, grass troughs, Corten-steel screens, aluminum bars . . . Occasionally, Irwin even returned to museum spaces. At one point, in the spring of 1979, following a particularly prolific period, he had four installations running simultaneously at four separate institutions across the country. He took special delight in the conspicuous variety of the media he had deployed. For one of the installations, he had used scrim; for another, the principal media were



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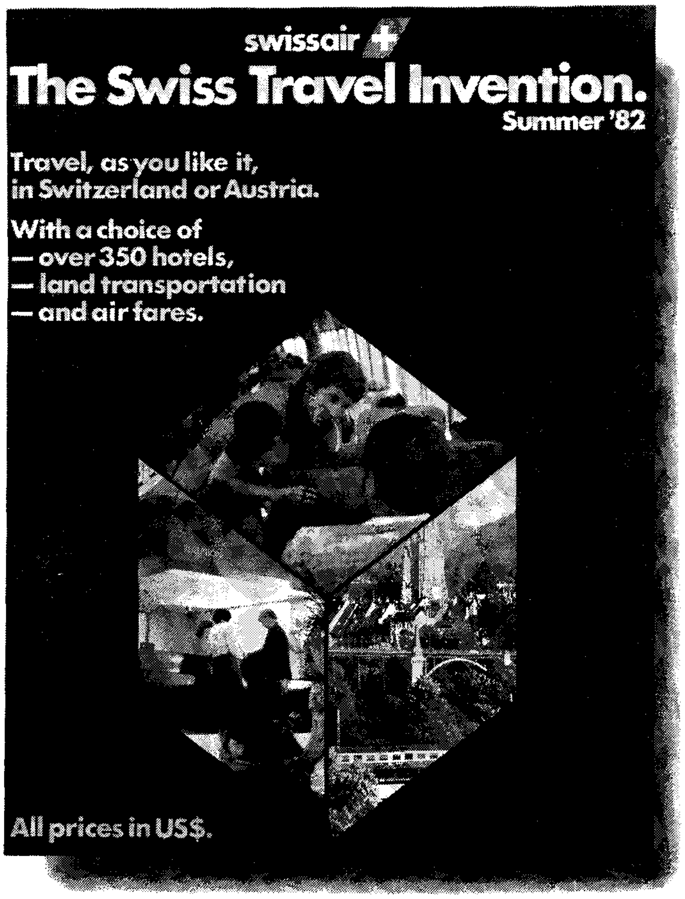

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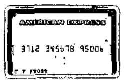

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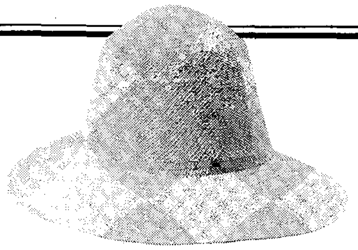

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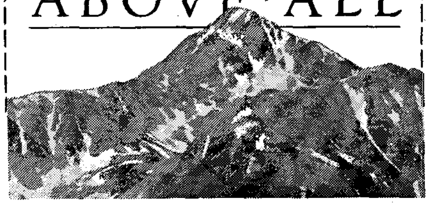

contact paper and transparent colored film; the third installation consisted of bricks and plaster. Finally, and perhaps most successfully, at the University Art Museum in Berkeley, Irwin succeeded in mastering the exceptionally assertive character of the interior space, the dominant feature of which was a projecting fan of rising concrete overhangs, by shooting banks of long, parallel fluorescent light shafts, spanning out across the yawning chasm, in separate directions at three separate levels. The light banks even pierced the glass walls and continued into the world outside.

"I'm no longer concerned with the art-world context," Irwin insisted at the time of the Berkeley show. "I'll use any materials, any techniques. I don't care if somebody else is using them or seems to have them earmarked; I don't care if they're thought of as art or non-art. I'll use anything that's suggested by the specific conditions of the site. Whether it works is my only criterion."

Irwin felt that, in general, the Berkeley piece did work. The light banks (which, as has been the case with many of his projects, required extensive technical innovations) did succeed in heightening the extraordinary ambience of the interior vault. And it was the space that interested Irwin, not the lights. Although he took a certain mischievous delight in his choice of media ("That piece made the Dan Flavin light sculpture they had downstairs, which is ordinarily thought of as pretty far-out—man, it made that Flavin look like a painting"), at the same time he claimed, "I don't like fluorescent lights; I don't even look at them. I don't care about the design pattern and the varying geometric mesh, or anything like that. I am interested only in how the lights articulate the space. And I don't want people focussing on the lights, either. That's why I don't like the piece being shown at night. Of course, the museum insisted that the opening, like every other opening they'd ever had, take place at night. I suppose it was just one more case of art coming last."

ONE way of viewing Irwin's career is to see it as a gradually narrowing funnel that compresses to a point at the Whitney show and then widens out again on the other side, something like an hourglass. The work after 1977 begins to resurrect many of the elements that had been progressively deleted before that year:

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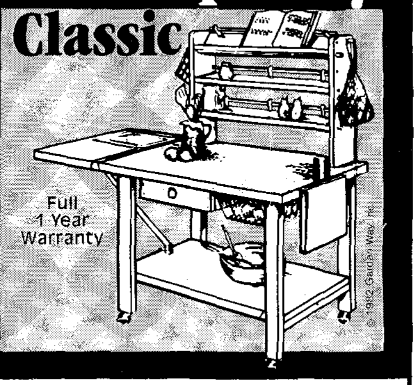

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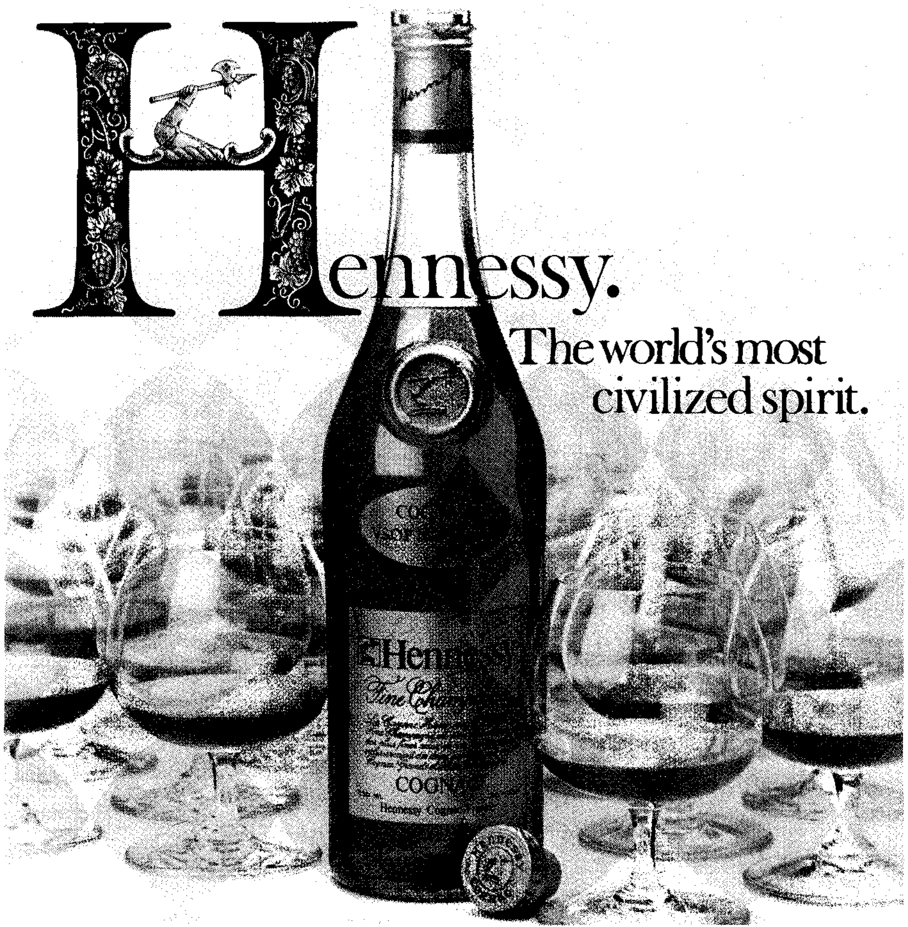
objecthood, permanence, line, and so forth. In a sense, these elements are reintroduced with a vengeance; the post-Whitney works are substantially more imposing than their pre-Whitney counterparts: they're more extensive, more expensive, and far more complex objects. But there is another way of viewing Irwin's career—one in which the recent work may be seen as part of a continuously developing mastery along an uninterrupted curve.

To understand what Irwin is attempting to do, one might consider for a moment some comments that Frank Stella once made concerning his aspirations for his own paintings. Stella told an interviewer in 1968, "I always get into arguments with people who want to retain the old values in painting—the humanistic values that they always find on the canvas. If you pin them down, they always end up asserting that there is something there besides the paint on the canvas. My painting is based on the fact that only what can be seen there *is* there. . . . If the painting were lean enough, accurate enough, or right enough, you would be able to just look at it. . . ." Commenting on this kind of formulation by Stella, the philosopher Karsten Harries has written, "Stella projects the ideal of an art that would not allow us to 'avoid the fact that it's supposed to be entirely visual.' . . . It is significant, however, that Stella does not claim his art succeeds in being entirely visual. What the work of art is, is not what it is supposed to be. Instead of being fully present, it is only a metaphor of presence. . . . No matter how radical the pursuit of presence, the work of art will always fall short of that purer art that is its telos. It points beyond itself and lacks the plenitude it demands."

With these words, Harries suggests the passion of Irwin's career, the ghost he tries to shake. For in everything Irwin has done since his Abstract Expressionist canvases of the late fifties he has been trying to approach that presence which would not be metaphorical. Irwin sees presence and metaphor as polar opposites. Presence requires presence, whereas metaphor allows—indeed, requires—absence, evasion. When the one who experiences the object experiences it as *like* something else, or as like something that could be accounted for in such-and-such a way, then he no longer experiences *it* but, rather, experiences his own abstractions—and, soon, his com-



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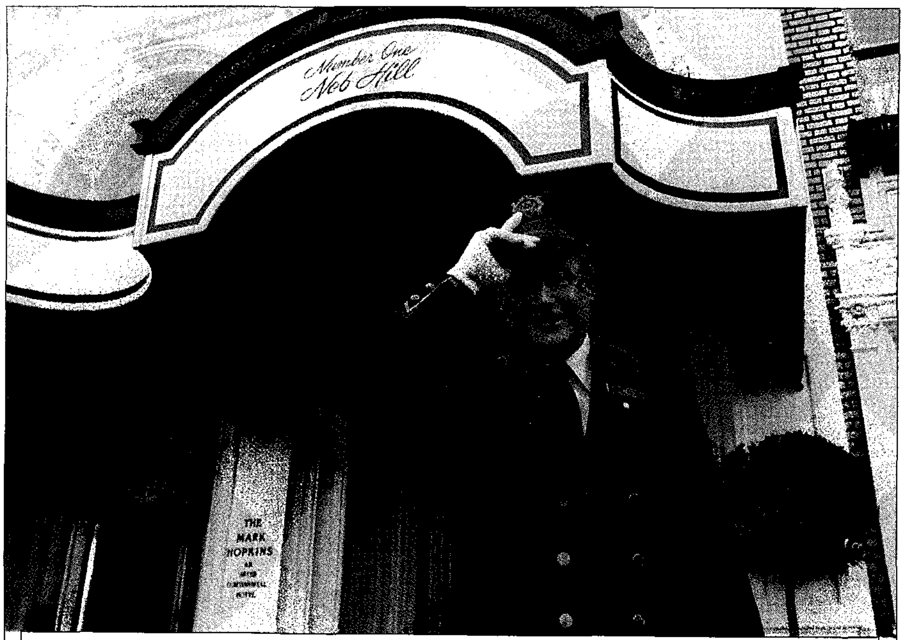

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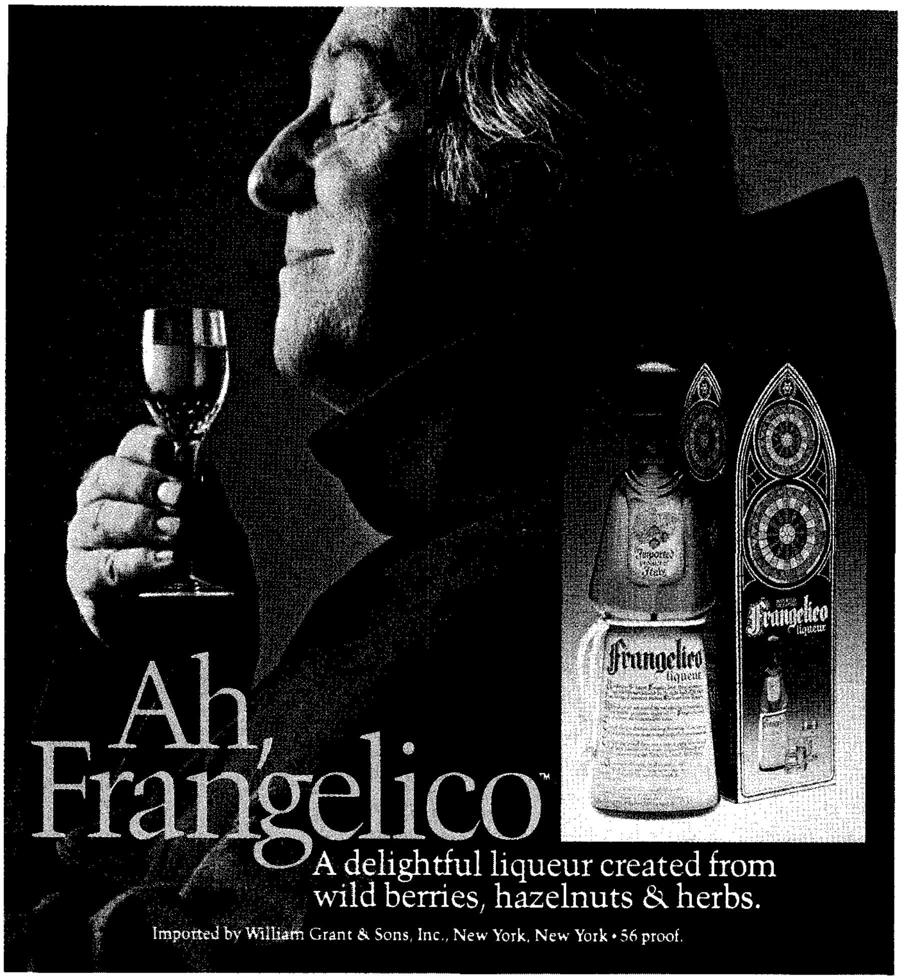
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pounded abstractions—*of* it. A recent incident further illustrates this point. A few months ago, Irwin addressed, at their invitation, a convention of psychologists meeting in Los Angeles. Following his presentation, one psychologist came up to him and asked whether he'd be willing to submit to a Rorschach test. Available, as usual, Irwin agreed, and they made a date for the following afternoon at Irwin's place. When the psychologist arrived, she offered him the first of the inkblots and asked him to describe what he saw. "Well," Irwin replied, "that's a black shape—not terribly interesting actually. Symmetrical . . . " But what did the shape remind him of? "Nothing. Just that: it's a black shape." No associations whatsoever? "Lady," Irwin endeavored to explain, "I've spent twenty years trying to hone my perceptions so that when I see that card, *I see that card*."

This resistance to metaphor—which Irwin would characterize as a precondition to, or a preparation for, clear vision—has been the ongoing theme of his career. It is true that across the lines, the dots, and the discs, Irwin was still creating objects that were metaphors of presence. Even the room at the Whitney and its two accompanying on-site installations were more about what it might be like to be present than about presence. They were, however, getting closer to the quarry. And in his most recent work Irwin has got closer still.

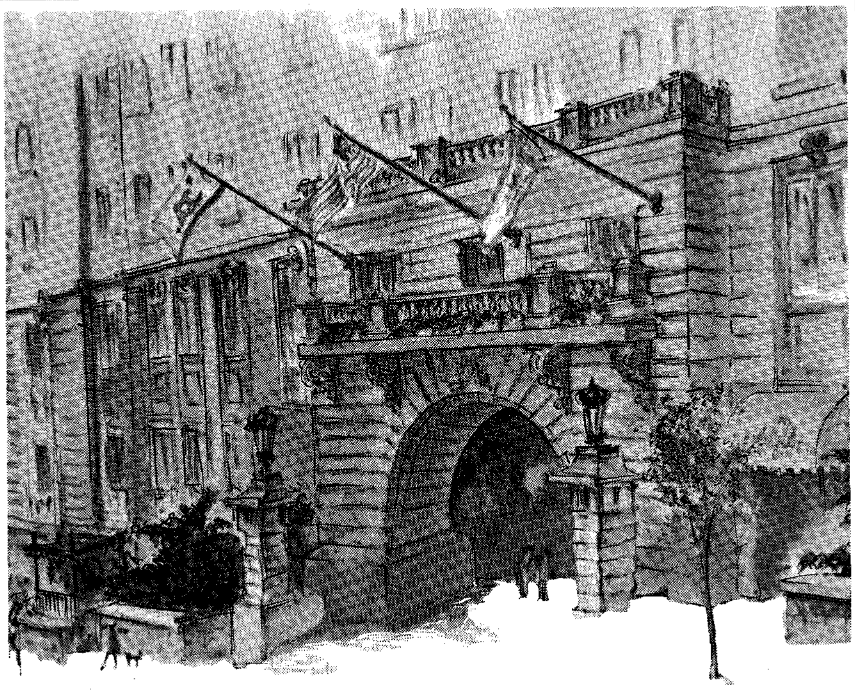
Irwin feels that perhaps his most successful piece to date—again, one that has never been realized—is a proposal he made for a site at Ohio State University, in Columbus. This is how he described it: "The site was a large oval in the center of the university, an oval of grass surrounded by buildings. There was a series of formal concrete paths that had been laid out there initially so as to get people from one building to another. But, as these things happen, and as other buildings were added, people walked their own paths into the grass oval. And what the authorities did—which was very wise—was simply to let people walk the paths and, after they were really established, to concrete them in. So now this thing has an interweaving of paths which is geometric and yet informal. There's no rhyme or reason to them unless you take into account where everybody is going. So it has that kind of informal geometry. Once an hour, classes break and people come traversing all these paths. You can just stand there, and the oval is so large that you cannot really sort out why or where people are coming and going. So there's all kinds of nice imagery in there, and kind of a surreal landscape.

"So to me it was already a piece of sculpture. It had all the dimensions and all the properties of a piece of sculpture: physical divisions, both organic and geometric, participation of people, the kinetics of the movement. It was already operative in that way. Now, contextually speaking, no one but someone like me, who was preoccupied with it, would even recognize that idea. Not many people pay attention to that sort of thing. No, actually, a lot of people see it; they just don't acknowledge it. So what I tried to do with the alteration I proposed was simply to heighten the involvement to the point where there was some recognition of one's participation—but not to heighten it to the point where you looked at the gesture as art. Because the art is already there.

"What I suggested was that they take the existing planes of grass—some of them, about a fourth—and tilt them slightly in various directions. From one to the next, the tilt might go from zero to eighteen inches, then a path, then from eighteen to thirty inches, path, then back from thirty to eighteen, path, and on down. The planes would be tilted just very slightly. Zero to eighteen inches might happen over one hundred feet. You'd shore up the sides by using Corten steel, because Corten looks brown and almost earthlike. We wouldn't be making an issue of the physical structure at all. The grass would still be grass, just tilted. That was all.

"What I really liked about that idea was that—well, first of all, it was really a natural confrontation: nobody had to go to an art place or to go out of his way. It was literally on people's way. There was no need to do anything special or practice any special posture of attention; it was a natural encounter with a naturally active situation. The piece was gentle enough not to raise any issues about its existence. And it was as close as I've been able to get to simple presence. The metaphor, the means were minimal. The intellectual connotation that it was about art was just about as minimal as I've ever got it, and yet it still did something. It was integrated and yet active."

Irwin has made a quantum leap in his pursuit of presence precisely by jettisoning the technique that until re-



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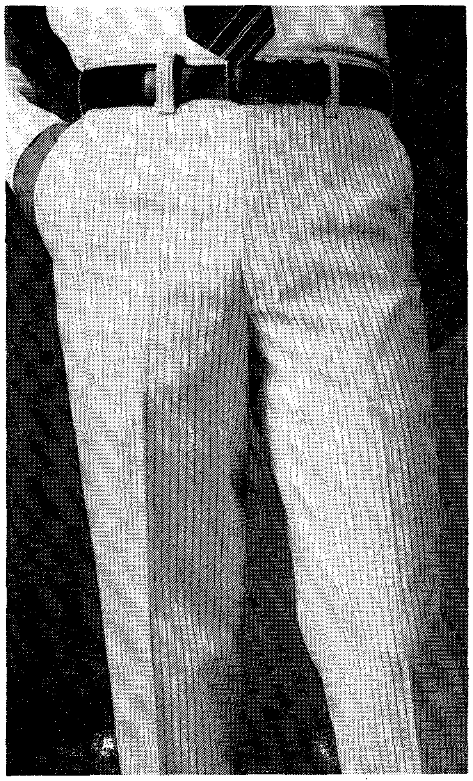

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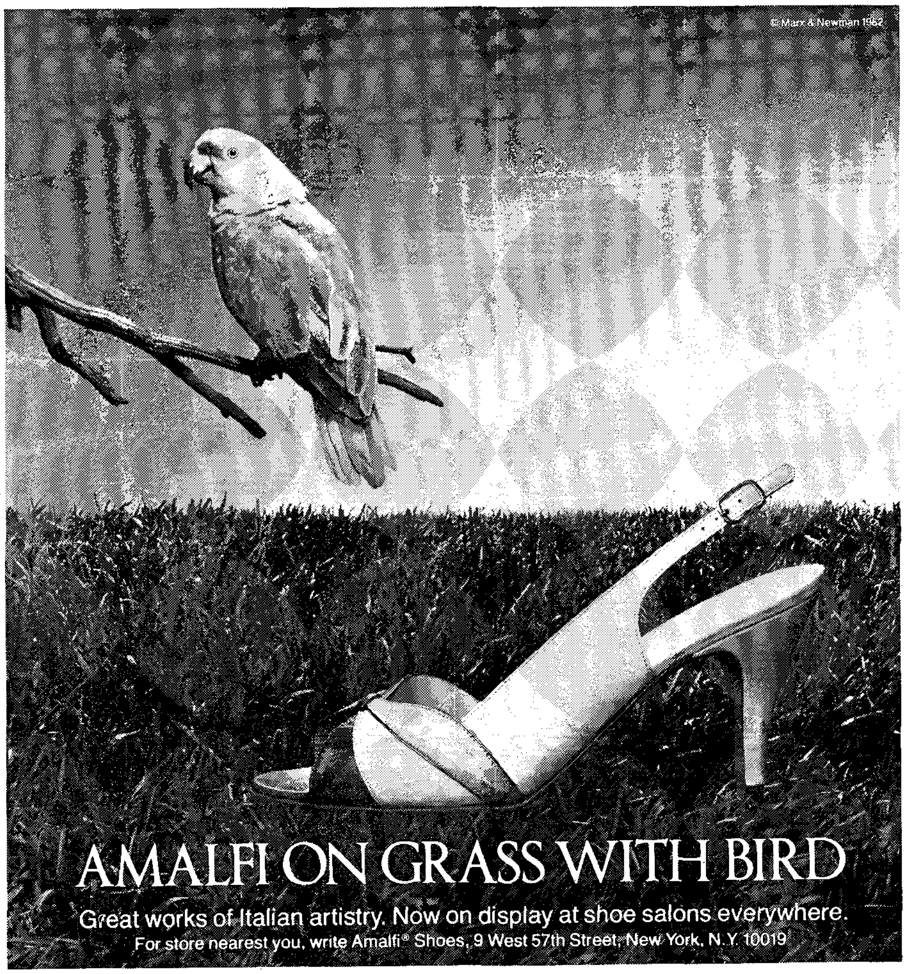
cently formed the principal mode of that pursuit: the discipline of sequential reduction. Indeed, the Columbus piece positively brims over with extraneous detail. Speaking of his early paintings, Irwin recently said, "I had to restrict my means, because the more complex the painting was, the more it became, for me and other people, metaphor. We had to drain it of metaphor so that we'd see the presence. But, at another level, the presence is always there. You can see it in the most restricted things, but you can see it in the most elaborate things, too, as long as you're attending to it. The kinds of things I'm doing now are things that, on the basis of their gross physicality, a lot of people will see as sculpture again. And they're not altogether different. But, in my mind, what I've learned to do is to deal with presence without the reductiveness. I'm getting more and more of all that stuff in there, but still keying it on presence. I mean, it might even get baroque at some point—just loaded with richness of detail and tactileness. It can become tremendously rich—as rich as the world. Restriction can be a discipline to break habits, but it need not be a final state, and it's no state of grace."

TO be present to the world the way Irwin invites us to be present involves some far-reaching implications, not only for art but for everyday life as well. Sometimes Irwin insists that his activity need not in any way jeopardize the activities of other artists, that there is room in the art world for infinite approaches. But this benign equanimity is fraught with irony (an irony that of course he would deny), and within moments of such protestations of innocuousness he can just as easily be speaking in the most incendiary of terms: "What we're really talking about is changing the whole visual structure of how we look at the world. Because now when I walk down the street I no longer, at least to the same degree, bring the world into focus in the same way. My whole visual structure is changed by the fact that I'm now using an entirely different process of going at it. So the implications of that kind of art are very rash—I mean, in time they have the ability to change every single thing in the culture itself. Because all of our systems—social systems, political systems, all our institutions—are simply reasonable reflections of how our mind organizes. So we're talking about a different mental organization, which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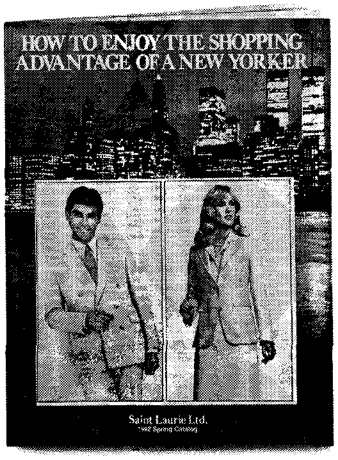

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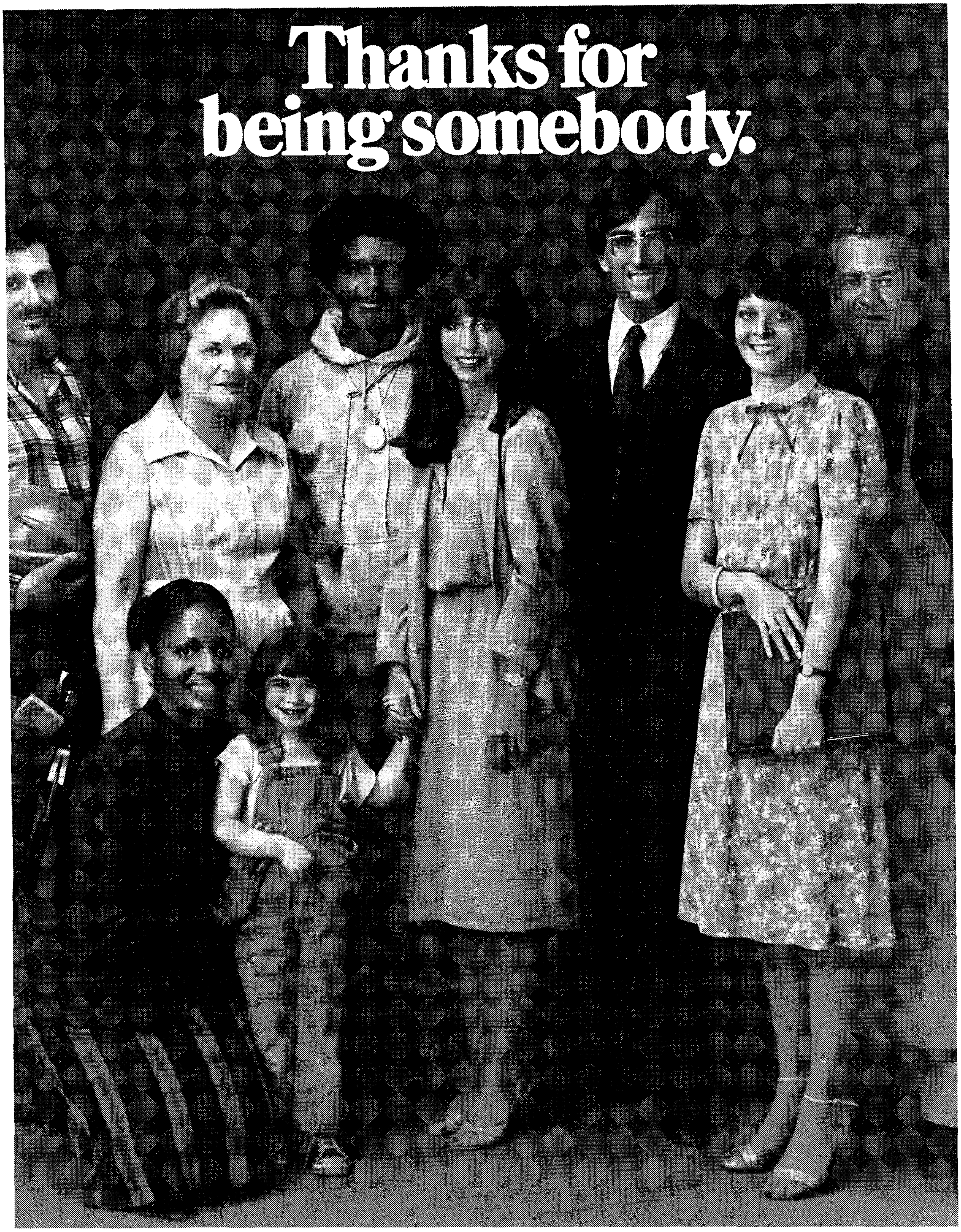
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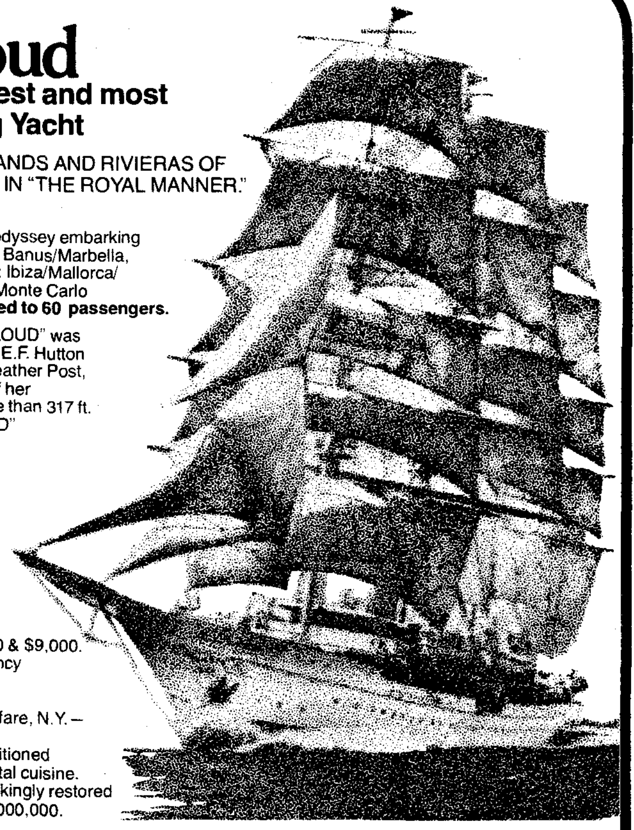

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ultimately, in time, has to result in different social, political, and cultural organizations—because they're really the same thing." Or, as he told a recent lecture audience, "revolutions don't cause change: change causes revolutions."

Irwin is playing for all the marbles. And that may be one reason his work is still so fugitive to most people. Irving Blum, once Irwin's dealer, expressed a common exasperation to me when he said, "There's such a thing as having too high an ambition—so that it's unrealizable. But whose fault is that? Society's, for not being ready to understand? No. It's the artist's, for aiming too high and not realizing. Hell, Irwin wants to transform entire cities! There's such a thing as a question being so huge that it's impossible to encompass, and I think Irwin's questions have attained that scale. They're so complex and so extensive that—for the moment, at least—they seem unanswerable, and hence they have little resonance in the world."

"It's said there's no longer any avant-garde operating in the art world today," another of Irwin's former dealers—Arnold Glimcher, of the Pace Gallery—has commented. "But I don't think that's quite true. The avant-garde today may persist in the life and work of only one man, and that's Bob Irwin." Glimcher's is a tremendously distinguished gallery: his artists include Lucas Samaras, Chuck Close, Jim Dine, and Louise Nevelson; he has been chosen to represent the much-litigated estate of Mark Rothko. He continued, "Bob's may be the most extended perception working in the art world today—we're not talking about ten years ahead of its time, maybe more like ten decades. And it's a pity that it's not being shared. But that's as much Irwin's fault as the world's. He simply refuses to play by the art world's rules—to politic for commissions, to attend to documentation, and so forth—and so he's become invisible."

And, Irwin's dauntless composure notwithstanding, that lack of resonance—that invisibility—sometimes gets to him. "He's a guy who likes to run risks and experiment on the edge of what he knows, on the edge of what can be accepted or interpreted or communicated," Irwin's psychologist friend Ed Wortz once said to me. "Sure he's been scared. He's scared of the prospect of his disappearance as an artist—that what he's doing might get sufficiently far enough away from the expectations of artists and fellow-inquirers so that he disappears. That's of concern to him. But it's of interest as well. And—face it—it's really exciting having one foot on a banana peel and the other hanging over the edge of an abyss."

"There are things I've undertaken as an artist that I will never accomplish in my lifetime," Irwin told me one afternoon. "It's just not possible. The kind of change I'm envisioning, the ideas I'm entertaining simply don't enter society whole. There's always a process of mediation, overlapping, intermeshing, threading into the fabric. But we're headed there: the complexity of consciousness, its ability to sustain being in presence in all its rich variety, will be growing with each generation. Sometimes I feel on the verge of that."

Irwin paused for a moment, lost in thought—this man who shuns metaphors and yet is so often visited by them: "It's like you're on a swing," he finally said, returning to the image he had used before the Whitney show, "and you swing way up to the top and for a split second you can see over the wall, you can see all that light, but you're already on your way back into the world. So you swing harder and you get a little higher and you see a little more, but back down into the world you go. To recognize something and then live there takes a tremendous conversion of your being. You don't just swing up there and say, 'Oh, that's nice,' and stay there, hanging in midair. Hanging in midair can be nice—I did it at the Whitney, I did it in the desert, for a moment with the dots. But the world always draws you back." —LAWRENCE WESCHLER

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

◆

CHICAGO (UPI)—The number of divorces among middle-aged people has jumped 80 percent in the past decade, affecting an estimated 5 million people. Weinberger will hold discussions "of mutual interest" with the leaders of each country, the Pentagon said yesterday in announcing the tour.—*Knoxville (Tenn.) News-Sentinel.*

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◆

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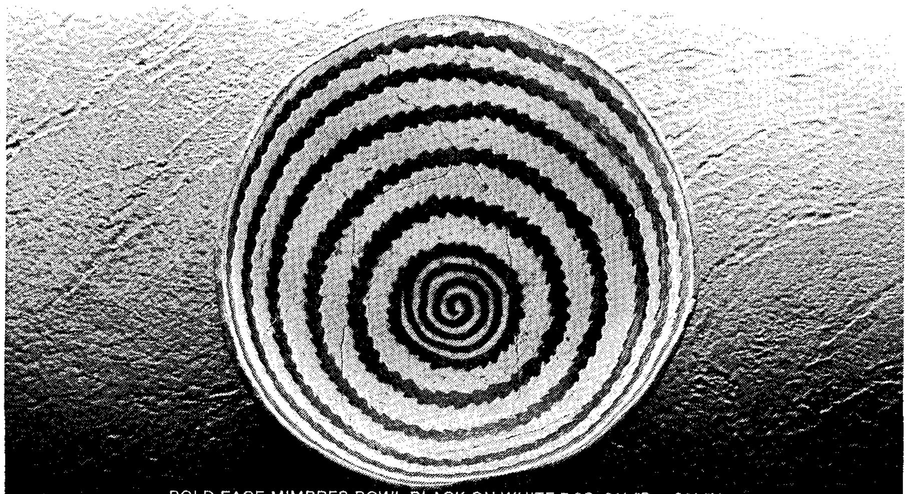

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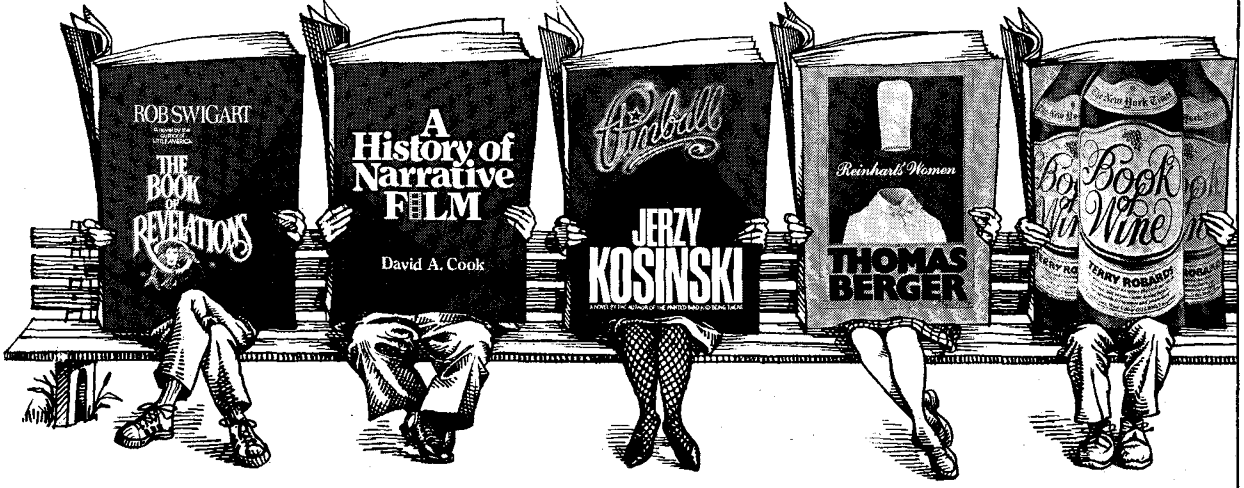

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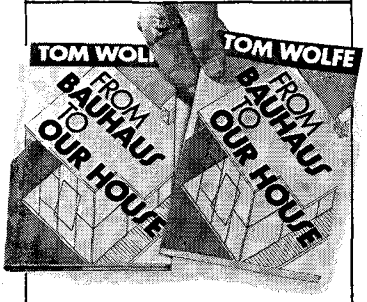

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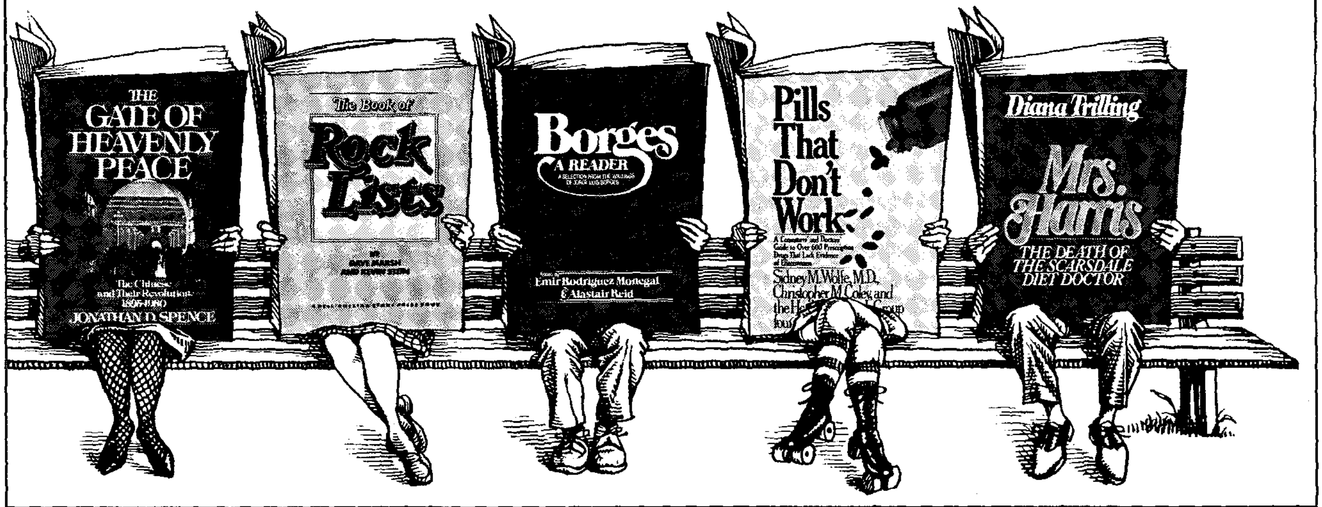
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REFLECTIONS

LABYRINTH

LATIN AMERICA has not shown itself to be promising ground for liberation. One visionary or another has been trying to liberate it since the start of the nineteenth century and the lapse of Spanish and Portuguese power. Their bones rustle in the winds of history: Martí, of Cuba; José San Martín; Bernardo O'Higgins; Simon Bolívar, the greatest of them, who said on his deathbed that he had "plowed the sea." Each made some difference to his time, as Fidel Castro has made a difference, but Latin America remains largely unliberated.

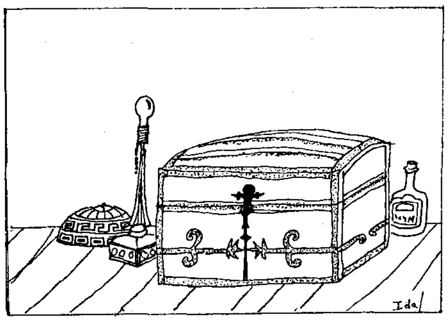
A qualified pessimism is all that experience permits with respect to El Salvador and the rest of Central America. The United States, Cuba, and the Soviet Union contribute to Central American struggles, making them bloodier and adding to the count of victims without changing the essential outcome. Whatever form the outcome takes, it is most unlikely to provide liberty, not to speak of justice.

The argument made in Washington holds that the elections to take place in El Salvador late this month can reinforce the moderate men in the present junta and weaken the wilder men, and that the government there can then block the revolutionary guerrillas' offensive, do good things for peasants, rebuild the economy, construct democracy. It is a North American scenario, whose authors clearly do not believe it. Nothing in the news from El Salvador suggests that any of these things are in the least likely to occur. Yet the authors feel compelled to profess a belief in the scenario, because it expresses what, according to their values and presuppositions, ought to be possible, and it is the only alternative they can imagine to that other rationalists' and optimists' scenario in which they, too, believe—the scenario that holds that the revolutionaries' victory in El Salvador would advance world revolution.

Washington and Moscow both believe in the march of history, and yet Latin America has too often marched backward or not marched at all. The Spanish and Portuguese colonial capitals were splendid and prosperous cities when their rivals in North America were shabby settlements. At the beginning of the last century, Latin America was richer and more populous than the United States. Its future appeared brilliant. But the ingredients of progress seem not to have been there. In agriculture, there was peonage—the hacienda system. There was no industry; the mercantile system precluded that. Latin America was a place of mines, a monoculture, a source of raw materials and a market for Europe and, later, the United States. In "The Age of Revolution," E. J. Hobsbawm argues that the liberalization of Latin America's political economy in the mid-nineteenth century "remained as artificial as the liberalization of its political system," and adds, "In substance, parliaments, elections, land laws, etc., notwithstanding, the continent went on very much as before."

The inherited political tradition was that of Renaissance monarchy, acting through colonial regents. The intellectual and moral traditions were also absolutist—those of Iberian Catholicism, a religion of ecstasies, certainties, the Inquisition, damnation. It imposed a struggle "even against life itself," Miguel De Unamuno has written. "And against death. This is the meaning of Saint Teresa's ejaculatory prayer, 'I am dying because I cannot die.' " The materialism and the liberalism of the United States, and its aggressive secularism alternating with an aggressive Protestantism, are as repellent to the traditional Church as they are to Fidel Castro; indeed, a Vatican diplomat has said that Castro, "from the ethical point of view, is a Christian." The alliance of a new breed of revolutionary Latin-American priests with Marxist guerrillas—an alliance of ascetics, loathing capitalism—has a natural foundation.

Spain and Portugal themselves failed to follow the evolution of the rest of Western Europe during the nineteenth century. They swung from absolute monarchy to revolution and back again. Nothing between proved lasting: liberalism failed; no culture of compromise, realism, parliamentary accommodation was able to emerge. Iberian reform became a matter of élites and conspiracies, in an older tradition of secret bands of the enlightened bestowing progress upon the backward masses. The enlightened were often liberal-minded soldiers. Thus, reform marched by military coups and pronunciamentos. The populist version of this in Latin America was the unlettered leader, the people's soldier, who imposed himself by force of personality and stood up for the peasant against the landowner, the possessor. Such leaders have often ended badly, but they have included Mexico's Emiliano Zapata and Pancho Villa—and also Juan Perón and Fulgencio Batista, both of whom accomplished notable social reforms. The Latin-American masses—Indians, the mulatto poor—have tended to remain passive in most countries except Mexico.



While the United States, under James Monroe, declared in 1823 that the Americas were "no longer Res Nullius," a political emptiness to be filled by the European powers, Latin America's political positiveness remained, and remains, unformed. In the view of Hobsbawm, frontiers mostly reflect "little more than the distribution of the estates of the grandees who had backed one rather than another of the local rebellions."

The great liberation movements themselves—of "Great Colombia" by Bolívar, of the Argentine by San Martín, of Chile by O'Higgins—were "the work of small groups of patricians, soldiers, and gallicized évolués, leaving the mass of the Catholic poor white population passive and the Indians indifferent or hostile," Hobsbawm says. "Only in Mexico was independence won by the initiative of a popular agrarian, i.e. Indian, movement marching under the banner of the Virgin of Guadalupe, and Mexico has consequently ever since followed a different and politically more advanced road from the remainder of continental Latin America." Not even Fidel Castro's uprising was a popular one. He and his followers were another band of visionaries imposing revolution from above, picking up the pieces—to popular acclaim—after the previous government had collapsed of its own corruption and ineptitude. Castro's conquest was moral, not military.

"And another thing, Barry—you only pretended to love whales."

AN important problem of historical, and also of political, judgment is presented by Latin America, where such impressive possibilities have always existed and so little has happened. Seventy-five years ago, Argentina, the most advanced of the Latin-American nations, demographically a European society, was one of the world's wealthier countries and was commonly considered the natural leader of South America. Today, it is in catastrophic political condition, and its economic wealth per capita is lower than that of Gabon or Bulgaria. It is a formerly developed country. Brazil has prospered since the war, but Chile has retrogressed. Latin America as a whole seems to be of less consequence to the world, less creative (except, of course, in its literature), less seductive to the world's imagination than it was a hundred years ago. Its battles, the Cuban novelist Alejo Carpentier has one of his characters say, "because of an incredible chronological discrepancy of ideals . . . [seem those of] people living in different centuries." A second character replies, "You must remember that we are accustomed to living with Rousseau and the Inquisition, with the Immaculate Conception and 'Das Kapital.' " Yet United States policy toward the crisis in Central America acknowledges only Karl Marx and the late twentieth century.

It is curious that a government as sophisticated as ours, in a nation as sophisticated as the United States, should make the repeated error of attributing political phenomena of evident historical and social complexity to simple external causes. This is the true analogy between the American reactions to El Salvador and to Vietnam. It is not that in these two cases the United States has put itself on the "reactionary" side, or supported military rule, or the rich, or the status quo. In fact, in both cases the United States has ineffectually tried to find more or less progressive "third forces" between the hard men of the right and the left. The Christian Democrat José Napoleón Duarte represents just such a third force in El Salvador. That is why he is so stubbornly defended by the State Department. Without him, they would be left with the generals.

United States policy in Central America in the past was callous, supporting corrupt and complacent dictators—S.O.B.s, but "our S.O.B.," as Franklin Roosevelt once remarked of a member of the Somoza family. Now the game has changed. The professed intention is to evoke from Central America progress, democracy, and liberation. And the United States, Cuba, and the Soviet Union are all, in one way or another, engaged in this arduous undertaking.

They will all almost certainly fail, but not before they do a great deal of harm to a country that deserves to settle its own accounts. El Salvador is a small country with a backward and illiterate population, although its laboring population has been increasingly politicized since early in this century. If the present uprising is indeed a popular movement—and American diplomats concede that it is so popular that the national Army itself cannot control it—this is because a peon class long and truly oppressed was driven too far. These people would eventually have taken up the course of revenge to sit in justice upon their oppressors. For the United States to meddle directly in this, or to cause the intervention of forces from Argentina or elsewhere, or to enlarge the affair through covert operations against Nicaragua and Cuba, is to risk turning what is still a limited matter, bound up in a single nation's experience, into something much larger and possibly uncontrollable. The policy of enlarging the war in order to win it, already tried in Indo-China, is capable of again bringing about the result that it is meant to prevent.

But then that says too much. By carrying the war in Vietnam to Laos and Cambodia, the United States incorporated them into a common disaster, which individually they could have escaped. The defeat in Indo-China did not, however, vault China into power over Vietnam, or Thailand, or Malaysia, or the rest of Asia, or make Chinese Communism win followers in Africa or Latin America. That, nonetheless, is what the United States government's highest officials insisted would follow a Communist victory in Vietnam. Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara said in 1965 that China's ambitions made up "a program of aggression . . . that ranks with Hitler's 'Mein Kampf.'" Secretary of State Dean Rusk spoke of "the world cut in two by Asian Communism, reaching out through Southeast Asia and Indo-China," and added, "From a strategic point of view, it is *not very attractive to think* . . . that . . . hundreds of millions of people in the free nations of Asia should be under the deadly and constant pressure of the authorities in Peking, so that their future is circumscribed by fear." That was in 1967. Much the same things are, of course, being said today in Washington about Central America. Fifteen years later, it is evident that the only people who suffered from the war in Vietnam were the Vietnamese, the Cambodians, the Laotians, and the Americans. The only government whose power was enhanced was the one that won the war—that of North Vietnam and of the National Liberation Movement in South Vietnam.

"Foreign countries . . . supply the arms and the Salvadorans supply the bodies," the Archbishop of San Salvador remarked not long ago. Still, the war belongs to El Salvador. Salvadorans started it, they wage it for their own reasons, and they will settle it in their own way, whatever the United States tries to do. It is possible for the United States to enlarge the war, but that would not liberate El Salvador or alter the condition of Latin America.

—WILLIAM PFAFF

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NEW MAN AT THE COURT

FOR some years, it has been my custom to call on each new American Ambassador to the Court of St. James's after he or she (Anne Armstrong is the only woman who has held the post since it was first occupied, in 1785, by John Adams) has had a chance to settle into the job, and so one recent morning, shortly before ten o'clock, I presented myself, by appointment, at Winfield House, the ambassadorial residence, to pay my respects to the latest incumbent, John Jeffry Louis, Jr. From the outside, Winfield House, an imposing thirty-five-room, three-story red brick Georgian-style structure, beautifully sited amid the twelve and a half acres of Regent's Park and quite easily the most palatial diplomatic digs in London, looked just as it had on my last visit, during the tenancy of Mr. Louis's predecessor, Kingman Brewster, Jr., who was sometimes referred to here as "the quiet American." The first change I noticed was that my ring at the door was answered not by Palasz, the butler who had presided over the house since 1964—midway through the tenancy of David K. E. Bruce—and whose Jeevesian manner and seemingly effortless locomotion I had long admired, but by a younger man, in impeccable livery, deft and briskly affable, with a rather military bearing. In response to my question, he said that Palasz had retired, and, after taking my coat, told me that Mr. and Mrs. Louis were expecting me, upstairs. The entrance hall and the stairwell, I observed on ascending the stairs, glistened with fresh paint.

At the head of the stairs, I was welcomed by Josephine Louis, the Ambassador's wife, a vivacious-looking woman with brown hair and brown eyes, who was stylishly dressed in a claret-colored woollen suit and a high-necked burgundy-and-camel striped silk blouse. ("I wear American clothes," she told me later. "I came with what my husband thinks is an extraordinary wardrobe—in size.") The Ambassador would join us shortly, she said, leading the way into the library. About the only things in the room that I recognized as having been there before were nine large framed prints of exotic-looking birds on two of the walls. "The prints were purchased by Walter Annenberg—he served here under President Nixon, as you know," Mrs. Louis said. "He left them for the house."

"And he's sorry he did," Mr. Louis said, with a smile, as he entered the room. A tall and sturdily built man (six feet four, two hundred and twenty pounds) with receding light-brown hair, he was dressed in a two-piece dark-blue suit with shadow stripe, a belt with a silver buckle, a white shirt with a collar pin, a blue-and-cream striped tie with a tiepin, and black loafers with tassels. He speaks softly, and seemed, upon first meeting, rather retiring in manner.

THE redecoration of the library had turned out very successfully, I said as, at Mrs. Louis's suggestion, I sat down on a lounge in front of the fireplace and she and her husband sat down in chairs flanking it.

"The room is considerably brightened up from what it was before," Mr. Louis said. "It was a very dark forest green and really not very cheerful. We like bright colors."

"This is my new color—peach," Mrs. Louis said. "I think it's beautiful, and very flattering. Ted Graeber, who helped the Annenbergs with the decoration of this house, came over to help us. Ted did the White House, as you know. He came over to do our private living quarters, and introduced me to Dudley Poplak, who lives in London. He is doing the rest of the work."

Poplak, Mr. Louis added, is also doing Highgrove, the new residence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, in Gloucestershire.

"I came over early to have a look around," Mrs. Louis continued, "and found so many things tucked away in the attic and here and there, such as that lovely mirror over the fireplace. This room isn't finished. The card table was here and will remain, but our backgammon table, which we had sent from home, will also be in this room. Other tables will be replaced, and so will lamps. An antique cabinet is to be found for the television set. I think all this is a bit like what Mrs. Reagan has done at the White House. The downstairs, John and I feel, is so beautifully done that it shouldn't be changed. We have had to do some painting there and some re-covering of furniture, and we are getting a duplicate of the beautiful Portuguese rug that Lee and Walter Annenberg had in the Garden Room. New glass curtains—sheer curtains—are being installed throughout the house, and there are also new draperies in the family dining room. This whole floor—the family living quarters—is being done over to our taste. One room that has been used as an office will be converted into a bedroom, since we find we have so many guests. I don't want to give the impression that our predecessors didn't do the right thing. It

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is just that this house is used so much that things don't hold up as they would under normal wear—and, of course, this is the showplace for our country."

Apparently by prearrangement, the butler and a footman came into the library, bearing an impressive array of silver and china for the serving of coffee and tea. After the servants had left, I asked the name of the new butler.

"His name is Kenneth Dear," Mrs. Louis said. "Perhaps you were shocked to hear me address him as *Mr.* Dear. We've had so many people come to the house and whisper, 'You must call the butler by his last name. You mustn't call him Mr.' " Mrs. Louis paused and smiled. "But that's a problem. I think it would sound rather odd if I said, 'Would you pass the biscuits, Dear?' "

I observed that about seven months had gone by since they took up the diplomatic life, and asked if they were enjoying it.

"*Of course,*" Mrs. Louis said. "Every minute of it. I worry now about what my life is going to be when this is over. I think John feels the same way. We're having an absolutely marvellous experience here. We have done a tremendous amount of entertaining. For example, on Monday of this week we had a reception for about a hundred and eighty people. And John had two or three working luncheons here during the week."

"Three luncheons," Mr. Louis said. "One with the head of the Liberal Party, David Steel; one with the Home Secretary, Willie Whitelaw; and one with the Lord Privy Seal, Humphrey Atkins. Just myself, my guest, and Edward Streator, my D.C.M. [Deputy Chief of Mission]. The luncheons are very productive things, and the ambience here is much better than at the Embassy, I think."

"Then, Tuesday night, we had a dinner party for twenty-four people," Mrs. Louis said. "Wednesday night, we were out at the British-American Associates Ball, at Grosvenor House—for twelve hundred people—which was simply terrific."

"The highlight of the evening—for me, anyway—was my being asked to ask the Duchess of Kent for the first dance," Mr. Louis said. "They turned the spotlight on us on the dance floor for the first two minutes. I was happy to find out that she was just as nervous as I was."

"And I want to tell you," Mrs.

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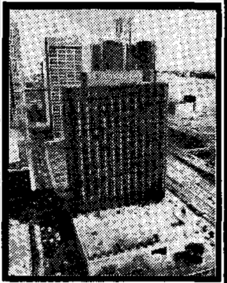

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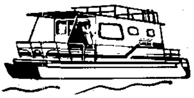

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Louis said, "that usually my husband will sprain his ankle, break his arm—do anything—to keep from dancing."

"I arranged ahead of time with the toastmaster to tell the band I didn't want a polka or a waltz," her husband said. "I told him I wanted a medium-speed foxtrot. That's easiest for me."

"He's a divine dancer," Mrs. Louis said. "Then, last night, we had William Clark here with his wife, and Lawrence Eagleburger, along with a houseful of security people and that sort of thing." (Clark and Eagleburger are, respectively, the new national-security adviser and the Under-Secretary of State for Political Affairs.)

"We had a dinner for them," Mr. Louis added. "But about a month ago we had committed ourselves to have a reception the same evening for about three hundred and fifty people from the business community, and we couldn't cancel that. So we went ahead with the reception."

"Then, quickly, after those guests had left, out came the vacuum cleaner, and everything was tidied up," Mrs. Louis said. "It worked out all right. It was a small dinner." Entertaining had demanded so much of her time, she continued, that, much to her regret, she had been able to do little else. "We've been told that the first year is tough. And I tell you, the British have been very kind and warm and generous and hospitable. We've had lots of private parties and luncheons given for us, so our calendars have been very full since the day we arrived. Now, if you will excuse me, I must get to *my* office."

AFTER Mrs. Louis had left, the Ambassador asked whether I would mind if he took off his jacket. "It tends to get a little close in this room," he said. "I always work in my shirtsleeves."

Like most people here, and also in the United States, I knew almost nothing about Ambassador Louis's background. When his appointment was announced, the Washington *Post* found that it had virtually no clippings about him in its library. The London *Times* said that he was "far and away the most obscure of the last five American Ambassadors to be sent to the Court of St. James's." (There was a certain ruefulness in this comment, for, as the *Observer* had earlier remarked, "in recent years, the British have become accustomed to an element of celebrity from the embassy in Grosvenor Square.") Mr. Louis's main

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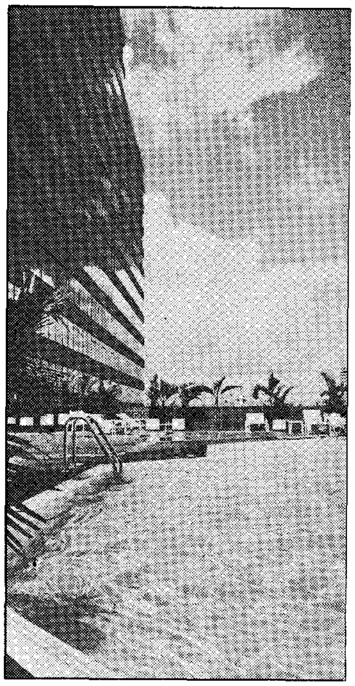

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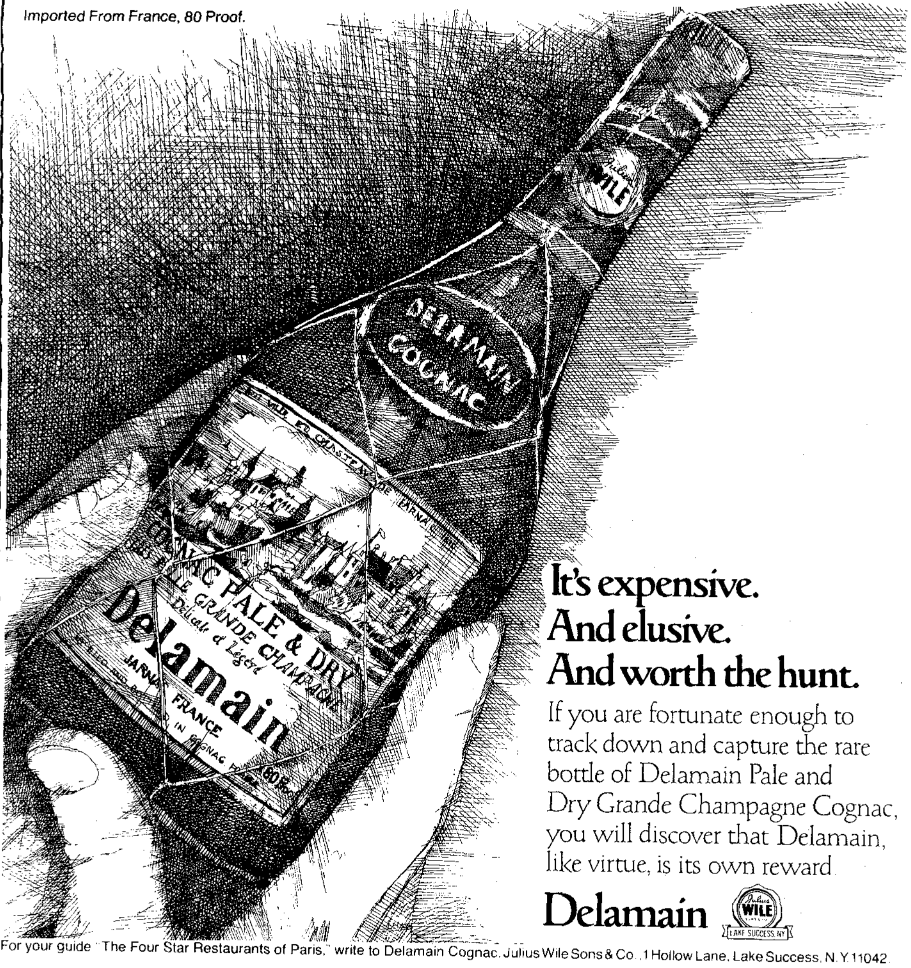

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claim to fame, the *Times* added, "is that he is a scion of the family which gave the world Johnson's wax and its descendants a huge fortune." In the circumstances, it seemed that a proper study of the Ambassador should begin at the beginning, so I asked him for a brief summary of his career.

He said that he was born fifty-six years ago in Evanston, Illinois, and attended public schools there through his second year in high school, when he went on to Deerfield Academy. He left there to join the Army Air Forces, and got his wings in March, 1945. He spent the rest of his military service teaching aerial gunnery at a base in Arizona. After the war, he received a bachelor's degree from Williams College and a master's degree from the Tuck School of Business Administration, at Dartmouth.

"After Dartmouth, I spent a year and a half in a business that sold glassware to department stores all over the country," he continued. "It was the Monogram Glass company, of Evanston—a world-famous institution. The president of the company took me right out of business school and made me his assistant. Then I went into my father's advertising agency. I was essentially interested in marketing and advertising and, particularly, broadcasting, because my father had been one of those responsible for the creation of the radio program 'Fibber McGee and Molly.' It had great prominence from '35 into the early fifties, and helped its sponsor for that period, the Johnson Wax company, grow very fast. One of the things that I remember most sharply is that the whole cast of the radio show would do their rehearsing at our house in Evanston every Sunday night for their Tuesday-night broadcast. I saw firsthand the growth of the radio show and of broadcasting. I spent seven years with the advertising agency, working on various accounts—Swift & Company, Household Finance, and a couple of others—and ended up working on a small part of the Johnson Wax account. Meanwhile, I had married. Jo, as my wife is called, and I lived in Evanston for four years, and then we made a big move—to a house in Winnetka, about three miles away. And that remains our home."

As the butler and the footman returned to remove the tea-and-coffee service, the Ambassador said that the Johnson Wax company was founded by his maternal great-grandfather, and has always been a family-held cor-

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poration. "It had become so large that we were wondering what was to be its future and who was going to run it. I decided to leave the agency and join the wax company, as director of international marketing—which meant that I spent a little more than half of my time going around the world, working on the marketing problems of our overseas subsidiaries and helping to found some of them, in South Africa, Italy, and in some of the countries in the Far East. My wife often went with me on these trips, and to this day we have friends in almost every part of the world and on all the continents. It is a great asset."

His stint as director of international marketing lasted for four years, he said—a period that made up his entire professional foreign experience before his ambassadorial appointment. However, he had also made numerous pleasure trips abroad, including visits to Britain—these primarily to play golf. "My wife and I would come over with another couple, spend a few days in London, at Claridge's, seeing the plays, and then go up to Scotland for some golf. Every golfer has to go to Mecca, which is St. Andrews, but we would also play Carnoustie, North Berwick, and Muirfield; stop over at Gleneagles and play there for a few days; and then go on to Troon and Turnberry and Prestwick. I haven't yet experienced the courses in the Highlands—that's one of my targets during my tour of duty. My wife also wants to try them. She's a superb golfer. Her handicap is nine, and mine is twelve, and therefore for twenty-eight years we've had an unhappy marriage—but we've managed."

He smiled and continued, "After four years with the wax company, I knew that I wasn't ever going to be running it—my cousin, Sam Johnson, in whom we all have great confidence, was to succeed to the leadership—so I left voluntarily and set myself up as a venture capitalist in an office in Chicago. Meanwhile, however, I held a seat on the Johnson Wax board of directors. As a venture capitalist, over the years from '60 to '80 I made equity in-depth investments in about twenty-seven young companies that could not get their capital through public offerings or from banks or insurance companies, because they were too high-risk. Of the twenty-seven, four or five succeeded. I think that that success ratio for venture-capital operations is above average. Over all, I came out ahead. The biggest success was a

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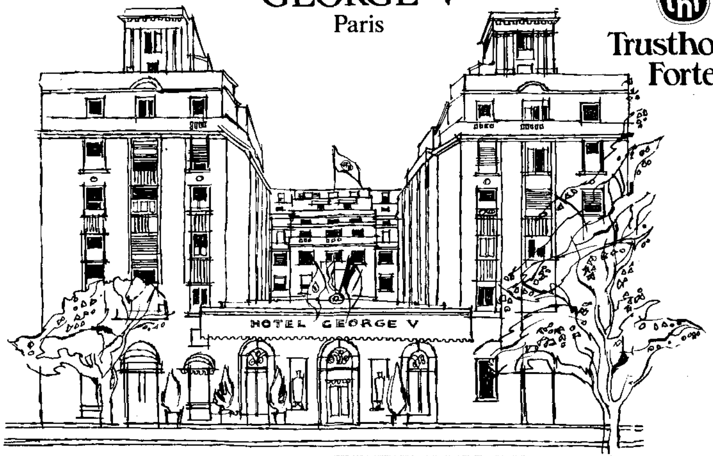

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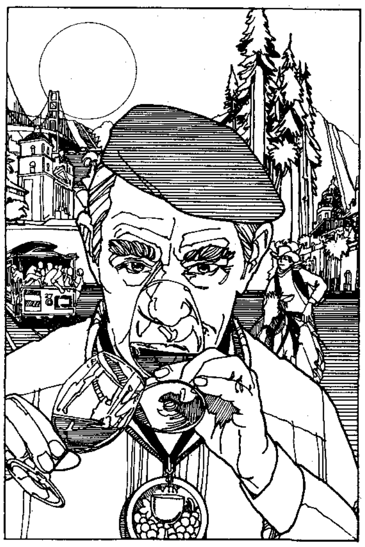

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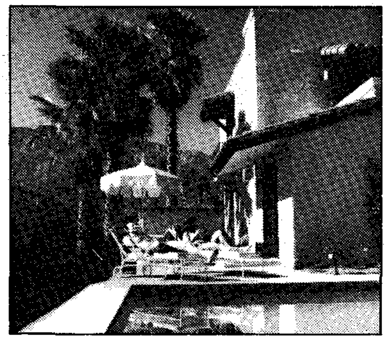
group of four radio stations and a television station that my father had acquired in Arizona. When he died, a couple of years before I left the wax company, that little broadcasting group was more or less left to me to look after. Soon after I embarked on venture-capital operations, I merged the group with an outdoor-advertising firm headed by a very able young man. We called the new company Combined Communications—I was chairman of the board, and he was the operating officer—and for the next several years the company just blossomed, in terms of acquisitions of other radio stations, television stations, outdoor-advertising companies, and two newspapers. At the end of '79, we merged the company into the Gannett newspaper chain, and I became a member of their board. Through these years, I also had many outside interests—pro-bono-publico activities, serving on the boards of universities, hospitals, and so forth."

Ambassador Louis took a packet of throat lozenges from his pocket and, after offering them to me, popped one into his mouth. "This house is badly regulated as far as heat is concerned," he said. "The dryness affects my throat."

Getting back to the progression of his career, I asked about the circumstances surrounding his appointment as Ambassador.

"Again, one of those unbelievable chance happenings in life," he said. "My life has been unstructured, and everything has just come, sort of without being planned. The weekend that changed my life was spent with the Annenbergs at Rancho Mirage, their beautiful house near Palm Springs. About three years before that, friends had introduced us to the Annenbergs. We and the Annenbergs took to each other, and we visited them in Palm Springs, and they visited us at our summer home, in northern Wisconsin, and we played golf together in Augusta, and so on. So that leads up to the time when the Annenbergs invited us to spend a few days over New Year's, 1980-81, with them at Rancho Mirage. They said that some of the other guests would be the President-elect and Mrs. Reagan, and Bill Wilson, William French Smith, and Earle Jorgensen, all of the Kitchen Cabinet, and that sounded very exciting. If I'd been smart enough, I guess I would have realized that Walter was engineering some kind of setup, but it was too much to hope for. And we weren't hoping for it, anyway. But I mean he



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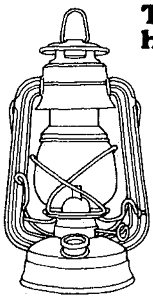

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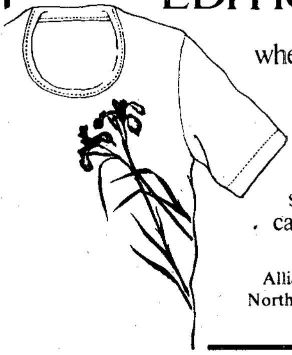

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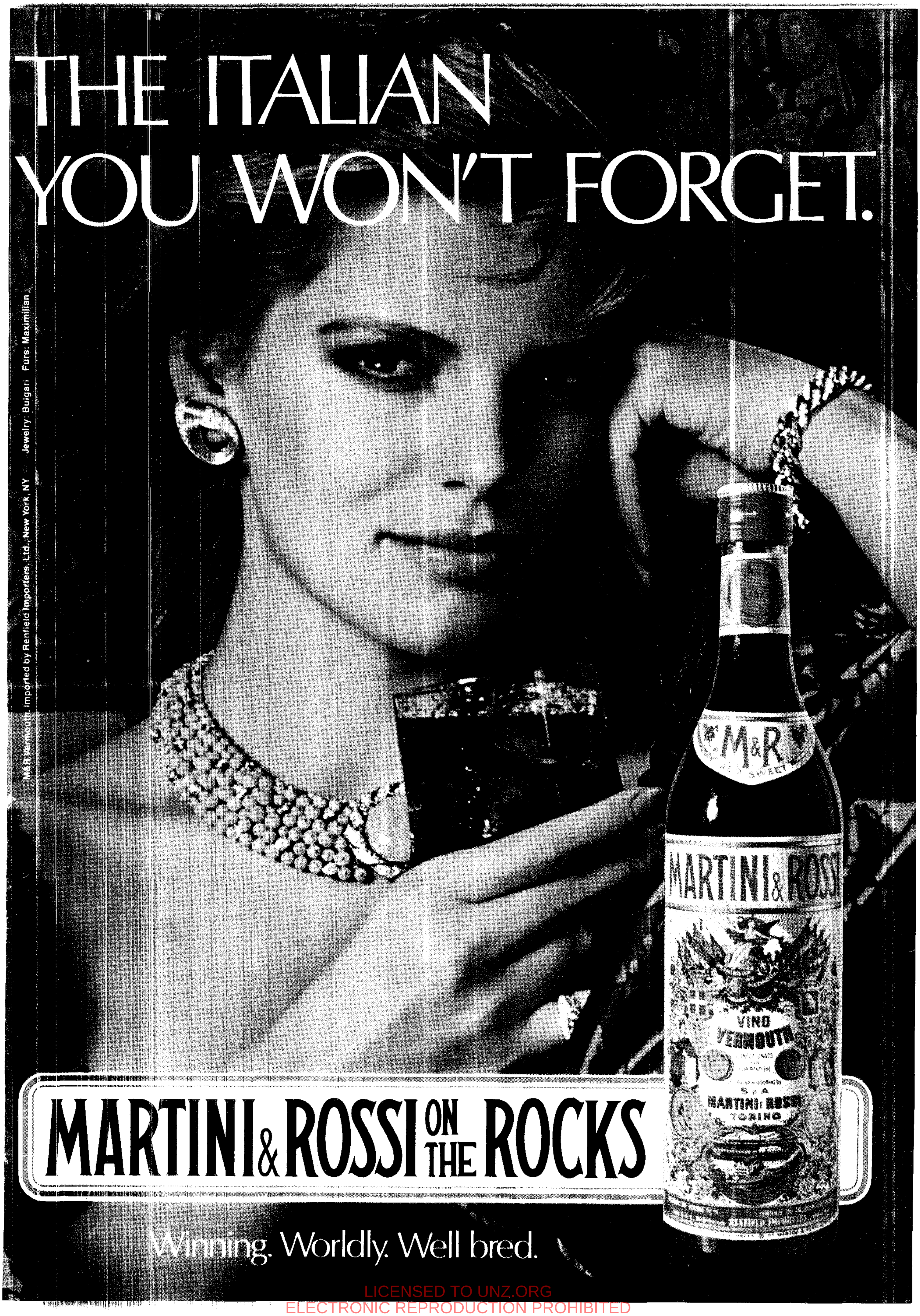
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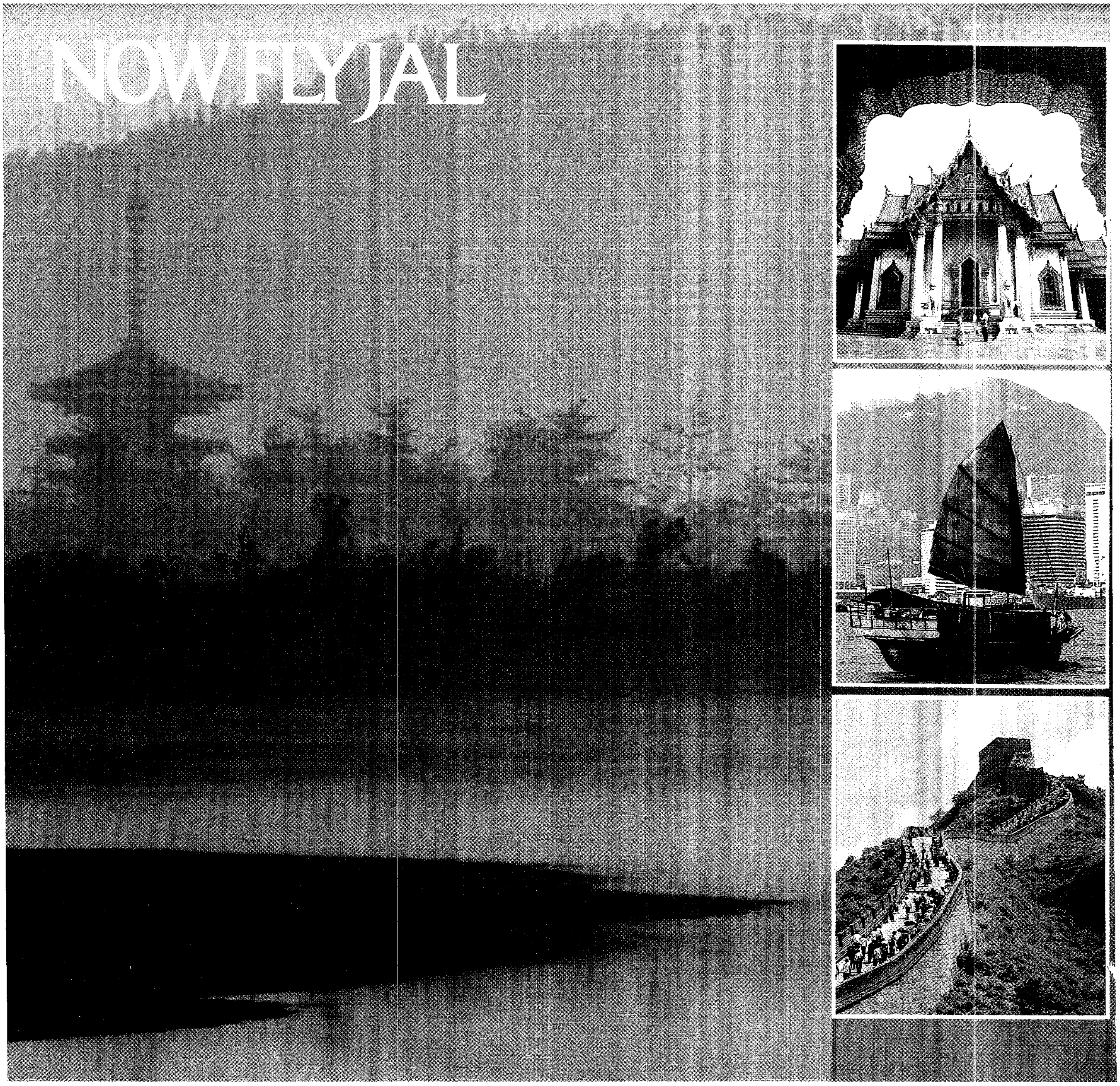

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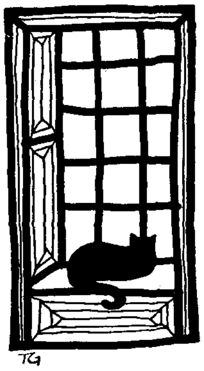
had it in his head that I ought to have some government service. He did ask me before we came out to send him a résumé and also a résumé on my wife. He said he wanted to show them to the President-elect. I had never met the Reagans, but Nancy Reagan's mother and stepfather had been close friends of my parents in Chicago, and that made something to talk to Nancy about. So we spent three very pleasant days, talking, playing golf, watching the Rose Bowl, and having dinners in the area. We went home the evening of January 1st. About ten o'clock the next morning, our telephone rang. My daughter answered it. I was sitting in the same room, and I noticed that her face suddenly flushed. She whispered, 'I think it's the President-elect.' I said hello, and he said, 'This is Ronald Reagan.' I said something like 'Nice to speak to you again.' He wasted no time. He said, 'I'm at the point, John, where I would like to suggest to you that I am considering asking if you would like to represent me in Great Britain.' I stuttered a bit, and then I said, 'I would consider that the highest compliment and a great honor, and, of course, we would love to consider it if you think I'm qualified.' He said, 'You're qualified.' And that is the way it came about. The immensity of something like that happening to you—I can't find words to describe it. I mean, it was like floating in the air."



I asked him if he had supported Ronald Reagan in the primaries.

"I worked very hard for President Nixon in '72," he replied, and, in response to a further question, he added that he had contributed more than a quarter of a million dollars to that campaign, and so was its fifth-largest financial supporter. "I got somewhat overenthusiastic about political contributions in '72, and I was really rather sorry for it afterward, because of what happened," he continued. "Supporting Nixon I don't think was a mistake, but I think making that sort of contribution was, because the result is publicity, and so forth. The experience taught me that it would be better to make a modest contribution to all the candidates that I felt I could support. The limit is now a thousand dollars, and that's fine with me. I was very happy with George Bush's candidacy and with John Connally's and with Ronald Reagan's. I would have been satisfied with any of the three, so I contributed equally to all of them."

I asked what aspect of the ambassadorial job had surprised him most.

"The most surprising things were the demands on our time and the pace and tempo and how difficult it was to get tuned up to it and a sort of desperate feeling that we had to do an awful lot of things every day, with no time to prepare to do them well. Having to fulfill six, eight, or a dozen engagements a day—that was sort of traumatizing for a while. Of course, I've done the traditional things—the presentation of credentials, the speech to the Pilgrims society, and attendance at the Miners' Gala, in Durham. That *is* a gala occasion. Each pit has its own banner—maybe fifteen feet square, held up by two poles—and the miners parade these through the town, with their wives, and bands playing, and even prams being wheeled along. When my D.C.M. told me I ought to attend the gala, he said that I would be expected to sing a song. I said, 'Well, now, am I going to make a fool of myself right off?' He assured me that it would be a nice occasion and that I should go ahead. Our Labor Counsellor at the Embassy found me an old song written in Harlan County, Kentucky, during a bloody strike in 1931. It was written by the wife of one of the miners who organized the strike. The lyrics were a vicious attack on management, and the chorus was 'Which side are you on, boys? Which side are you on?' I stood up with great trepidation. I had a piano helping me, and I sang, and I got the miners to sing the chorus with me. It went fine. I got a standing ovation. But I don't want to do it again."

His wife had accompanied him to Durham, Mr. Louis went on, and she had gone with him on some of the other standard junkets, too, such as a visit to Glasgow and one to Edinburgh during the Festival. He had also travelled to the Shetland Islands, to an oil platform in the North Sea, to Northern Ireland, where he was transported by the Royal Ulster Constabulary in an armored Jaguar at speeds in excess of a hundred miles an hour, and to a United States Air Force base in England and another in Germany. "I had a rather special reason for visiting the bases, because I kept up my interest in flying after leaving the Army Air Forces, and I did fly in the

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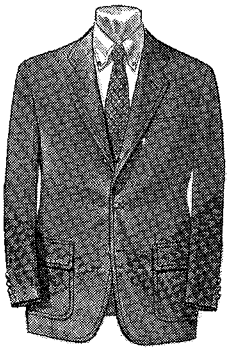

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United States—mainly for pleasure but occasionally for business purposes. With some friends, I owned a twin-engine Cessna called the Chancellor, which is a cabin aircraft that has a cruising speed of about two hundred miles an hour, and also a Beechcraft turboprop called a King Air 200, which has a cruising speed of about three hundred and ten miles an hour. At the base here in England, I was able to fly in an F-111, which is a low-level fighter aircraft. I sat to the right of the pilot, in the weapons-systems operator's seat. He has his own set of controls, and he has certain things to do during the mission, so I had two hours in a simulator before the flight, to make sure I knew all the procedures. We flew a routine mission over Scotland—two hundred feet above the ground at six hundred miles an hour on automatic pilot, which not only keeps the aircraft on a navigational course but also, because it has something called terrain-following radar, keeps it at two hundred feet above all obstructions, so you fly up one side of a mountain and down the other side with no variation in your distance above the terrain. It was a thrill to fly the whole length of Loch Ness at six hundred miles an hour and so low it seemed I could reach down and touch the water. I think we saw all of Scotland in twenty minutes. I had a similar experience in Germany with an F-15. I had the controls for about an hour, and it's a feeling of incredible power—like rocket power—and I'm sure it's just the way John Young and Bob Crippen felt in the space shuttle. I found out on that trip that I'm not quite in shape for that kind of flying—I came down with drooping eyelids and sagging cheeks. But it was a wonderful experience."

He glanced at his wristwatch and, excusing himself, telephoned the Embassy to confirm the time of a luncheon appointment.

"I'm lunching with the directors of the *Reader's Digest* subsidiary over here," he told me. "I have already had luncheons with the editorial boards of *The Economist*, *Time*, and the *Financial Times*. Invitations from other publications keep coming in, and that's true of social invitations, too. So the pace is still high, but my metabolism is different now. I have speeded up inside—blood circulation, and, I hope, brain function. The worst thing we can do, Jo and I discovered, is to take a vacation—as we did in September. We went to France for two weeks, to

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a little house in Saint-Jean-Cap-Ferrat, on the Riviera. It's a house we've gone to every second year for the past twenty-five years. It's on the tip of the Cap, with a nice view back toward Nice. Very quiet, and there's golf a twenty-two-minute drive away, up above Monte Carlo. But it was horrible getting back up to speed after two weeks of relaxing. When I think of my life in business, it seems, by comparison, to have been one of indolence."

Besides the faster pace, I asked, what other differences or similarities, if any, had he found between running a business and running an embassy?

"The differences are easier to demonstrate than the similarities, but there are similarities for me," he said. "I've always been either in a staff position, as I was at the wax company, or, as I was later, in a sort of chairman-of-the-board position, where I had a chief operating officer who knew the technical details and had the experience to run a business. In a sense, an ambassador in a large embassy like this is in the position of chairman of the board of a medium-sized or large corporation, in that there is no way you can know everything that goes on in the operation. You need a good D.C.M.—mine is superb—and an adequate staff to whom you can delegate with confidence all the different operations that go on. In that sense, there is a great similarity to the positions I have held in several businesses. I think the stark difference is that I was used to looking at figures every day that would tell me about net profit before taxes or earnings per share or some accomplishment—you know, this week we made a profit or we didn't. Of course, in this business I don't see any figures."

"You do see—or can see—all those cables that pour into the Embassy?"

"Yes. I have always had a lot of reading to do. Anybody in a business or multiple businesses has to read trade publications and all kinds of input as far as information on the industry is concerned. But there is a paper blizzard here every morning. Not so much as there might be if I decided to try to read everything. I have a very good aide who not only reads the cables and screens them for me but underlines them, so that in effect I'm reading summaries. He also keeps track of my personal schedule, and he sometimes drafts remarks for me for various occasions. As for drafting the formal speeches, we sort of rotate that task around the Embassy. If it's an eco-

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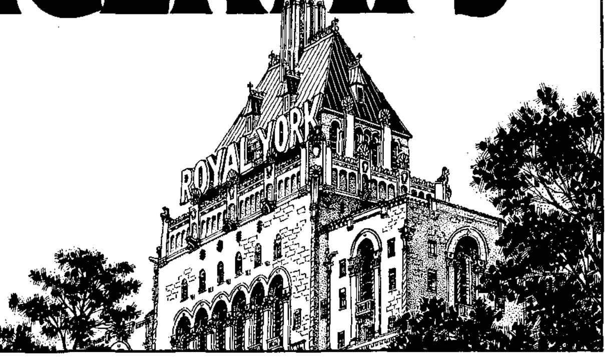

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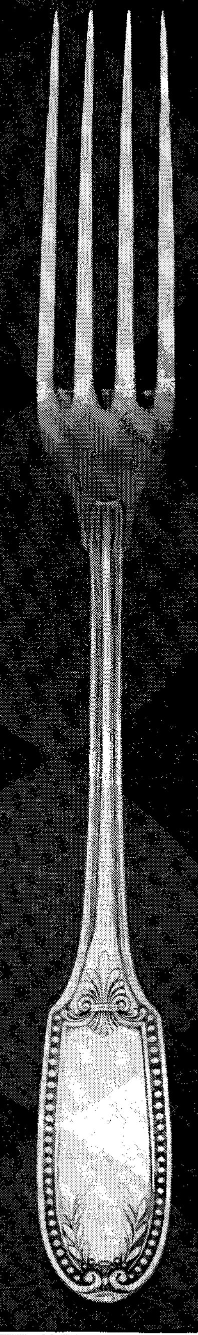

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nomic speech, somebody in the Economic Section does it. If it's political, the Political Section does it. The draft comes to me for comments, and I try to put it into my own language. I hate not writing my own speeches, but there's one nearly every week, and I simply don't have time. The personal aide I spoke of is, of course, a member of the Embassy staff. I didn't bring any staff from the United States. As a matter of fact, my staff there was one secretary. Even if I had had assistants, I don't think I would have brought them. I preferred to work with the people here, who were up to speed, because I was coming with no speed."

His view of himself as chairman of the board of the Embassy, I said, seemed to apply to the day-to-day operation of the organization, but I wondered what he considered to be the substance of the ambassadorial role. I mentioned that his predecessor, Ambassador Brewster, in an interview in the *Observer*, had defined the role as "trying to make each side more sensitive to the interests and prejudices of the other, so that they would be less likely to be taken by surprise and less likely to misjudge the attitude of the other." I also referred to a speech that Mr. Louis had made a couple of weeks earlier to the Mid-America Club, in Chicago, in which he had said, "Being an American Ambassador is primarily being a spokesman and a salesman for United States policies—political, economic, and military policies in both domestic and foreign perspectives." I asked if he felt that that was a fair summary of his philosophy of the job.

"Well, it's one," he said. "As Ambassador, you are the President's personal representative in Great Britain, and, I was told, the eyes and ears of the President—and I suppose that should include the mouth of the President, too, if you are going to be articulating foreign policy. Whenever I am asked to speak anywhere—on economic issues or political issues, or whatever happens to be the hot subject at the time—that is one of my primary duties and responsibilities as Ambassador. Also, we have to be responsible for running an efficient embassy and for protecting the interests of United States citizens over here."

I asked the Ambassador if he recalled that when a writer for a British publication called *Diplomatist* had asked him what he considered the most important quality that a non-career diplomat brings to an ambassadorial post,

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he had replied, "Ignorance. Fresh ignorance."

"Did I say 'ignorance'? Well, I guess I did. I don't know that that's the right way to describe it, but that's the way it seemed to me, because I felt very ignorant. But I do think that a fresh viewpoint and an ability to ask stupid questions without being embarrassed by them are of value in any enterprise. I think that the career people here feel that way, too. They—at least, from what I've discerned—have welcomed the fact that I came in without preconceived notions about anything. I would probably still say that ignorance or a fresh approach from another part of the community in the United States is an asset."

AS it was now a bit past noon, I thanked the Ambassador and prepared to leave. He said that he himself would be leaving in a few minutes, for his luncheon appointment, and graciously offered to give me a lift to the West End, where both of us were bound. The Ambassador's car, parked at the entrance to Winfield House, was not, I discovered as we walked down the steps, the aged Cadillac long associated with the Embassy but a gleaming new black Cadillac limousine. "The old Embassy Cadillac had been retired before we arrived," Mr. Louis said as the chauffeur drove off. "The tendency now is to have smaller, less recognizable cars on the street. However, with my long legs, and the long trips we take here by car, usually on weekends, I thought we should have a substantial car. So Jo and I bought this car and had it shipped over and gave it to the Embassy. They accepted it with great pleasure, and outfitted it with radios and other equipment, so now we can get about comfortably."

"What sort of trips do you take on weekends?"

"The first Sunday we were here, we decided to take a drive in the country. Walter Annenberg had told me a great deal about Swinley Forest, a private golf course in Berkshire that had once been the property of Lord Derby, so I asked the driver to take us there. We were very warmly welcomed by the secretary and the chairman, who gave us lunch and told us that it's customary for the American Ambassador to be an honorary member there. We've used it only six or eight times, but it's a wonderful course. My wife and I can drive out there in forty minutes, take half an

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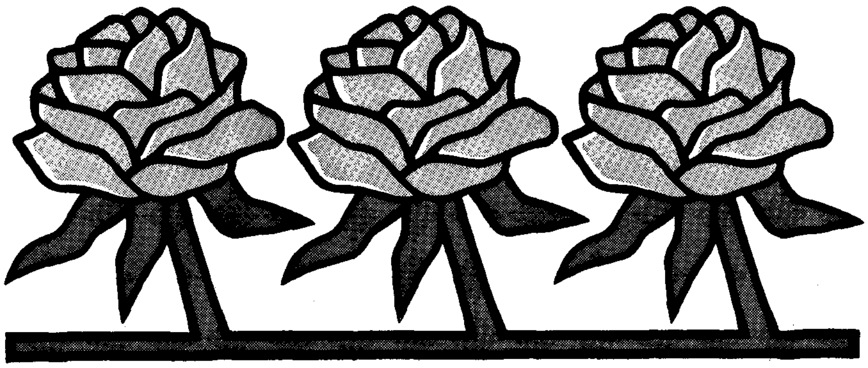

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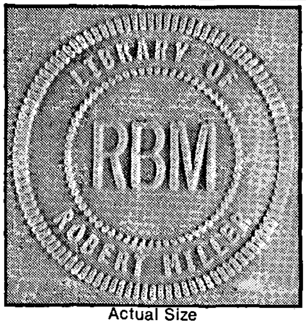

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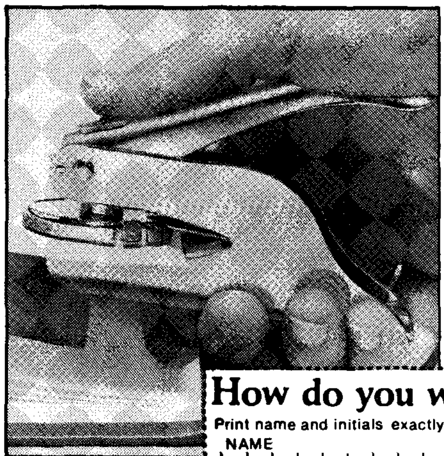

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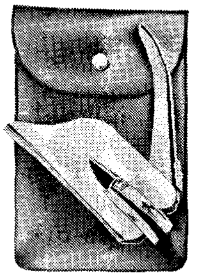

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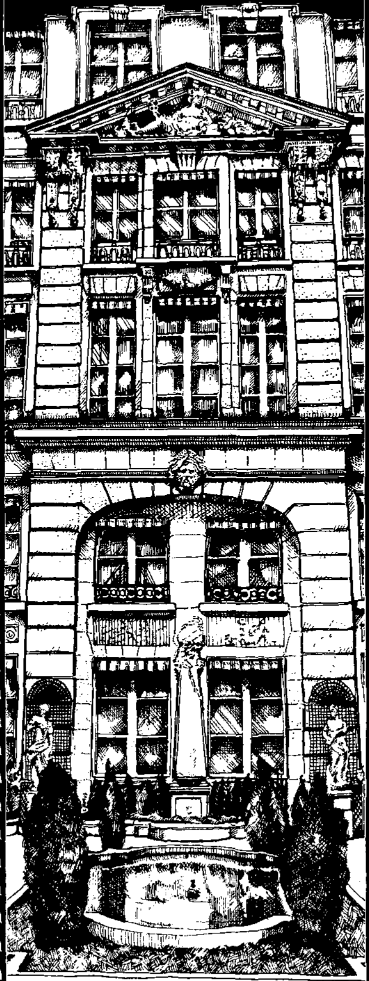

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The driver expertly maneuvered the outsize limousine through the dense traffic as Mr. Louis went on, "Our weekends during the fall were pleasantly filled with trips into the country. We spent a weekend with the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough at Blenheim Palace. He had a pheasant shoot—eight guns. There's an assumption here that only the men shoot, but people know that my wife shoots—in fact, better than most men—so she participates. I found that I needed a shooting suit, and I had one made—you know, the kind with the belt in the back, the knickers, and all that. We've also been invited for weekends and shooting by friends in Norfolk and in Northumberland, and we're going this afternoon to Leicestershire to spend the weekend with the Earl of Gainsborough. There'll be shooting there, too," he added, with a smile. "Incidentally, we don't have English guns. They would be too expensive. My wife and I both have Winchester Model 21, side-by-side doubles, which we think are among the finest of such products made in the United States.

"At Easter, we are going to have a family reunion in the United States with our children. There are three: Kimberley, who is twenty-four and works in television production in California; Tracy, our younger daughter, who is in her final year at Williams College; and our son, John III, who is called Jeff, and is in his first year at Williams."

To all appearances, Mr. Louis was not finding his diplomatic position a hard financial burden, but I felt obliged to inquire how things were going in that department.

"Well, as you know, the salary is a bit over sixty thousand dollars a year, and there is an entertainment allowance of a hundred and thirty thousand a year. The Ambassador is usually given half of that, and the other half is spread out among the others in the Embassy who have to entertain as part of their regular business. It's a good allowance, but I think every ambassa-

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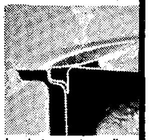

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dor has to put in some of his or her own money for certain things. It's tax-deductible, and that helps, but I think it's too bad that that's the way it is. Maybe when the Reagan Administration's program succeeds, with stupendous results, and prosperity and great growth come back to our economy, we can change that situation, but in the meantime ambassadors are expected to contribute a little bit. Jo and I will wind up putting some of our own funds into entertainment, I'm sure, and we have already committed funds to improving the interior of the house, but I have to say that the expense isn't anything like what I thought it was going to be. It's been relatively gentle."

As we approached the end of our journey, I asked Mr. Louis a final question, about the future: "A number of men who have served as Ambassador here have gone on to very important positions in American government. Have you any aspirations of that kind?"

"Oh, my Lord, no," Ambassador Louis said. "This is glorious, but it's temporary. I plan to return to my place as a director of the wax company and to engage in other business enterprises. The one thing that grinds me is that here I am, with all my property in the hands of a so-called blind trustee—which is required under the ethics legislation, and which means that he manages all the property and I can't talk to him about it—and the President has introduced all these incentives for venture capitalists, with the new tax advantages and the lower capital-gains rate, and I just *know* if I were back home I would be six times as busy as I ever was before, because the rewards are so much greater. I can't believe that this revolutionary tax program of his is not going to stimulate a torrent of activity as far as available capital for business expansion is concerned. If I get back home after it has become successful, I will plunge in again with great gusto."

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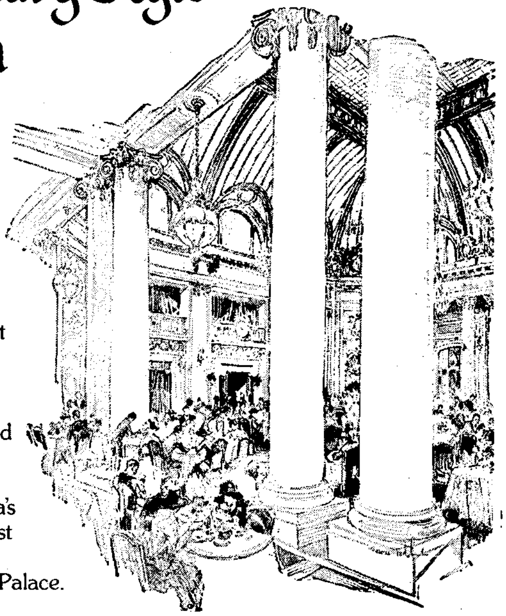

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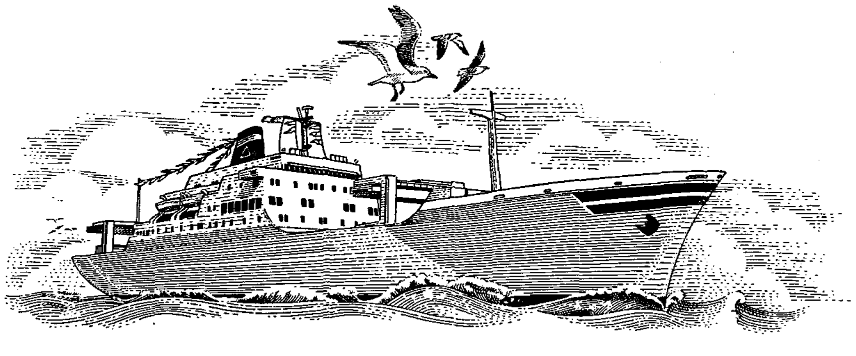

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Babbitt on Broadway

A FEW years ago, the name of HK Gruber began turning up on the international scene. In Gruber's native Vienna, it was already well known. In 1961, Gruber, aged eighteen (a former Vienna Choirboy and a descendant of the F. X. Gruber who composed "Silent Night"), became the double-bass of the ensemble die reihe—roughly, Vienna's Speculum Musicae. His Opus 3, Concerto for Orchestra, was prominently performed in 1966. The ensemble MOB art & tone ART, which he founded in 1968 with the composers Kurt Schwertsik and Otto M. Zykan, toured the festivals. His "Frankenstein!!," a "pan-demonium for baritone chansonnier and orchestra," had its première in Liverpool in 1978, conducted by Simon Rattle, and its American première at Tanglewood in 1980, conducted by Gunther Schuller. A chamber version appeared at the 1979 Berlin Festival, and last month it reached New York, at a Speculum Musicae concert in Tully Hall. It was given along with compositions by Milton Babbitt, Hugo Wolf, and Alvaro Cordero-Saldivia. The audience seemed unsure what to make of it. And so, I thought, did the players. New York concerts still tend to be formal affairs. (What has happened to those Group for Contemporary Music events in the students' café of the Manhattan School—candles burning, wine flowing—of a few years ago?) New York players still tend to be straitlaced, straight-faced, earnestly correct. HK himself was the chansonnier, burly, beaming, engaging, and in sharp contrast to those around him (except the percussionist Gordon Gottlieb, who is a true "performer" as well as a fine player). "Frankenstein!!," as the program note told us, has roots in cabaret, but it was presented in a format that Gruber has described as "an inherited ritual that has lost any flexibility" and as "unfriendly to new music." Symphony Space would have been an apter locale, and the Bottom Line or the Village Gate a locale apter still. The only bodily cheer Tully Hall offered its guests was cold water—a minor matter, but indicative of a deeper gulf between American and European concertgoing. The lunar Palace of Art that Janáček made fun of in "Mr. Brouček's Adventures" is not far from New York reality.

Those who bought tickets for the Speculum concert should have been advised at the box office to read in advance the September, 1978, issue of the review *Tempo*, which provides a context for "Frankenstein!!" in the form of essays on the Wiener Gruppe (whose central figure, the poet H. C. Artmann, wrote the texts Gruber uses), the MOB ensemble, and Gruber himself, and by Gruber on music and politics. In the current debate on the reasons for contemporary composers' alienation from the wide public, Gruber's voice is worth hearing. Until the mid-sixties, as David Drew, the editor of *Tempo*, remarks, vanguard composing had its strict orthodoxies; then "the secession of composers brought up in the Darmstadt-Cologne milieu . . . gave rise to new constellations in several countries," and "whether the composers proceeded in a neo-romantic direction (as for instance in West Germany) or a Marxist one (e.g. West Germany also, and Italy) and/or a minimalist or systemic one (in most countries) they have been much criticized for turning their backs upon a vast range of new possibilities for the future of music—at the very least, the range from, say, IRCAM to Princeton." In the country where the neo-romantic George Rochberg's first opera, "The Confidence Man," is due in Santa Fe, where Frederic Rzewski's variations for piano on the Chilean song "The people united will never be defeated!" is a critical hit, where the minimalist Philip Glass is the only living composer who can pack the Met, where Glass and Steve Reich are just about the only living composers who draw full houses at Carnegie Hall—but where "Princeton" still dominates orthodox vanguard activity—these things need thinking about. And the Speculum concert set one thinking.

"Frankenstein!!" is a pop piece. The verbal imagery includes James Bond, John Wayne, Superman caught with his pants down, and Batman and Robin in bed together. The musical imagery ranges from Bach and Mozart, through Weill and (above all) Stravinsky, to sleazy nightclub wailings. The orchestration includes Swanee whistles, kazoo-type toy saxophones, lengths of plastic hose pipe that whee and whoo when the players whirl them above their heads, and paper bags to be blown up and busted. I'm not sure that *I* know what to make of it all. But I am sure that Gruber is a composer through and through, a synthesist and a creator, a careful craftsman and a thinker—zestful, serious, and unboring. Now we must hear his Violin Concerto, ". . . of shadow fragrance woven" (1978), which is said to be lyrical, personal, and intense and to open a new path between

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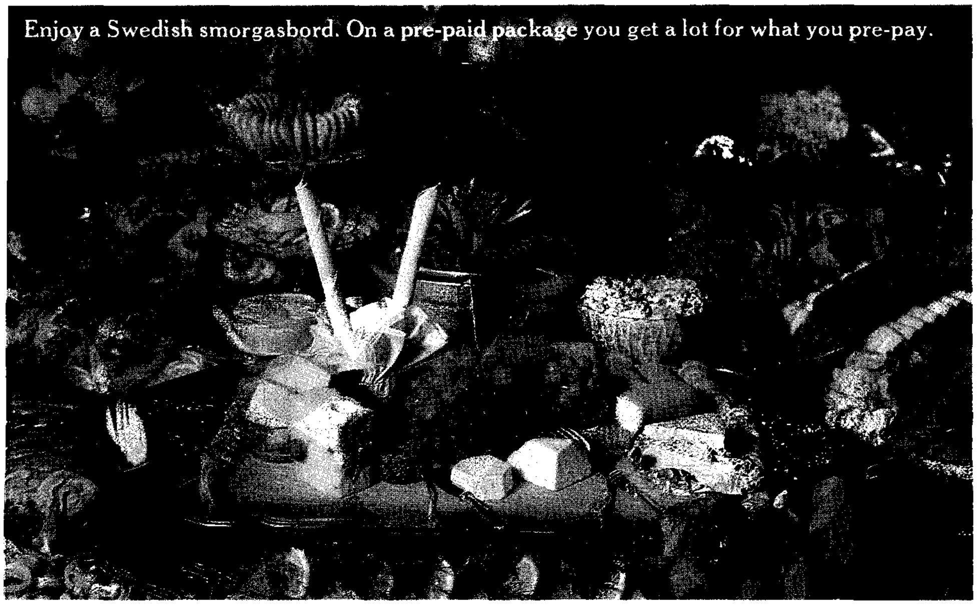

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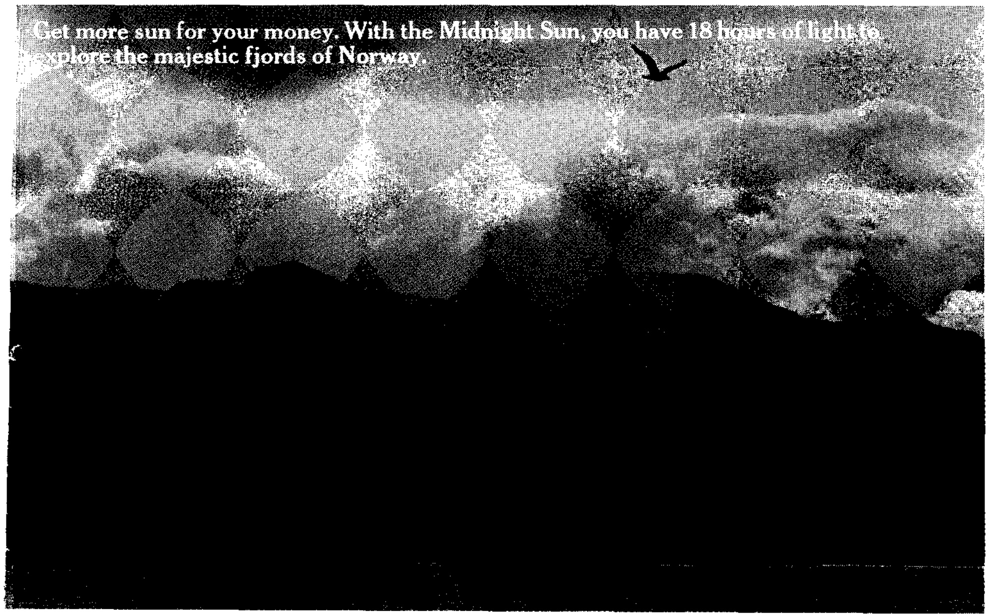

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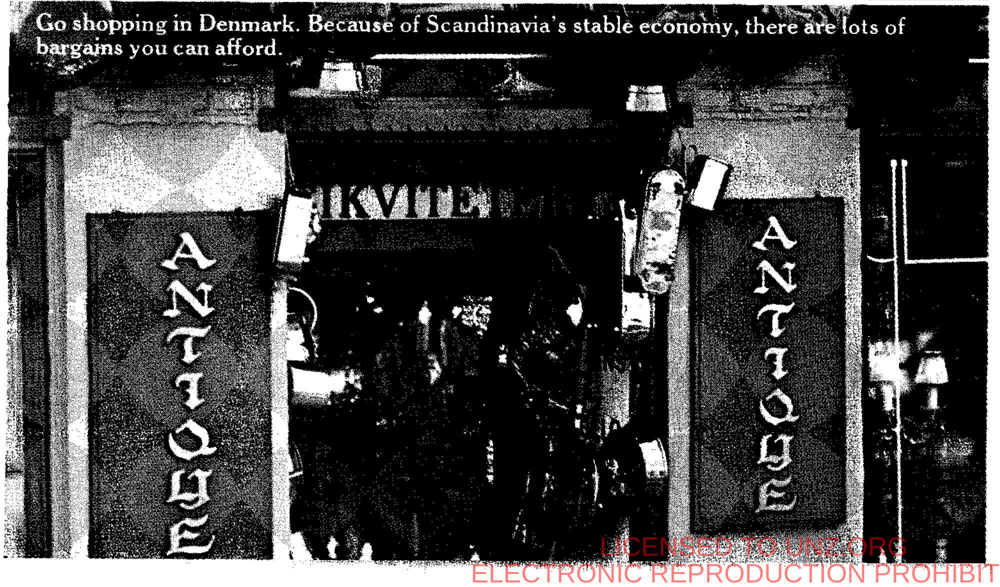

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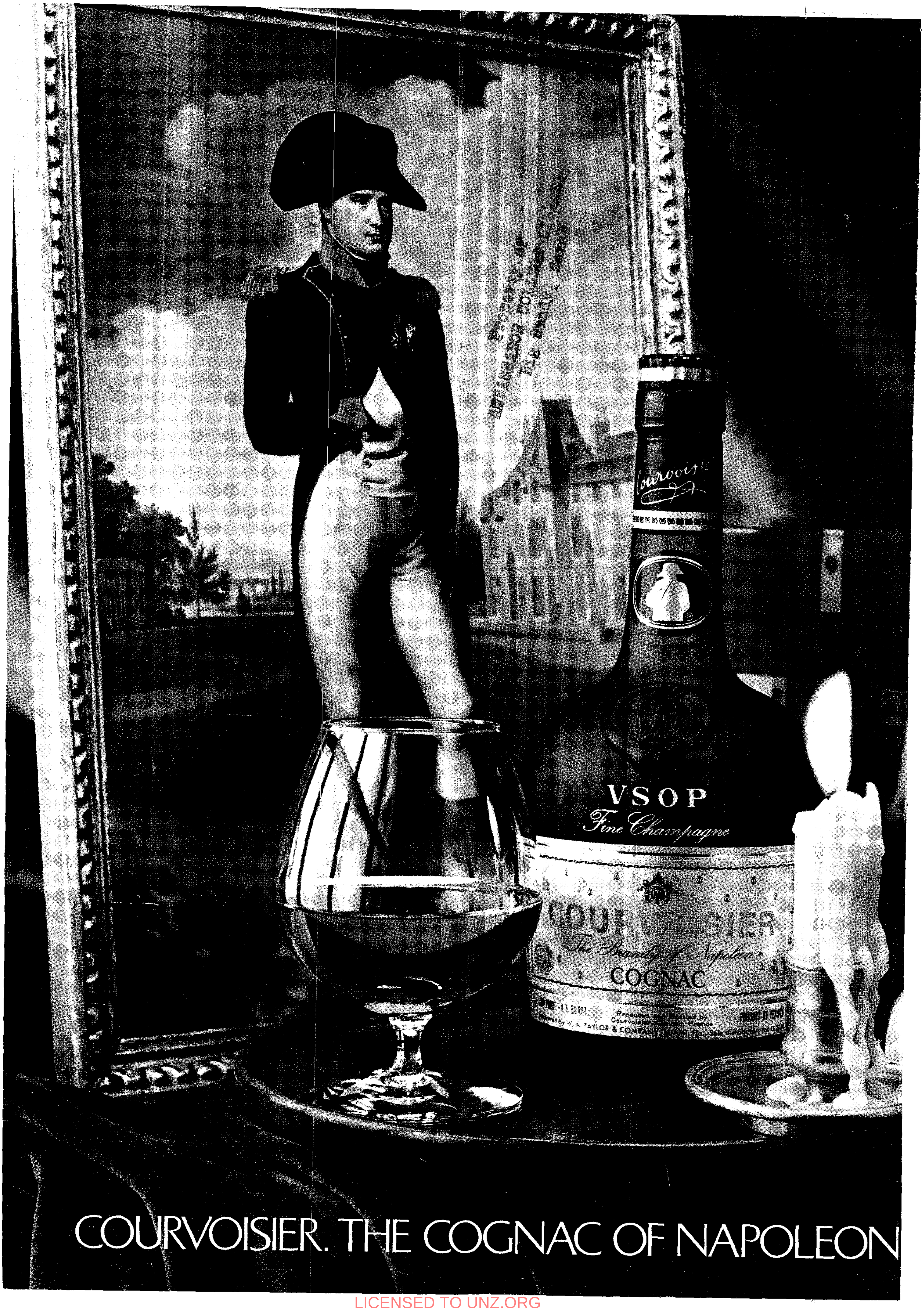
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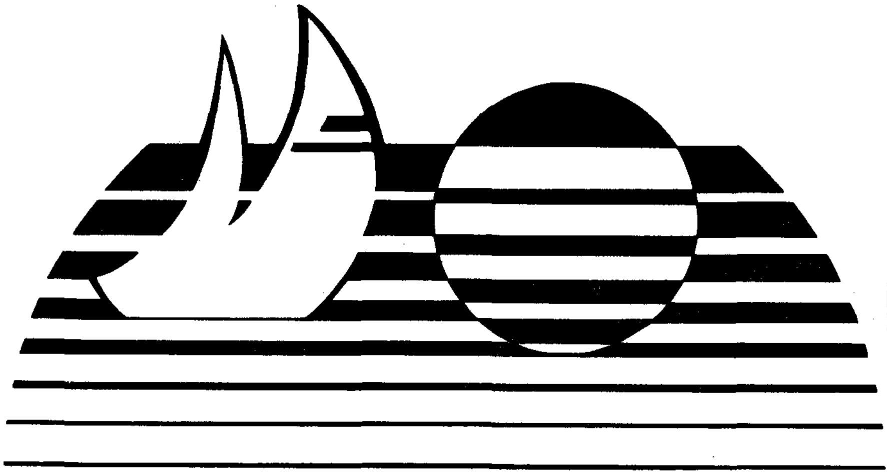
Babbitt, who has taught at Princeton for more than forty years, writes program notes about his works so repellent as to prompt suspicion that he fears lest anyone do something as simple as merely enjoying his music. A note on his "Arie da Capo" (1974), for five players, which began the Speculum concert, tells of "models of similar, interval-preserving, registrally uninterpreted pitch-class and metrically-durationally uninterpreted time-point aggregate arrays." The piece itself falls gratefully, if not simply, on the ear. The Wolf songs were "Herr, was trägt" and "Wunden trägst du," with their piano parts gravely and exquisitely scored by Stravinsky for three clarinets, two horns, and string quintet. The sonorities are beautiful. In the Stravinsky album assembled by the composer's widow and Robert Craft, a color plate of two autograph pages provides a fascinating glimpse of small adjustments made by that precise ear. Cordero-Saldivia's "Ausencias" (1981), composed for Speculum, seemed a piece of careful construction to formula, though one of the "two musics that . . . coexist, interfere, complement and eventually absorb each other" (the composer's note) was quite pleasantly lush.

THREE days earlier, in Symphony Space, the Group for Contemporary Music presented a program both elegant and nourishing: three works by Babbitt and three by Stefan Wolpe, the composers alternating. Babbitt's "Dual" (1980), for cello and piano, eluded me, for I heard no song in it, only sounds. But I am eager for a second hearing. His "Paraphrases" (1979), for nine winds and piano, is hardly less "pointillistic"—bitty, exclamatory, hiccupping—in texture but is also colorful and approachable. "Paraphrases" was written for Anthony Korf's Parnassus ensemble, which introduced it in 1980, played it again here, and is recording it for CRI. Babbitt's "Elizabethan Sextette" (1979), six Elizabethan poems set for six female voices, unaccompanied, was positively charming, for all the composer's talk of "closely related, but relatively, quantitatively uninterpreted underlying ordered pitch-class lines, combinatorial pairs of lines, and six-part aggregates." Rum fellow, Babbitt—and delightful, engaging fellow! The New Grove talks well of his "highly ordered, multiplex sound uni-



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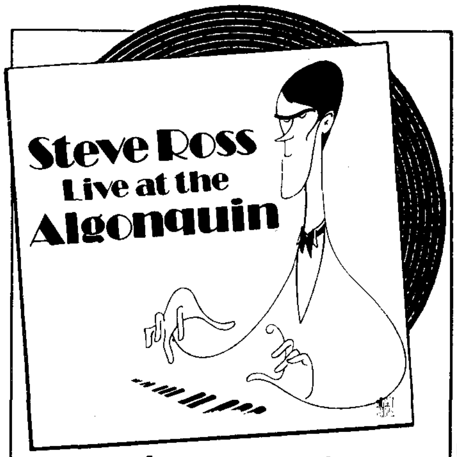

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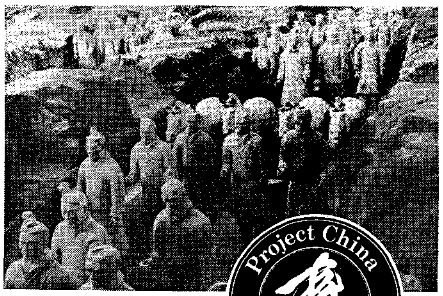

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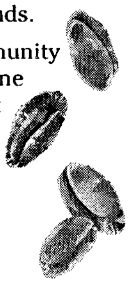

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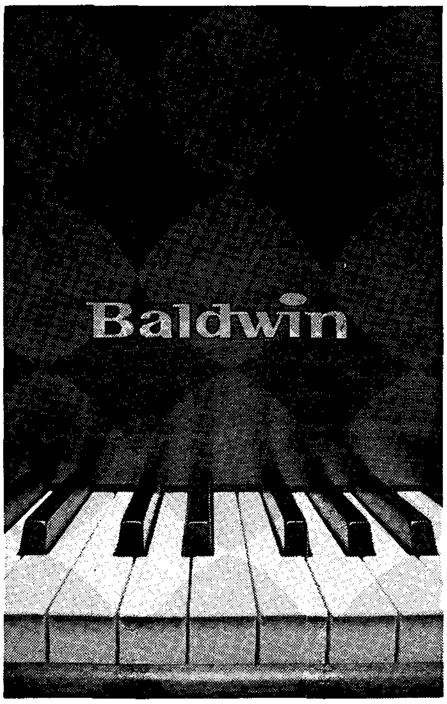
verse" and reminds us that he's also a sports fan. What's his 1946 Broadway musical, "Fabulous Voyage," like? Perhaps selections from it could appear on a double bill with "Frankenstein!!" Of Wolpe, we heard the lyrical "Songs from the Hebrew" (1938), the fine, taut String Quartet (1969), and his last composition, the Piece for Trumpet and Seven Instruments (1971), which is a stunning example of his refined, precise writing, at once passionate and economical, and of his laconic wit.

Thirty-two of New York's finest performers took part in the rewarding, well-attended concert. Seven of them appeared again at the Speculum concert, where "Frankenstein!!," written for audiences less special than New York's vanguard faithful, suddenly cut through the rarefied post-tonal atmosphere with bothering effect. Like Schwertsik, whose set of linked aphorisms on these matters appeared in the *Oesterreichische Musik-Zeitschrift* in 1975 (and in English in *Tempo* for March, 1979), I "am happy to live at a time when so many different musical concepts of the past and the present are accessible. This multiplicity teaches us to be careful and unassuming when we come across the new, and the unknown. Moreover, it invites us to hear right through the surface of the sounds and musical gestures, and to reach the heart of all music." But how many accept the invitation? Not only in this country, but perhaps more emphatically here than elsewhere, "serious" music means increasingly the sort of thing purveyed by a Pavarotti or by WNET's "Gala of Stars." Commerce and its publicity machines channel public attention toward profitable performers in popular repertory. (And not only in this country indeed: the London *Times*' list of "Classical Best Sellers" includes in all seriousness Placido Domingo's "Perhaps Love" and his "Tangos.") Standards sink. Discernment grows dimmer. Living composers accept that by only a choice few will their music be heard with eagerness, sympathy, and understanding. Composing for those few, they move still farther from anything that a wide public wants to listen to and the most celebrated performers want to play or sing.

There are exceptions: Gruber, Bernstein, David Del Tredici, and William Bolcom among the bridge-building composers, Maurizio Pollini among the world-famous executants. And it's not a new bother, as every



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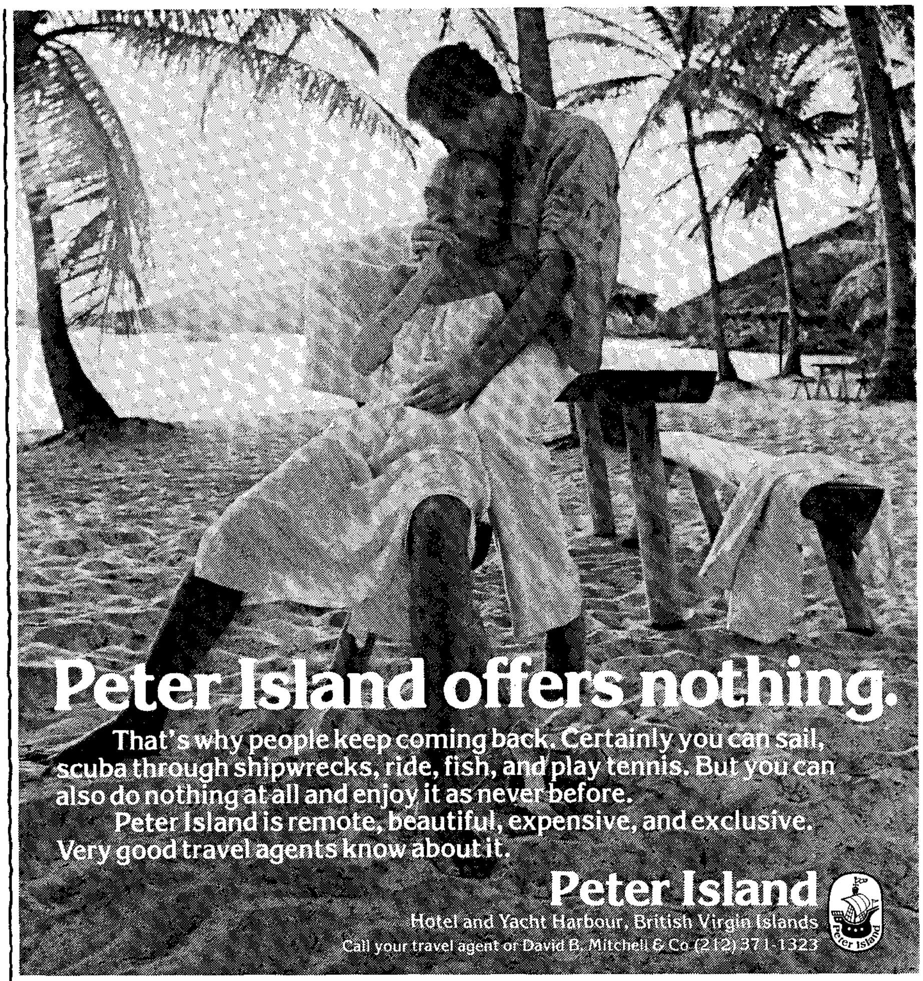
music historian knows. But it has grown worse. A century and a half ago, people complained if instead of brand-new symphonies, sonatas, and operas they were offered old, familiar pieces; Philharmonic and Metropolitan subscribers don't complain. Giuditta Pasta delighted in creating new roles that living composers had written for her; Renata Scotto and Montserrat Caballé plainly don't. At the same time, with each passing century the body of "essential listening" grows larger, and, moreover, in our day the span of the repertory has reached backward as well as forward. (In Pasta's day, neither "Pelléas" and "Wozzeck" nor Monteverdi's "Orfeo" and "Poppea" existed as works that self-respecting companies should do; Handel's operas had not been rediscovered, and Henze's hadn't been written.) Listeners faced with the new multiplicity are tempted to adopt Boulez's view: that great works of the past still worthy of attention rise above a "waterline" everything below which, whether good or bad, should be ignored. It's a view I find hard to accept. Ascending foothills helps one to understand views from the summits; and there is too much to be learned from—and enjoyed in—the lesser, aspirant works. Who would restrict Verdi to, say, his six greatest operas, and ban performances of Mozart's "Lucio Silla" and "Re Pastore," Wagner's "Die Feen" and "Rienzi"? The last two have been heard in New York recently: more of that later.

THE City Opera began its spring season with a concert performance of "Die Feen." The repertory includes one fairly new opera, Carlisle Floyd's twenty-seven-year-old "Susannah;" one early Verdi, "I Lombardi;" and a new production of "Medea" by Cherubini, a composer Beethoven much admired. Early in the season, the company did a "Figaro" as distinguished as one could hope to see anywhere—admirably sung, delightful to look at (in décor by Carl Toms), executed with dedication and in detail, natural and unaffected in its flow. Samuel Ramey in the title role is unrivalled. It was as Figaro that I first heard him, aged thirty-three, at the City Opera seven years ago. On the stages of the world (he went on to sing Figaro at Glyndebourne and, for Strehler, at La Scala; also in Aix-en-Provence, Hamburg, Holland, and Vienna), the performance then admired has been tempered and pol-



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ished. Now he "plays with the music" as great singers can, throws vocal and verbal wit into recitatives, draws on his large range of timbres and dynamics with stylishness and spontaneity. He was cheerful, ardent, vulnerable (in Act IV), and various. He looked as striking as he sounded—lean, alert, often literally on his toes: a Toledo-blade adversary for the Count. Perhaps he was even on the edge of peacocking through the part. But a hairline between being Mozart's Figaro to the fullest and exhibitionism remained uncrossed, and the result was thrilling.

Elizabeth Hynes was a captivating Susanna, warm, sweet, and pure in tone, gentle but lively, delicate but never meagre. Carol Vaness, the Countess, was in glowing voice. She produced a kind of young-Rethberg sound—full, supple, and sure in its moves from note to note. Her recitatives were vivid. William Stone's Count was sharply drawn, trenchant, attractive. This Countess and Count were City Opera "firsts;" so were Nadia Pelle's keen Cherubino, Judith Christin's lovable, funny Marcellina, Dan Sullivan's substantial Bartolo, and Martha Toney's Barbarina. John Copley's production, new in 1977 and fresh again in his revival of it for this cast, was carefully, expertly, and lovingly worked. All the characters rang true. Irrelevant jokes were few. And the sense of time—of a real day during which events and emotions from a real past come together in crisis—was strong. Imre Pallo conducted; his overture was a scamper, but thereafter the score was sensitively handled. Hans Sondheimer's lighting worked well, except when a crude spotlight tracked the Countess down the staircase of Act III. The production has been switched from the Martins' translation into the original. While in general it makes small sense for American singers to sing to Americans in Italian, for my part I own that when I have translated an opera (as I have "Figaro") and therefore know the text thoroughly, then I prefer to hear it in the original—provided, of course, that the singers command the language as well as most of this cast did. Appoggiaturas were in short supply, and reprise variations nonexistent.

SOME ninety years ago, Bernard Shaw chided Covent Garden for "rattling the drying bones" of "Un Ballo in Maschera" while Hermann Goetz's "The Taming of the Shrew" was not performed there. A few years

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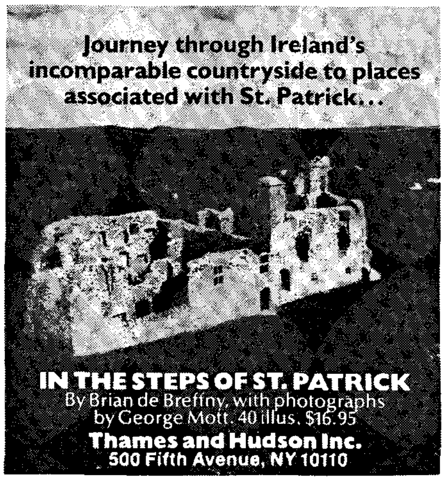

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earlier—as we find in one of the previously uncollected reviews now collected in the three volumes of "Shaw's Music" (Dodd, Mead)—he had called Goetz's piece "the greatest comic opera of the century, except Die Meistersinger." References to it recur. It is "really great work" (1889). And Goetz

> has the charm of Schubert without his brainlessness, the refinement and inspiration of Mendelssohn without his limitation and timid gentility, Schumann's sense of harmonic expression without his laboriousness . . . while as to unembarrassed mastery of the material of music, shewing itself in the Mozartian grace and responsiveness of his polyphony, he leaves all three of them simply nowhere. Brahms, who alone touches him in mere brute musical faculty, is a dolt in comparison to him. You have to go to Mozart's finest quartets and quintets on the one hand, and to Die Meistersinger on the other, for work of the quality we find, not here and there, but continuously, in the symphony in F and in The Taming of the Shrew. [1893]

As late as 1947, Shaw was urging the opera, "Mozartian in its melody," on the BBC. Goetz (1840-76) is now best known as the composer Shaw admired. What did he admire in him? Decent craftsmanship, well-knit and jolly ensembles, and a copious flow of amiable but uninspired melody are all I've ever been able to hear in "Der Widerspenstigen Zähmung," and the Manhattan School of Music's able production last month revealed no more. It's pleasant, time-passing music set to an unpleasing play. ("An atrocious play," Shaw called it in 1892.) Kate's aria of sentiment in Act III, "Die Kraft versagt," endorses the underlying moral: that women secretly enjoy being violated, and fall in love with men who tame their independence. The opera was sung in English, but the name Petruccio, whose pronunciation Shakespeare took the trouble to indicate by his "-chio" spelling, was given a "k" sound.

—ANDREW PORTER

FURTHER EVENTS

Secret Country

WHEN Arnold Schoenberg heard one of Mahler's symphonies—probably the Third—in Vienna in 1904, he wrote to the composer of the "incredible impression your symphony made on me":

> I saw your very soul, naked, stark naked. It was revealed to me as a stretch of wild and secret country, with eerie chasms and abysses neighboured by sunlit, smiling meadows, haunts of idyllic repose. I felt it as an event of nature, which after scourg-

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ing us with its terrors puts a rainbow in the sky.

This fantastic, visionary quality of Mahler's music is undervalued, it seems, by some of his present-day interpreters. Claudio Abbado, who conducted the Third with the Boston Symphony in Carnegie Hall last month, was content to let the work unfold naturally and rationally. The playing was sharp, sophisticated, and cool. The intensity that Abbado has brought to his Mahler conducting in the past (I recall a vivid Third with the London Symphony some six years ago) was here completely absent. He made no effort to draw sounds of special depth or richness from the fine Boston strings: time after time, one heard precisely gauged intervals where Mahler would have expected expressive glissandi; intricate swellings of crescendo and diminuendo—so carefully detailed by the composer—were ignored. "Molto portamento," Mahler wrote over horn and trombone solos, but the accomplished Boston players moved cleanly between the notes, as if executing a complex contemporary score.

Schoenberg responded rather more soberly to Mahler's Seventh Symphony, writing that it had "set me in motion without simply upsetting my center of gravity and leaving me to my fate . . . There are never any sudden jolts." Other listeners may well feel more disoriented by the piece—especially by its extraordinary manic final movement. Instead of providing a resolution of emotional turmoil (as the last movement of the Third does), this jittery, questing Rondo seems to disintegrate the music and scatter it. The Cincinnati Symphony boldly chose this work for its first appearance in New York under its present music director, Michael Gielen. Though the playing was not always well coördinated or ideally confident, there was an admirable quality of responsiveness and thoroughness in the performance. Many of the phrasings were scrupulously and stylishly observed. A greater sense of abandonment would have brought them to life. Mr. Gielen was firmly in control of the pace and structure of the symphony: his gestures, though sometimes lumpish, drew Mahler's ramblings into a coherent framework, and the climaxes of the first movement were carefully placed.

But among recent Mahler performances in the city only Klaus Tennstedt's account of the Ninth Sym-

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phony, with the Philharmonic, captured the full intensity of the composer's inspiration. Mr. Tennstedt is a dominating, idiosyncratic conductor: he imposes his personality on every bar of a score, molding each phrase with demonstrative, contorted gestures. He brings a flexible rhythmic life to the music. The sustained passages for strings, for example, are not played at a constant dynamic level with a regular pulse, as if squeezed like toothpaste from a tube. They rise and fall, each small fluctuation contributing to an over-all shape, and they breathe naturally, pausing and hurrying like real human discourse. The Philharmonic played like an orchestra possessed. There were still small imprecisions of tuning and some lack of distinction in the solo playing (it seemed unfortunate to give such an important performance without the regular first horn, though his substitute, the associate principal, did well), but these things scarcely mattered. Mr. Tennstedt transformed the orchestra into a great, confident ensemble.

SCHOENBERG'S own music, more often respected than performed, has been presented in the last few weeks by the Guild of Composers, Parnassus, the Philharmonic, and the American Symphony Orchestra. In an organ recital at Tully Hall, Walter Hilse played the "Variations on a Recitative" with clarity and skill. The New York New Music Ensemble, in a concert at Carnegie Recital Hall, gave "Pierrot Lunaire." Lucy Shelton declaimed the *Sprechstimme* with an unusually light touch, but the dark, grotesque quality of the text was missed, and the instrumental playing, under Robert Black, stumbled in a couple of numbers. The best thing on this program was an incisive account of Charles Wuorinen's exciting Percussion Duo, played by the percussionist Daniel Druckman and the pianist Alan Feinberg. —NICHOLAS KENYON

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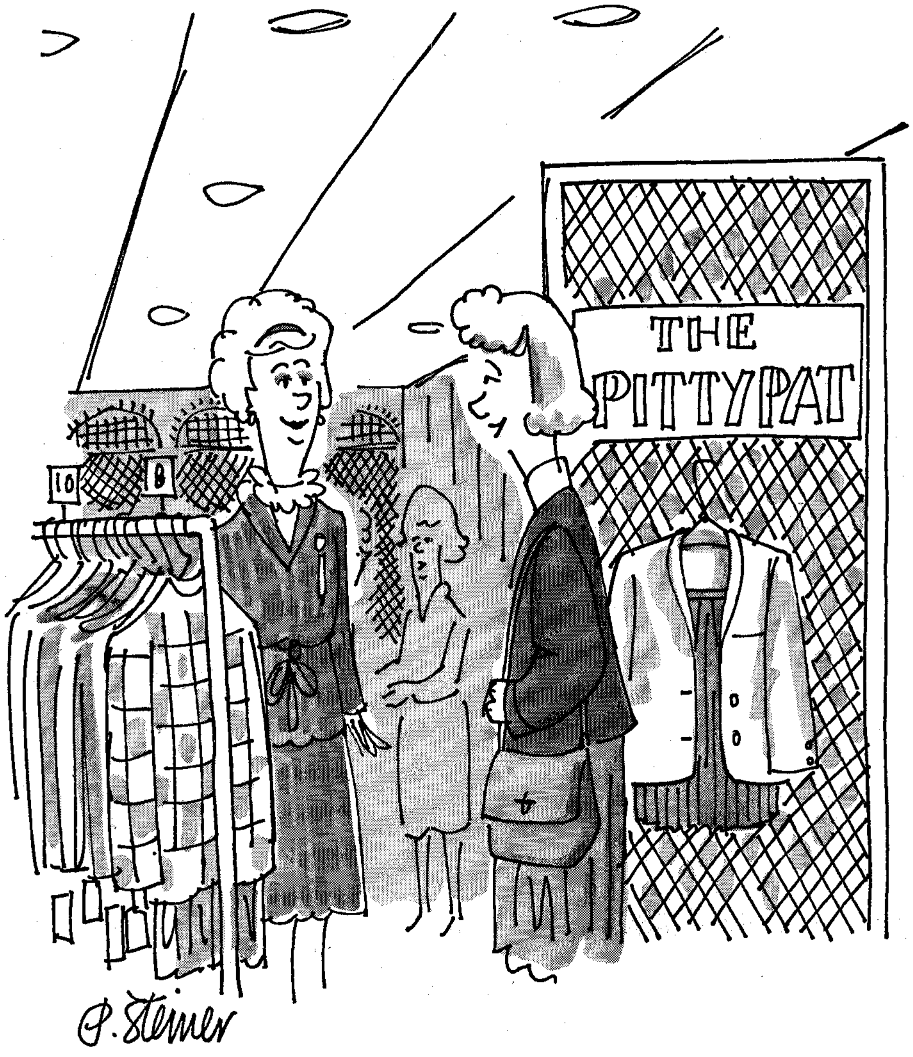
Getting Your Own Back

JOHN OSBORNE has always been a master of spoken diatribe, whether it is of the "bloody but unbowed" kind or the picturesque confession of wounds given and received. In his vigorous autobiography, "A Better Class of Person" (Dutton; $13.75), he has the wound-licking grin of the only child who has been through the class mill and is getting his own back—very much a comic Mr. Polly or a Kipps reborn in 1929, if less sunny and innocent than Wells was. Osborne adds to the rich tradition of English low comedy, which draws on the snobberies and vulgarities of lower-middle-class life, with its guts, its profligate will to survive, despite its maudlin or self-pitying streak. He calls his family Edwardian, for manners drag on long after their presumed historical death; really his people were on the bohemian verges. Both the Welsh and the Cockney sides—the latter known in the family folklore as "the Tottenham crowd," with some sniffing—had a racy leaning toward pubs, music halls, and theatre. (All, except his sad father, lived to a tremendous age.) His two grandfathers were well-established if secretive rakes; one was the manager of a once famous London pub in the theatre district and had an early-morning spat with the lavishly seductive Marie Lloyd. Osborne's Welsh father was a self-taught pianist who could sing a song. He earned his living as an advertising copywriter of sorts until his health collapsed. He first met Nellie Beatrice Grove, who was to be the playwright's mother, when she was a barmaid in the Strand. She had left school at twelve to scrub floors in an orphanage, had quickly bettered herself as a cashier in a Lyons Corner House, and eventually went on to the bar of a suburban hotel. She resented her sister Queenie's putting on airs because she had, by some family accident, been "educated" and worked in a milliner's. (The class struggle has its nuances.) If one uncle was a stoker in the Navy, another had an admired connection with Abdulla cigarettes. Bids for gentility were natural in a family that took some pride in having "come down in the world." Osborne writes:



"I'd like to try on something in one of the new power colors."

> Coming Down in the World was something the Groves had in common with the Osbornes, except that the Groves seemed to feel less sense of grievance, looking on it as the justified price of profligate living or getting above yourself, rather than as a cruel trick of destiny. . . . They had a litany of elliptical sayings, almost biblical in their complexity, which, to the meanest mind or intelligence, combined accessibility and authority. Revealed family wisdom was expressed in sayings like "One door opens and another one always shuts" (the optimistic version—rare—was the same in reverse). "I think I can say I've had my share of sorrows." Like Jesus, they were all acquainted with grief. "I can always read him like a book;" "I've never owed anyone anything" (almost the Family Motto this); "You can't get round him, he's like a Jew and his cash box;" "Look at him, like Lockhart's elephant."

The last was a characteristic piece of poetic fancy by which the Londoner draws on local history. The words meant that someone was relating the young Osborne to times before his own; he was "clumsy." The elephant evoked a popular large bun once sold at a cheap and now extinct eating house in the Strand—I believe the American equivalent would be Childs.

Osborne was an only child, and for long years he was too sickly to be sent to school. No adult spoke to him much, so he listened, puzzling his way through the family babble. Religion was remote. "Comfort in the discomfort of others was an abiding family recreation," he remarks. "Disappointment was oxygen to them." The Family Row at Christmas was an institution, the Groves shouting, the Osbornes calmer and more bitter in their sense of having been cheated at birth. Nellie Beatrice, the barmaid mother, mangled the language with her Tottenham mispronunciations—very upsetting to the precise and eloquent Welsh. She complained that they "passed looks" when she spoke. Her genius shone at the bar:

> Quick, anticipative with a lightning head for mental arithmetic, she was, as she put it, a very smart "licensed victualler's

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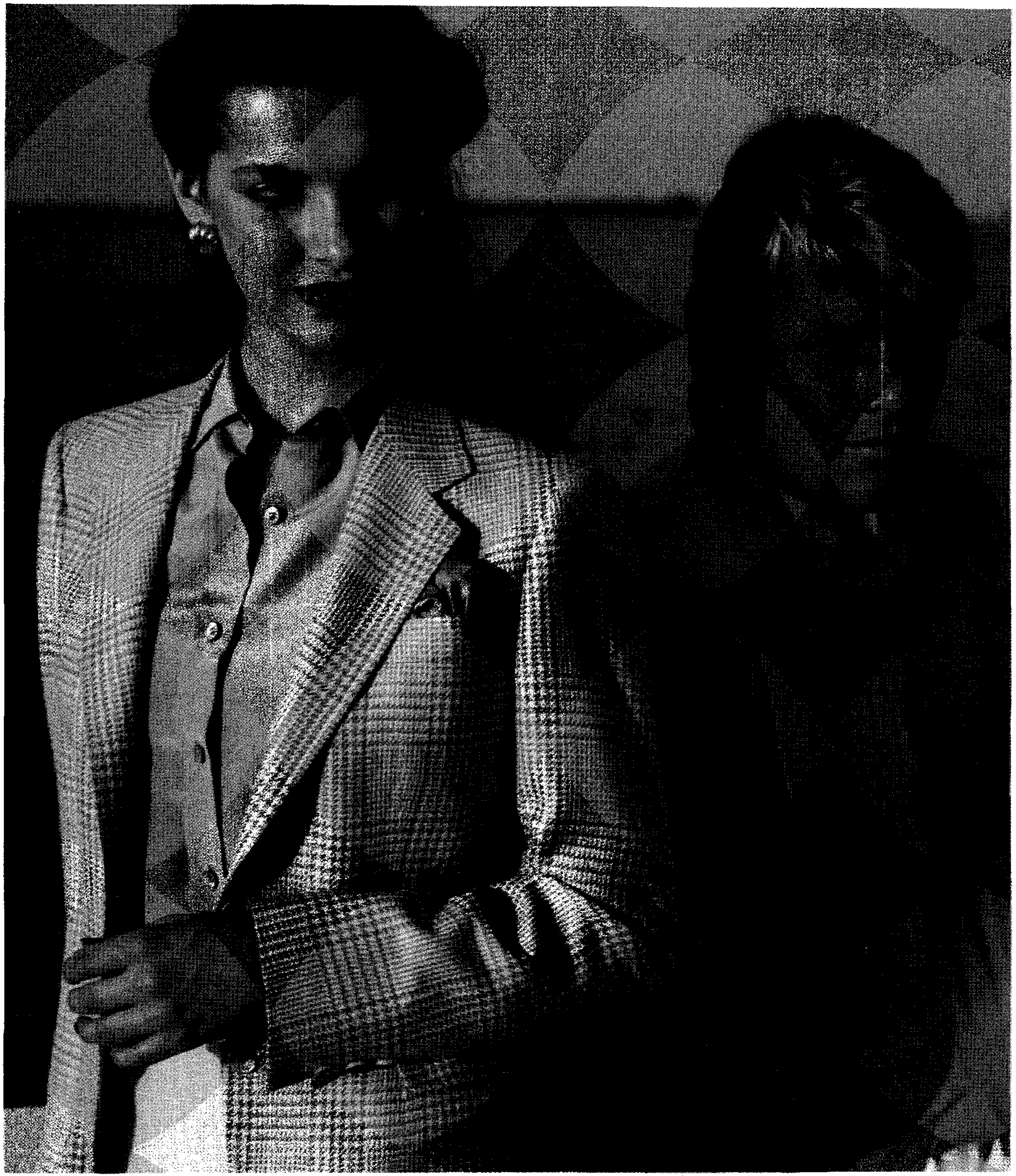

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assistant" indeed. "*I'm* not a barmaid I'm a victualler's assistant—*if* you please." I have seen none better. No one could draw a pint with a more perfect head on it or pour out four glasses of beer at the same time, throwing bottles up in the air and catching them as she did so.

She was known as Bobby, and was noted for shouting out her wartime catch phrases: "Get up them stairs;" "The second thing he did when he come home was to take his pack off;" or "I couldn't laugh if I was crafty." At home, her energies were restless. She was a relentless cleaner, whether she lived in digs in dreary Fulham or in a snobby suburb, and never stopped stripping and cleaning the few rooms they lived in, turning all mattresses and taking down all curtains once a week. She loved moving house. Meals, such as they were, were made to be washed up after rather than to be eaten. She was a mistress of the black look. She was hungry for glamour, not for bringing up children—and certainly not a sickly boy who caught every illness going. Her ideal—after the father died and the war filled her purse with wartime tips—was to "go up West," and have a lunch at the gaudy Trocadero, where she could look suitably standoffish. She was deeply respectable. This is the half-cruel portrait by her son, who was to become "a better class of person." He confesses to a struggle against a shame of her:

> My mother's hair was very dark, occasionally hennaed. Her face was a floury dark mask, her eyes were an irritable brown, her ears small, so unlike her father's ("He's got Satan's ears, he has"), her nose surprisingly fine. Her remaining front teeth were large, yellow and strong. Her lips were a scarlet-black sliver covered in some sticky slime named Tahiti or Tattoo, which she bought with all her other make-up from Woolworth's. She wore it, or something like it, from the beginning of the First World War onwards. She had a cream base called Crème Simone, always covered up with a face powder called Tokalon, which she dabbed all over so that it almost showered off in little avalanches when she leant forward over her food. This was all topped off by a kind of knickerbocker glory of rouge, which came in rather pretty little blue and white boxes—again from Woolworth's—and looked like a mixture of blackcurrant juice and brick dust. The final coup was an overgenerous dab of California Poppy, known to schoolboys as "fleur des dustbins."

What froze him was that she was incurious about him.

The frail, short-lived father had been white-haired since his twenties:

> His skin was extremely pale, almost transparent. He had the whitest hands I

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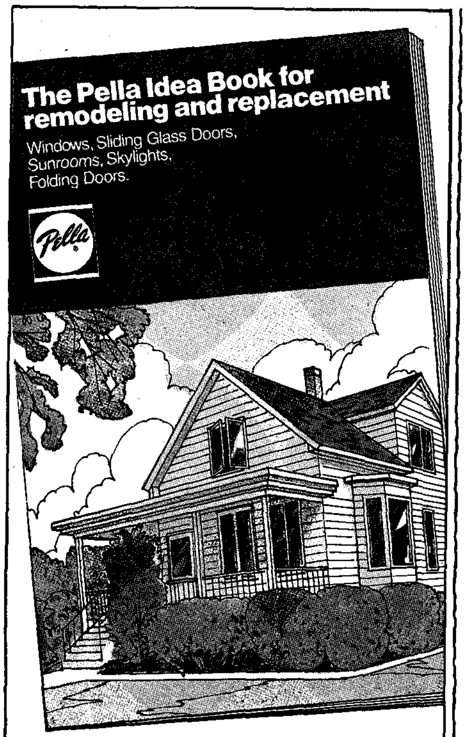
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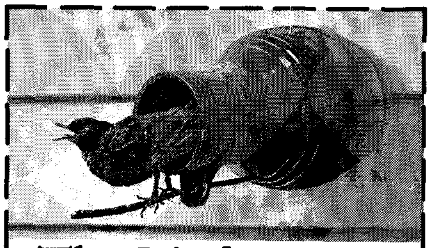
think I have ever seen. Shalimar hands he called them ("Pale hands I love beside the Lethe waters" of Shalimar. It was one of his favourite Sunday ballads.)

But his long fingers were stained by nicotine. His clothes were unpressed, his bowler hat and mac were greasy, yet he was particular about his cuffs and collars and his highly polished, papery shoes. A gentle, sad creature, he is oddly described as being like a "Welsh-sounding, prurient, reticent investigator of sorts from a small provincial town." For some reason unknown—not only because of his long spells in hospital—the couple were mostly apart.

For the only child, schools were places of pain and humiliation. Certainly they were often rough. He had to discover cunning. At one mixed school, the adolescent girls turned out to be the thumping bullies of the boys, preparing them for the sex war. Still, in the suburbs there were sympathetic, literate families who helped the backward autodidact. He was nothing more than a nuisance to his energetic mother, and by now they almost hated one another. He was luckier than he *thinks to be sent to a third-rate boarding* school, for he at least read a lot and did pretty well with his belated education. But he was laughed at for saying he wanted to be a historian and go to university. All he was fit for, he was told, was journalism. He was sacked for hitting the headmaster, who had slapped him, and who earlier had reprimanded him for writing love letters to a girl there. Schools took a stern line on that. The sexual revolution, though rife elsewhere, did not easily penetrate the semi-genteel regions of provincial life. So journalism it was. The Benevolent Society to which his father had subscribed and which had paid for Osborne's schooling completed its obligations by getting him introduced to a publisher who produced trade journals like *Gas World*. He had to prepare himself for this by going to typing and shorthand classes.

Folly is often a salvation in such dreary circumstances. Osborne was eighteen, spotty, shy, and longing for friends, especially girls. It occurred to him that a course of dancing lessons was a likely chance. He became the dim star of an amateur theatrical society, and his photograph was sent to theatrical agents; the bohemian traits of his upbringing sprang up in his sullen, slightly flashy being. He had first to disentangle himself from the usual sentimental suburban engage-



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ment to a nice enough girl, who took her reluctant boyfriend (earning four pounds a week) to the windows of furniture shops. The warning was clear. He jilted her, wrote her a remorseful, high-minded letter, was tormented by guilt and by denunciations from her father. But he was soon out on tour with a third-rate company and learned about theatre, without training, from the bottom, starting with the job of assistant stage manager and understudying five actors, aged between twenty-one and seventy. What is clear from the long, picaresque experience with this down-at-heel and hungry company is that he was really a writer and, despite poetizing ambitions, had a marvellous ear for real speech. The book is punctuated by passages from his plays which hark back to what he heard "on the road." The "real" life is in fact the overflow of theatrical life evoking people outside. On that first long tour, sexually starved, he simpered after a fluttering actress called Sheila but soon had the simper knocked out of him by a formidable actress called Stella, an aggressive thirty-year-old, with "the shoulders of a Channel swimmer" and a body that "looked capable of snapping up an intruder in a jawbone of flesh." She was "arrogantly lubricious" and had "an almost masculine, stalking power." She was not put off by his sickly appearance and his acne; she expertly detected the talent in him and tried to work with him at writing plays. When she and Osborne became lovers, they quarrelled incessantly about dramatic construction; she was out for the commercial success of another "Autumn Crocus" or "Dinner at Eight"—what he calls "a Nice Play" about middle-class gatherings. She woke up his independent intelligence. He discovered he had his own ideas about the theatre. She said he was a lazy, arrogant, dishonest amateur—not only that but ungrateful to her complaisant husband, who tolerantly rescued them when the company's run stopped and the money ran out. She had to take a job as a waitress, and Osborne became a dishwasher. She eventually left him for a job in the North, and he admits that he spitefully left her door unlocked and her electricity turned on when he left the flat she had lent him. Rightly, she never forgave him. A few months later, one of their efforts did run for a week, with Osborne trying to recognize some lines of his own in it.

The knockabout theatrical chapters

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Tennessee Williams

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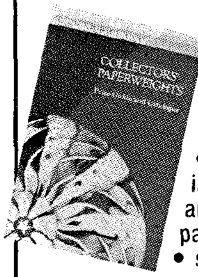

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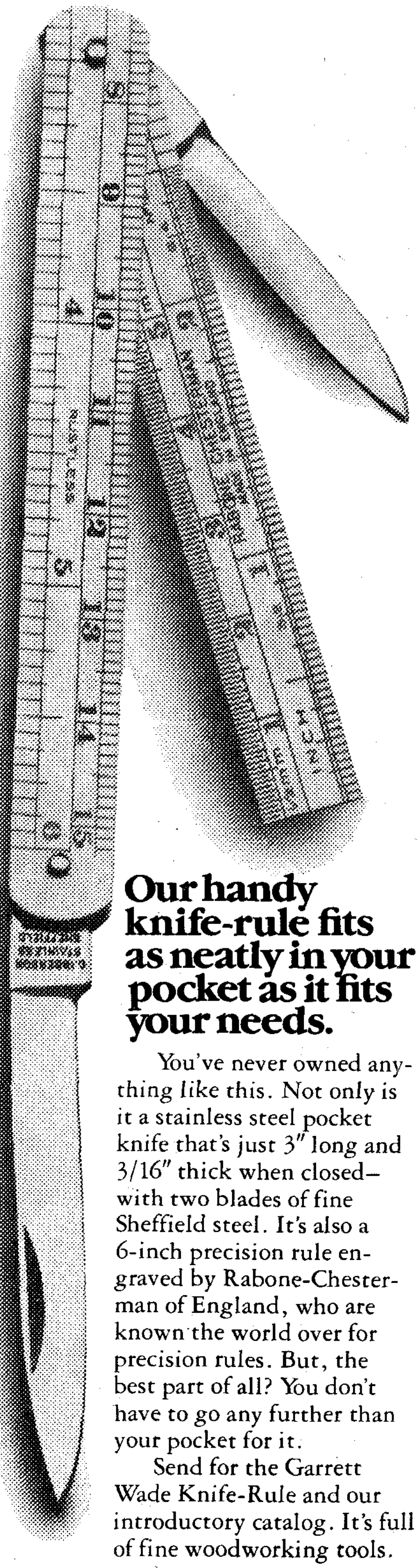

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tend to be repetitive, but they are rich in sharp, short portraits, especially of the theatrical landladies. They end with Osborne's hasty marriage to one Pamela, a capable young actress. He had been tactless enough to carry on this passion when the company got to her home town, in the face of her hostile family. They were well-established drapers. The correlative scripture of what went on in real life will be seen in the quotations from "Look Back in Anger," notably Jimmy Porter's speech about the wedding:

> Mummy was slumped over her pew in a heap—*the noble, female rhino, pole-axed* at last! And Daddy sat beside her, upright and unafraid, dreaming of his days among the Indian Princes, and unable to believe he'd left his horsewhip at home.

Osborne says that this is a fairly accurate account of the wedding, except for the reference to the Indian Princes. They seem unlikely in the life of the local draper. Daddy has in fact been elevated socially by the "angry" exposer of class consciousness. Osborne is safer as a guide to congealed suburban or theatrical snobberies. He now writes about the episode:

> I was aware that I had left behind the sophistication and tolerance of the true provinces. Sprung from Fulham and Stoneleigh, where feelings rarely rose higher than a black look, the power of place, family and generation in small towns was new to me. In the suburbs, allegiances are lost or discarded on dutifully paid visits. The present kept itself to itself. In such a life there was no common graveyard for memory or future. The suburb has no graveyard.

Just before the end of the book, there is a collection of extracts from Osborne's notebooks and from Nellie Beatrice's letters. Years have passed, but she's still on the move, saving up green stamps for a new carpet shampoo cleaner, washing blankets and curtains, though "I never did like Housework." She just wanted things clean. And then comes her crushing phrase:

> I'll say that for him—he's never been *ashamed* of me. He's always let me meet his friends—and they're all theatrical people, a good class all of them, they speak nicely.

And to his notebook Osborne groans:

> I am ashamed of her as part of myself that can't be cast out, my own conflict, the disease which I suffer and have inherited, what I *am* and never could be whole.

About that time, 1955, George Devine rowed out to Osborne, who was living on a barge on the Thames, and offered him a twenty-five-pound op-

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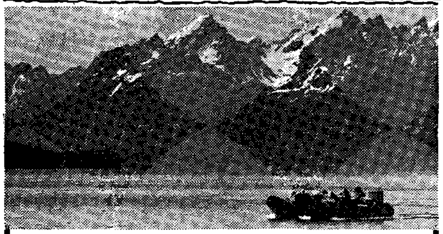

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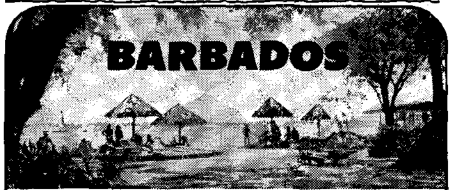

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tion on "Look Back in Anger." English theatre changed in a night. I look forward to Volume II.

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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

COUNTY WOMAN, by Joan Williams (Atlantic-Little, Brown; $13.95). It is 1962. An astronaut is about to orbit the earth, a Negro is trying to attend the University of Mississippi at Oxford, four prisoners have escaped from a Mississippi penitentiary, and a fifty-year-old white woman named Allie is wondering whether she will be remembered in her Mississippi hamlet for anything more than the homemade pickles she contributes to church picnics. Allie's new restlessness is not only mirrored in but magnified by the events in the news, especially by the prison break: one of the escapees is rumored to be the Negro convicted of murdering Allie's mother forty-five years before. As Allie begins to wonder why nobody—not even her husband or her father—will talk to her about her mother's death, and why she has never dared to ask about it, she also begins to notice, and dislike, certain habitual words and gestures: the jokes, for instance, that men swap about women's brains, and her own habit of jumping up like a waitress when the menfolk want their coffee. Soon she dares to take small steps off the beaten path (driving to Oxford without her husband's permission), and then large ones (challenging a corrupt constable in court, and running for public office), and discovers not only that the earth does not open up and swallow her but that she can actually make her world expand. This novel is a rare beauty: Joan Williams' ear for the nuances in Southern dialects (especially vivid when white talks with black) is as keen as her eye for the changing seasons and for the even slower changes in people's minds, and the story twists and turns with the vigor of a real, if exceptional, life.

A GREEN DESIRE, by Anton Myrer (Putnam; $14.95). At three cents a page, this twentieth-century Eastern-seaboard saga gives the reader his money's worth of green (American currency and salt water, mostly) and desire (lust, envy, greed), but the plot is so predictably turbulent (the rise and fall of the two world wars; the gyrations of the

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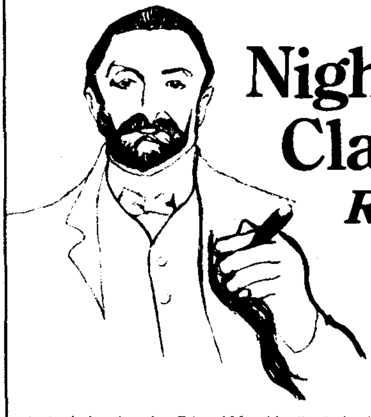

(Author's drawing after Edvard Munch's oil painting in 1906 of the Jena theoretical physicist Felix Auerbach.)

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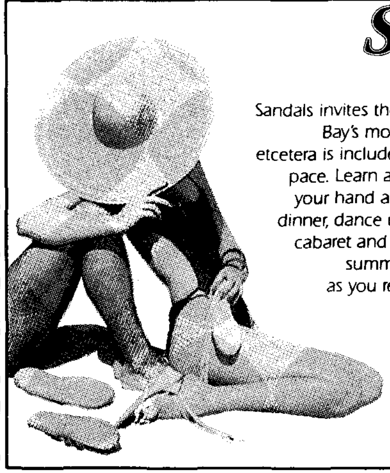

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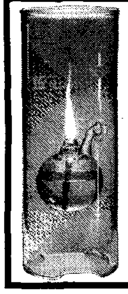

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stock market; the heaving and sighing of lovers, sailors, and businessmen) that soon one's very green desire is to disembark. A Literary Guild selection.

GENERAL

THE LETTERS OF ALFRED LORD TENNYSON. VOLUME I: 1821-50, edited by Cecil Y. Lang and Edgar F. Shannon, Jr. (Harvard; $30), and THE LETTERS OF ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM, edited by Jack Kolb (Ohio State University Press; $45). These volumes represent a triumph of modern scholarship over Victorian hagiography. Both are painstaking retrievals from burnings, slashings, blottings, and other mutilations carried out by next of kin less to conceal misdoings than to create an impression of inhuman decorum. Hallam, of course, was the golden boy whose Cambridge friendship with Tennyson led to his engagement to the poet's sister, and whose death, in 1833, at the age of twenty-two, elicited "In Memoriam." Tennyson's great elegy brought him the Poet Laureateship in 1850. Up to that point, Tennyson's life had been mostly misery: he belonged to a quasi-disinherited branch of a rich family, and his father, who died in 1831, had been for years drunk and violent and possibly mad. One brother was an alcoholic, another an opium addict, and another insane. The poet was a heavy drinker during his prolonged and restless bachelorhood. (All the family were to a degree financially dependent upon an unsympathetic but wealthy grandfather, and Tennyson did not feel financially able to marry until 1850.) The editors have included family letters in which the rich relatives discuss Tennyson and his brothers and sisters; these are masterpieces of self-revelation. Tennyson's letters give little away. Confidences are rarer than complaints, and matters of business and practical arrangements are commonest of all. The question about Hallam, of course, is whether he deserved the love and admiration he evoked. On the basis of his letters, the answer is yes. They are long, open, self-confident—enormously attractive, not least because, as early as his Eton days, he argues with his schoolmate Gladstone, a boy Tory, for such generous causes as Catholic emancipation and Parliamentary reform. Hallam's appreciation of po-

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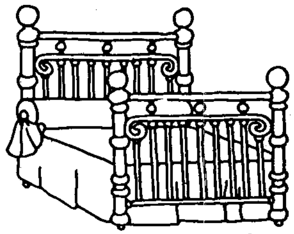

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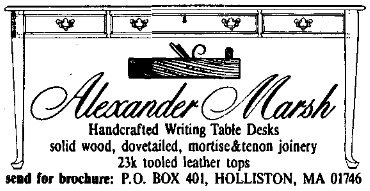

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etry was greater than his poetic talent, and his efforts on behalf of the young Tennyson were tireless and without envy.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE NIGHT FISHERS OF ANTIBES, by Christopher Leopold (Hamish Hamilton; $14.95). Picasso is said to have made no preliminary sketches for his 1939 painting "Night Fishing at Antibes"—that dark, haunting vision of two men spearing fish from a boat in lamp-lit waters while two women, one of them holding a bicycle and an ice-cream cone, watch from the shore and giant moths flutter overhead. This ingenious, good-humored thriller begins with the proposition that Picasso did make a preliminary sketch; that the sketch was his answer to a rich young French drunk's boast ("My inspiration is worth millions. . . . Your daub will fetch a million at the most!"); that the sketch (but not the painting) contained some sort of clue (based on the drunk's "inspiration," which was whispered into Picasso's, but not the reader's, ear) of immeasurable value to any regime wishing to control the Mediterranean; and that in the summer of 1940 this sketch's value was grasped by a variety of ruthless adversaries assembled on the French Riviera, including a dapper English gambler, a suave Italian spy, and a greedy American art dealer. Their attempts to acquire (sometimes from one another) and decipher the canvas compel Mr. Leopold to devise some hair-raising, hairpin twists in the plot (often involving motorcars and motorboats), but then he rewards the reader who has hung on through it all with a surreally happy ending.

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[*From the Panama City (Fla.) News-Herald*]

"I'm going to be telling my people (other lawmakers) that if we don't do something about *ad valorum* taxes, then the consequences will be worse than doing nothing," Haben said during a news conference at the Capitol.

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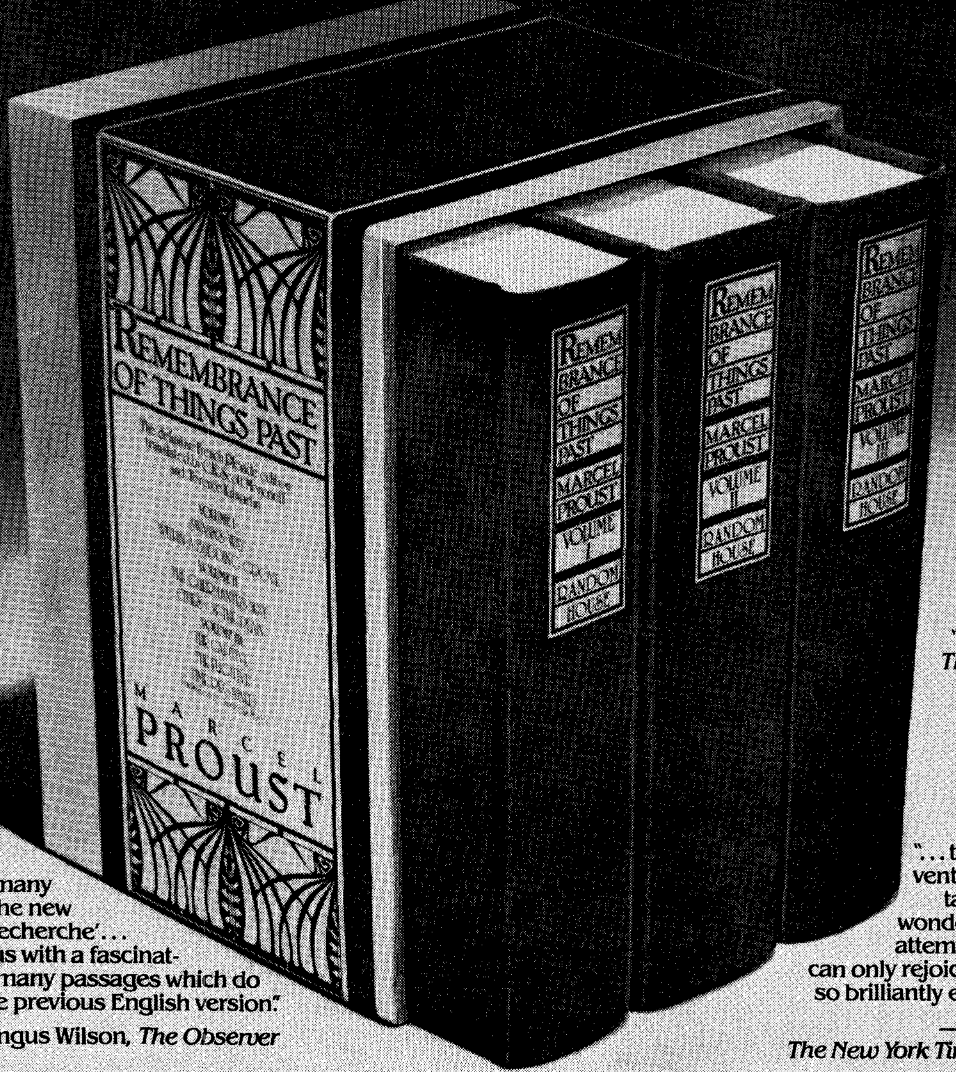
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